



Mary Eyles.—
With every good wish & loving
greeting from her faithful friend
A. W. N. D.



April 15th 14.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY

COMPLETE EDITION



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TORONTO

THE
GOLDEN TREASURY

SELECTED FROM THE BEST SONGS AND LYRICAL
POEMS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE
AND ARRANGED WITH NOTES

BY
FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE

LATE PROFESSOR OF POETRY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

COMPLETE EDITION



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TO
ALFRED TENNYSON

POET LAUREATE

THIS book in its progress has recalled often to my memory a man with whose friendship we were once honoured, to whom no region of English Literature was unfamiliar, and who, whilst rich in all the noble gifts of Nature, was most eminently distinguished by the noblest and the rarest,—just judgment and high-hearted patriotism. It would have been hence a peculiar pleasure and pride to dedicate what I have endeavoured to make a true national Anthology of three centuries to Henry Hallam. But he is beyond the reach of any human tokens of love and reverence; and I desire therefore to place before it a name united with his by associations which, while Poetry retains her hold on the minds of Englishmen, are not likely to be forgotten.

Your encouragement, given while traversing the wild scenery of Treryn Dinas, led me to begin the work; and it has been completed under your advice and assistance. For the favour now asked I have thus a second reason: and to this I may add, the homage which is your right as Poet, and the gratitude due to a Friend, whose regard I rate at no common value.

Permit me then to inscribe to yourself a book which, I hope, may be found by many a lifelong fountain of innocent

and exalted pleasure ; a source of animation to friends when they meet ; and able to sweeten solitude itself with best society,—with the companionship of the wise and the good, with the beauty which the eye cannot see, and the music only heard in silence. If this Collection proves a store-house of delight to Labour and to Poverty,—if it teaches those indifferent to the Poets to love them, and those who love them to love them more, the aim and the desire entertained in framing it will be fully accomplished.

F.T.P.

May : 1861

PREFACE TO FIRST SERIES

THIS little Collection differs, it is believed, from others in the attempt made to include in it all the best original Lyrical pieces and Songs in our language (save a very few regretfully omitted on account of length), by writers not living,—and none beside the best. Many familiar verses will hence be met with ; many also which should be familiar :— the Editor will regard as his fittest readers those who love Poetry so well, that he can offer them nothing not already known and valued.

The Editor is acquainted with no strict and exhaustive definition of Lyrical Poetry ; but he has found the task of practical decision increase in clearness and in facility as he advanced with the work, whilst keeping in view a few simple principles. Lyrical has been here held essentially to imply that each Poem shall turn on some single thought, feeling, or situation. In accordance with this, narrative, descriptive, and didactic poems,—unless accompanied by rapidity of movement, brevity, and the colouring of human passion,—have been excluded. Humorous poetry, except in the very unfrequent instances where a truly poetical tone pervades the whole, with what is strictly personal, occasional, and religious, has been considered foreign to the idea of the book. Blank verse and the ten-syllable couplet, with all pieces markedly dramatic, have been rejected as alien from what is commonly understood by Song, and rarely conforming to Lyrical conditions in treatment. But it is not anticipated, nor is it possible, that all readers shall think the line accurately drawn. Some poems, as Gray's *Elegy*, the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, Wordsworth's *Ruth* or Campbell's *Lord Ullin*, might be claimed with perhaps equal justice for a narrative or descriptive selection : whilst with reference especially to *Ballads* and *Sonnets*, the Editor can only state

that he has taken his utmost pains to decide without caprice or partiality.

This also is all he can plead in regard to a point even more liable to question ;—what degree of merit should give rank among the Best. That a poem shall be worthy of the writer's genius,—that it shall reach a perfection commensurate with its aim,—that we should require finish in proportion to brevity,—that passion, colour, and originality cannot atone for serious imperfections in clearness, unity or truth,—that a few good lines do not make a good poem, that popular estimate is serviceable as a guidepost more than as a compass,—above all, that excellence should be looked for rather in the whole than in the parts,—such and other such canons have been always steadily regarded. He may however add that the pieces chosen, and a far larger number rejected, have been carefully and repeatedly considered : and that he has been aided throughout by two friends of independent and exercised judgment, besides the distinguished person addressed in the Dedication. It is hoped that by this procedure the volume has been freed from that one-sidedness which must beset individual decisions :—but for the final choice the Editor is alone responsible.

Chalmer's vast collection, with the whole works of all accessible poets not contained in it, and the best Anthologies of different periods, have been twice systematically read through : and it is hence improbable that any omissions which may be regretted are due to oversight. The poems are printed entire, except in a very few instances where a stanza or passage has been omitted. These omissions have been risked only when the piece could be thus brought to a closer lyrical unity : and, as essentially opposed to this unity, extracts, obviously such, are excluded. In regard to the text, the purpose of the book has appeared to justify the choice of the most poetical version, wherever more than one exists ; and much labour has been given to present each poem, in disposition, spelling, and punctuation, to the greatest advantage.

In the arrangement, the most poetically-effective order has been attempted. The English mind has passed through phases of thought and cultivation so various and so opposed during these three centuries of Poetry, that a rapid passage

between old and new, like rapid alteration of the eye's focus in looking at the landscape, will always be wearisome and hurtful to the sense of Beauty. The poems have been therefore distributed into Books corresponding, I to the ninety years closing about 1616, II thence to 1700, III to 1800, IV to the half century just ended. Or, looking at the Poets who more or less give each portion its distinctive character, they might be called the Books of Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, and Wordsworth. The volume, in this respect, so far as the limitations of its range allow, accurately reflects the natural growth and evolution of our Poetry. A rigidly chronological sequence, however, rather fits a collection aiming at instruction than at pleasure, and the wisdom which comes through pleasure:—within each book the pieces have therefore been arranged in gradations of feeling or subject. And it is hoped that the contents of this Anthology will thus be found to present a certain unity, 'as episodes,' in the noble language of Shelley 'to that great Poem which all poets, like the co-operating thoughts of one great mind, have built up since the beginning of the world.'

As he closes his long survey, the Editor trusts he may add without egotism, that he has found the vague general verdict of popular Fame more just than those have thought, who, with too severe a criticism, would confine judgments on Poetry to 'the selected few of many generations.' Not many appear to have gained reputation without some gift or performance that, in due degree, deserved it: and if no verses by certain writers who show less strength than sweetness, or more thought than mastery of expression, are printed in this volume, it should not be imagined that they have been excluded without much hesitation and regret,—far less that they have been slighted. Throughout this vast and pathetic array of Singers now silent, few have been honoured with the name Poet, and have not possessed a skill in words, a sympathy with beauty, a tenderness of feeling, or seriousness in reflection, which render their works, although never perhaps attaining that loftier and finer excellence here required,—better worth reading than much of what fills the scanty hours that most men spare for self-improvement, or for pleasure in any of its more elevated and permanent forms.—And if this be true of even mediocre poetry, for how much more are we indebted to the best! Like the

fabled fountain of the Azores, but with a more various power, the magic of this Art can confer on each period of life its appropriate blessing: on early years Experience, on maturity Calm, on age, Youthfulness. Poetry gives treasures 'more golden than gold,' leading us in higher and healthier ways than those of the world, and interpreting to us the lessons of Nature. But she speaks best for herself. Her true accents, if the plan has been executed with success, may be heard throughout the following pages:—wherever the Poets of England are honoured, wherever the dominant language of the world is spoken, it is hoped that they will find fit audience.

1861

Some poems, especially in Book I, have been added:—either on better acquaintance;—in deference to critical suggestions;—or unknown to the Editor when first gathering his harvest. For aid in these after-gleanings he is specially indebted to the excellent reprints of rare early verse given us by Dr. Hannah, Dr. Grosart, Mr. Arber, Mr. Bullen, and others,—and (in regard to the additions of 1883) to the advice of that distinguished Friend, by whom the final choice has been so largely guided. The text has also been carefully revised from authoritative sources. It has still seemed best, for many reasons, to retain the original limit by which the selection was confined to those then no longer living. But the Editor hopes that, so far as in him lies, a complete and definitive collection of our best Lyrics, to the central year of this fast-closing century, is now offered.

1883-1890-1891

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Εἰς τὸν λειμῶνα καθίσας,
ἔδρεπεν ἕτερον ἐφ' ἑτέρῳ
αἰρόμενος ἄγρειμ' ἀνθέων
ἀδομένα ψυχᾷ——

THE GOLDEN TREASURY

BOOK FIRST

I

Spring

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king ;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !
Spring ! the sweet Spring !

T. Nash

II

The Fairy Life

I

Where the bee sucks, there suck I :
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
There I couch, when owls do cry :
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough !

III

2

Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands :
 Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd
 The wild waves whist
 Foot it featly here and there ;
 And, sweet Sprites, the burthen bear.
 Hark, hark !
 Bow-wow.
 The watch-dogs bark :
 Bow-wow.
 Hark, hark ! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow !

W. Shakespeare

IV

Summons to Love

Phœbus, arise !
 And paint the sable skies
 With azure, white, and red :
 Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed
 That she may thy career with roses spread :
 The nightingales thy coming each-where sing :
 Make an eternal Spring !
 Give life to this dark world which lieth dead ;
 Spread forth thy golden hair
 In larger locks than thou was wont before,
 And emperor-like decore
 With diadem of pearl thy temples fair :
 Chase hence the ugly night
 Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.

—This is that happy morn,
 That day, long-wish'd day
 Of all my life so dark,
 (If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn
 And fates my hopes betray),

Which, purely white, deserves
An everlasting diamond should it mark.
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My Love, to hear and recompense my love.
Fair King, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see than those which by Penéus' streams
Did once thy heart surprize.
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise ;
If that ye winds would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your furious chiding stay ;
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play.
—The winds all silent are,
And Phœbus in his chair
Ensafroning sea and air
Makes vanish every star :
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels :
The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue ;
Here is the pleasant place—
And nothing wanting is, save She, alas !

W. Drummond of Hawthornden

V

Time and Love

I

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of out-worn buried age ;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;

When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;

When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay,
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminatè—
 That Time will come and take my Love away :

—This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

W. Shakespeare

VI

2

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?

O how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?

O fearful meditation ! where, alack !
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid ?
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back,
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?

O ! none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

W. Shakespeare

VII

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

Come live with me and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and valleys, dale and field,
 And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

C. Marlowe

VIII

Omnia Vincit

Fain would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charm'd me
Long long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me :
Yet when this thought doth come
'Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight,'
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love ! they wrong thee much
 That say thy sweet is bitter,
 When thy rich fruit is such
 As nothing can be sweeter.
 Fair house of joy and bliss,
 Where truest pleasure is,

I do adore thee :
 I know thee what thou art,
 I serve thee with my heart,
 And fall before thee.

Anon.

IX

A Madrigal

Crabbed Age and Youth
 Cannot live together :
 Youth is full of pleasance,
 Age is full of care ;
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather,
 Youth like summer brave,
 Age like winter bare :
 Youth is full of sport,
 Age's breath is short,
 Youth is nimble, Age is lame :
 Youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold,
 Youth is wild, and Age is tame :—
 Age, I do abhor thee,
 Youth, I do adore thee ;
 O ! my Love, my Love is young !
 Age, I do defy thee—
 O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

W. Shakespeare

X

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat—
Come hither, come hither, come hither !
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets—
Come hither, come hither, come hither !
Here he shall see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

W. Shakespeare

XI

It was a lover and his lass
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino !
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing hey ding a ding :
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

Between the acres of the rye
These pretty country folks would lie :
This carol they began that hour,
How that life was but a flower :

And therefore take the present time
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino !
For love is crownéd with the prime
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing hey ding a ding :
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

W. Shakespeare

XII

Present in Absence

Absence, hear thou this protestation
Against thy strength,
Distance, and length ;
Do what thou canst for alteration :
For hearts of truest mettle
Absence doth join, and Time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,
His mind hath found
Affection's ground
Beyond time, place, and mortality.
'To hearts that cannot vary
Absence is present, Time doth tarry.

By absence this good means I gain,
That I can catch her,
Where none can match her,
In some close corner of my brain
There I embrace and kiss her ;
And so I both enjoy and miss her.

J. Donne

XIII

Via Amoris

High-way, since you my chief Parnassus be,
And that my Muse, to some ears not unsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet
More oft than to a chamber melody,—

Now, blesséd you bear onward blesséd me
To her, where I my heart, safe-left, shall meet ;
My Muse and I must of you duly greet
With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully ;

Be you still fair, honour'd by public heed ;
By no encroachment wrong'd, nor time forgot ;
Nor blamed for blood, nor shamed for sinful deed ;
And that you know I envy you no lot

Of highest wish, I wish you so much bliss,—
Hundreds of years you Stella's feet may kiss !

Sir P. Sidney

XIV

Absence

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
I have no precious time at all to spend
Nor services to do, till you require :

Nor dare I chide the world-without-end-hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu :

Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are, how happy you make those ;—

So true a fool is love, that in your will
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

W. Shakespeare

XV

How like a winter hath my absence been
From Thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
What old December's bareness every where !

And yet this time removed was summer's time :
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime
Like widow'd wombs after their lord's decease :

Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
 But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit ;
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;

Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

W. Shakespeare

XVI

A Consolation

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
 I all alone bewep my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate ;

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him with friend's possess,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least ;

Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on Thee —and then my state,
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate ;

For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

W. Shakespeare

XVII

The Unchangeable

O never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify :
 As easy might I from myself depart
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie ;

That is my home of love ; if I have ranged,
 Like him that travels, I return again,
 Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
 So that myself bring water for my stain.

Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good :

For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose : in it thou art my all.

W. Shakespeare

XVIII

To me, fair Friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride :

Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.

Ah ! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived ;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived :

For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

W. Shakespeare

XIX

Rosaline

Like to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame colour is her hair
Whether unfolded, or in twines :

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Resembling heaven by every wink ;
The Gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think

Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace ;

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !

Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,
Within which bounds she balm encloses
Apt to entice a deity :

Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Her neck is like a stately tower
Where Love himself imprison'd lies,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes :

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !

Her paps are centres of delight,
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,
Where Nature moulds the dew of light
To feed perfection with the same :

Heigh ho, would she were mine !

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view :

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline ;

Nature herself her shape admires ;
The Gods are wounded in her sight ;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
And at her eyes his brand doth light :

Heigh ho, would she were mine !

'Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan
The absence of fair Rosaline,
Since for a fair there's fairer none,

Nor for her virtues so divine :

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline ;

Heigh ho, my heart ; would God that she were mine !

T. Lodge

XX

Colin

Beauty sat bathing by a spring
 Where fairest shades did hide her ;
 The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
 The cool streams ran beside her.
 My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye
 To see what was forbidden :
 But better memory said, fie !
 So vain desire was chidden :—
 Hey nonny nonny O !
 Hey nonny nonny !

Into a slumber then I fell,
 When fond imagination
 Seeméd to see, but could not tell
 Her feature or her fashion.
 But ev'n as babes in dreams do smile,
 And sometimes fall a-weeping,
 So I awaked, as wise this while
 As when I fell a-sleeping :—
 Hey nonny nonny O !
 Hey nonny nonny !
 The Shepherd Tonie

XXI

A Picture

Sweet Love, if thou wilt gain a monarch's glory,
 Subdue her heart, who makes me glad and sorry :
 Out of thy golden quiver
 Take thou thy strongest arrow
 That will through bone and marrow,
 And me and thee of grief and fear deliver :—
 But come behind, for if she look upon thee,
 Alas ! poor Love ! then thou art woe-begone thee !
 Anon.

XXII

A Song for Music

Weep you no more, sad fountains :—
 What need you flow so fast ?
 Look how the snowy mountains
 Heaven's sun doth gently waste !
 But my Sun's heavenly eyes
 View not your weeping,
 That now lies sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies,
 Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
 A rest that peace begets :—
 Doth not the sun rise smiling,
 When fair at even he sets ?
 —Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes !
 Melt not in weeping !
 While She lies sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies,
 Sleeping !
 Anon.

XXIII

To His Love

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date :
 Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd :
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd.
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
 Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest :—

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.
W. Shakespeare

XXIV

To His Love

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights ;

Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have exprest
Ev'n such a beauty as you master now.

So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all, you prefiguring ;
And for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing :

For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.
W. Shakespeare

XXV

Basia

Turn back, you wanton flyer,
And answer my desire
 With mutual greeting.
Yet bend a little nearer,—
True beauty still shines clearer
 In closer meeting !
Hearts with hearts delighted
Should strive to be united,
Each other's arms with arms enchaining,—
 Hearts with a thought,
Rosy lips with a kiss still entertaining.

What harvest half so sweet is
As still to reap the kisses
 Grown ripe in sowing ?
And straight to be receiver
Of that which thou art giver,
 Rich in bestowing ?
There is no strict observing
Of times' or seasons' swerving,
There is ever one fresh spring abiding ;—
Then what we sow with our lips
Let us reap, love's gains dividing.

T. Campion

XXVI

Advice to a Girl

Never love unless you can
Bear with all the faults of man !
Men sometimes will jealous be
Though but little cause they see,
And hang the head as discontent,
And speak what straight they will repent.

Men, that but one Saint adore,
Make a show of love to more ;
Beauty must be scorn'd in none,
Though but truly served in one :
For what is courtship but disguise ?
True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

Men, when their affairs require,
Must awhile themselves retire ;
Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk,
And not ever sit and talk :—
If these and such-like you can bear,
Then like, and love, and never fear !

T. Campion

XXVII

Love's Perjuries

On a day, alack the day !
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air :
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find ;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
Air, would I might triumph so !
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet ;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me
That I am forsworn for thee :
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiopè were,
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.
W. Shakespeare

XXVIII

A Supplication

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant ;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet !

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since when
The suit, the service none tell can ;
Forget not yet !

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet !

Forget not ! O, forget not this,
 How long ago hath been, and is
 The mind that never meant amiss—
 Forget not yet !

Forget not then thine own approved
 The which so long hath thee so loved,
 Whose steadfast faith yet never moved—
 Forget not this !

Sir T. Wyatt

XXIX

To Aurora

O if thou knew'st how thou thyself dost harm,
 And dost prejudice thy bliss, and spoil my rest ;
 Then thou would'st melt the ice out of thy breast
 And thy relenting heart would kindly warm.

O if thy pride did not our joys controul,
 What world of loving wonders should'st thou see !
 For if I saw thee once transform'd in me,
 Then in thy bosom I would pour my soul ;

Then all my thoughts should in thy visage shine,
 And if that aught mischanced thou should'st not moan
 Nor bear the burthen of thy griefs alone ;
 No, I would have my share in what were thine :

And whilst we thus should make our sorrows one,
 This happy harmony would make them none.

W. Alexander, Earl of Sterline

XXX

In Lágrimas

I saw my Lady weep,
 And Sorrow proud to be advancéd so
 In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.

Her face was full of woe,
 But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts
 Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair,
And Passion, wise ; Tears, a delightful thing ;
Silence, beyond all speech, a wisdom rare :
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O fairer than aught else
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve !
Enough, enough : your joyful look excels :
Tears kill the heart, believe.
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.
Anon.

XXXI

True Love

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :—

O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom :—

If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

W. Shakespeare

XXXII

A Ditty

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for another given :
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven :
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides :
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides :

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

Sir P. Sidney

XXXIII

Love's Insight

Though others may Her brow adore
Yet more must I, that therein see far more
Than any other's eyes have power to see :

She is to me

More than to any others she can be !

I can discern more secret notes

That in the margin of her cheeks Love quotes,

Than any else besides have art to read :

No looks proceed

From those fair eyes but to me wonder breed.

Anon.

XXXIV

Love's Omnipresence

Were I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swain
Ascend to heaven, in honour of my Love.

Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
 And you, my Love, as humble and as low
 As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
 Whereso'er you were, with you my love should go.

Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,
 My love should shine on you like to the sun,
 And look upon you with ten thousand eyes
 Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world were done.

Whereso'er I am, below, or else above you,
 Whereso'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

J. Sylvester

XXXV

Carpe Diem

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
 O stay and hear ! your true-love's coming
 That can sing both high and low ;
 Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
 Journeys end in lovers meeting—
 Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;
 Present mirth hath present laughter ;
 What's to come is still unsure :
 In delay there lies no plenty,—
 Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

W. Shakespeare

XXXVI

An Honest Autolycus

Fine knacks for ladies, cheap, choice, brave, and new,
 Good penny-worths,—but money cannot move :
 I keep a fair but for the Fair to view ;
 A beggar may be liberal of love.
 Though all my wares be trash, the heart is true—
 The heart is true.

Great gifts are guiles and look for gifts again ;
 My trifles come as treasures from my mind ;
 It is a precious jewel to be plain ;
 Sometimes in shell the orient'st pearls we find :—
 Of others take a sheaf, of me a grain !
 Of me a grain !

Anon.

XXXVII

Winter

When icicles hang by the wall
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail ;
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl
 Tu-whit !
 To-who ! A merry note !
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all about the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw ;
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl—
 Then nightly sings the staring owl
 Tu-whit !
 To-who ! A merry note !
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

W. Shakespeare

XXXVIII

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang :
 In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest :

In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by :

—This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more
strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.
W. Shakespeare

XXXIX

Memory

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste ;

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before :

—But if the while I think on thee, dear Friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.
W. Shakespeare

XL

Sleep

Come, Sleep : O Sleep ! the certain knot of peace,
The bailing-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low ;

With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw :
 O make in me those civil wars to cease ;
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.

Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
 A chamber deaf of noise and blind of light,
 A rosy garland and a weary head :
 And if these things, as being thine in right,

Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
 Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.
Sir P. Sidney

XLI

Revolutions

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore
 So do our minutes hasten to their end :
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity, once in the main of light,
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And Time that gave, doth now his gift confound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow :—

And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand
 Praising Thy worth, despite his cruel hand.
W. Shakespeare

XLII

Farewell ! thou art too dear for my possessing,
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate :
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing ;
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.

For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?
And for that riches where is my deserving ?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.

Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking ;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.

Thus have I had thee as a dream doth flatter ;
In sleep, a king ; but waking, no such matter.

W. Shakespeare

XLIII

The Life without Passion

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmovéd, cold, and to temptation slow,—

They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense ;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others, but stewards of their excellence.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die ;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity :

For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds ;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

W. Shakespeare

XLIV

The Lover's Appeal

And wilt thou leave me thus ?
Say nay ! say nay ! for shame,
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus ?
Say nay ! say nay !

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long
In wealth and woe among :
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus ?
Say nay ! say nay !

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart
Never for to depart
Neither for pain nor smart :
And wilt thou leave me thus ?
Say nay ! say nay !

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee ?
Alas ! thy cruelty !
And wilt thou leave me thus ?
Say nay ! say nay !

Sir T. Wyatt

XLV

The Nightingale

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring ;
Everything did banish moan
Save the Nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty
That to hear it was great pity.

Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry ;
Teru, teru, by and by :
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
—Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain :
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee ;
King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead :
All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing :
Even so, poor bird, like thee
None alive will pity me.

R. Barnefield

XLVI

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent Darkness born,
Relieve my languish, and restore the light ;
With dark forgetting of my care return.

And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth :
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.

Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow ;
Never let rising Sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow :

Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

S. Daniel

XLVII

The nightingale, as soon as April bringeth
 Into her rested sense a perfect waking,
 While late-bare earth, proud of new clothing, springeth,
 Sings out her woes, a thorn her song-book making :
 And mournfully bewailing,
 Her throat in tunes expresseth
 What grief her breast oppresseth
 For 'Tereus' force on her chaste will prevailing.

O Philomela fair, O take some gladness,
 That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness :
 Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth ;
 Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth.

Alas, she hath no other cause of anguish
 But 'Tereus' love, on her by strong hand wroken,
 Wherein she suffering, all her spirits languish,
 Full womanlike complains her will was broken.
 But I, who, daily craving,
 Cannot have to content me,
 Have more cause to lament me,
 Since wanting is more woe than too much having.

O Philomela fair, O take some gladness
 That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness :
 Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth ;
 Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth.
Sir P. Sidney

XLVIII

Frustra

Take, O take those lips away
 That so sweetly were forsworn,
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn :
 But my kisses bring again,
 Bring again
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
 Seal'd in vain !

W. Shakespeare

XLIX

Love's Farewell

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,—
Nay I have done, you get no more of me ;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free ;

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,

—Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover !

M. Drayton

L

In Imagine Pertransit Homo

Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow !
Though thou be black as night
And she made all of light,
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow !

Follow her, whose light thy light depriveth !
Though here thou liv'st disgraced,
And she in heaven is placed,
Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth !

Follow those pure beams, whose beauty burneth,
That so have scorched thee
As thou still black must be.
Till her kind beams thy black to brightness turneth.

Follow her, while yet her glory shineth !
There comes a luckless night
That will dim all her light ;
—And this the black unhappy shade divineth.

Follow still, since so thy fates ordained !

The sun must have his shade,

Till both at once do fade,—

The sun still proved, the shadow still disdained.

T. Campion

LI

Blind Love

O me ! what eyes hath Love put in my head
Which have no correspondence with true sight :
Or if they have, where is my judgment fled
That censures falsely what they see aright ?

If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so ?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's : No,

How can it ? O how can love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears ?
No marvel then though I mistake my view :
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.

O cunning Love ! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find !

W. Shakespeare

LII

Sleep, angry beauty, sleep and fear not me !

For who a sleeping lion dares provoke ?

It shall suffice me here to sit and see

Those lips shut up that never kindly spoke :

What sight can more content a lover's mind

Than beauty seeming harmless, if not kind ?

My words have charm'd her, for secure she sleeps,

Though guilty much of wrong done to my love ;

And in her slumber, see ! she close-eyed weeps :

Dreams often more than waking passions move.

Plead, Sleep, my cause, and make her soft like thee :

That she in peace may wake and pity me.

T. Campion

LIII

The Unfaithful Shepherdess

While that the sun with his beams hot
Scorchéd the fruits in vale and mountain,
Philon the shepherd, late forgot,
Sitting beside a crystal fountain,

 In shadow of a green oak tree

 Upon his pipe this song play'd he :
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love ;
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

So long as I was in your sight
I was your heart, your soul, and treasure ;
And evermore you sobb'd and sigh'd
Burning in flames beyond all measure :

 —Three days endured your love to me,

 And it was lost in other three !

Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love ;
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Another Shepherd you did see
To whom your heart was soon enchained ;
Full soon your love was leapt from me,
Full soon my place he had obtained.

 Soon came a third, your love to win,

 And we were out and he was in.

Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love ;
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Sure you have made me passing glad
That you your mind so soon removéd,
Before that I the leisure had
To choose you for my best belovéd :

 For all your love was past and done

 Two days before it was begun :—

Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love ;
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Anon.

LIV

Advice to a Lover

The sea hath many thousand sands,
The sun hath motes as many ;
The sky is full of stars, and Love
As full of woes as any :
Believe me, that do know the elf,
And make no trial by thyself !

It is in truth a pretty toy
For babes to play withal :—
But O ! the honeys of our youth
Are oft our age's gall !
Self-proof in time will make thee know
He was a prophet told thee so ;

A prophet that, Cassandra-like,
Tells truth without belief ;
For headstrong Youth will run his race,
Although his goal be grief :—
Love's Martyr, when his heat is past,
Proves Care's Confessor at the last.

Anon.

LV

A Renunciation

Thou art not fair, for all thy red and white,
For all those rosy ornaments in thee,—
Thou art not sweet, though made of mere delight,
Nor fair, nor sweet—unless thou pity me !
I will not soothe thy fancies ; thou shalt prove
That beauty is no beauty without love.

—Yet love not me, nor seek not to allure
My thoughts with beauty, were it more divine :
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,
I'll not be wrapp'd up in those arms of thine :
Now show it, if thou be a woman right —
I embrace and kiss and love me in despite !

T. Campion

LVI

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly :
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
 Then, heigh ho ! the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly :
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
 Then, heigh ho ! the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

W. Shakespeare

LVII

A Sweet Lullaby

Come little babe, come silly soul,
 Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief,
 Born as I doubt to all our dole,
 And to thy self unhappy chief :
 Sing Lullaby and lap it warm,
 Poor soul that thinks no creature harm.

Thou little think'st and less dost know,
 The cause of this thy mother's moan,
 Thou want'st the wit to wail her woe,
 And I myself am all alone :
 Why dost thou weep ? why dost thou wail ?
 And knowest not yet what thou dost ail.

Come little wretch, ah silly heart,
Mine only joy, what can I more?
If there be any wrong thy smart
That may the destinies implore :
 'Twas I, I say, against my will
 I wail the time, but be thou still.

And dost thou smile, oh thy sweet face !
Would God Himself He might thee see,
No doubt thou would'st soon purchase grace,
I know right well, for thee and me :
 But come to mother, babe, and play,
 For father false is fled away.

Sweet boy, if it by fortune chance,
Thy father home again to send,
If death do strike me with his lance
Yet mayst thou me to him commend :
 If any ask thy mother's name,
 Tell how by love she purchased blame.

Then will his gentle heart soon yield,
I know him of a noble mind,
Although a Lion in the field.
A Lamb in town thou shalt him find :
 Ask blessing, babe, be not afraid,
 His sugar'd words hath me betray'd.

Then mayst thou joy and be right glad,
Although in woe I seem to moan,
Thy father is no rascal lad,
A noble youth of blood and bone :
 His glancing looks, if he once smile,
 Right honest women may beguile."

Come, little boy, and rock asleep,
Sing lullaby and be thou still,
I that can do nought else but weep
Will sit by thee and wail my fill :
 God bless my babe, and lullaby
 From this thy father's quality !

Anon.

LVIII

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies ;
 How silently, and with how wan a face !
 What, may it be that e'en in heavenly place
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries !

Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,
 I read it in thy looks ; thy languish'd grace,
 To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.

Then, e'en of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
 Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit ?
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?
 Do they above love to be loved, and yet

Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess ?
 Do they call virtue, there, ungratefulness ?

Sir P. Sidney

LIX

© *Crudelis Amor*

When thou must home to shades of underground,
 And there arrived, a new admired guest,
 The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
 White Iopé, blithe Helen, and the rest,
 To hear the stories of thy finish'd love
 From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move ;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
 Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
 Of tourneys and great challenges of Knights,
 And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake :
 When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
 Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me !

T. Campion

LX

Sephestia's Song to her Child

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
 Mother's wag, pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy;
 When thy father first did see
 Such a boy by him and me,
 He was glad, I was woe,
 Fortune changéd made him so,
 When he left his pretty boy
 Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
 Streaming tears that never stint,
 Like pearl drops from a flint,
 Fell by course from his eyes,
 That one another's place supplies;
 Thus he grieved in every part,
 Tears of blood fell from his heart,
 When he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.
 The wanton smiled, father wept,
 Mother cried, baby leapt;
 More he crow'd, more we cried,
 Nature could not sorrow hide:
 He must go, he must kiss
 Child and mother, baby bless,
 For he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.

R. Greene

LXI

A Lament

My thoughts hold mortal strife ;
I do detest my life,
And with lamenting cries
Peace to my soul to bring
Oft call that prince which here doth monarchize :
—But he, grim grinning King,
Who caitiffs scorns, and doth the blest surprize,
Late having deck'd with beauty's rose his tomb,
Disdains to crop a weed, and will not come.

W. Drummond

LXII

Dirge of Love

Come away, come away, Death,
And in sad cypres let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath ;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it !
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown :
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

W. Shakespeare

LXIII

To His Lute

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage did on thee bestow.

Since that dear Voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from Earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?

Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphans' wailings to the fainting ear ;
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear ;
For which be silent as in woods before :

Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle, still her loss complain.

W. Drummond

LXIV

Fidèle

Fear no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust,

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.
W. Shakespeare

LXV

A Sea Dirge

Full fathom five thy father lies :
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
Hark ! now I hear them,—
Ding, dong, bell.
W. Shakespeare

LXVI

A Land Dirge

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm ;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.
J. Webster

LXVII

Best Mortem

If Thou survive my well-contented day
 When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover ;

Compare them with the bettering of the time,
 And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.

O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought—
 ' Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
 To march in ranks of better equipage :

But since he died, and poets better prove,
 Theirs for their style, I'll read, his for his love.'

W. Shakespeare

LXVIII

The Triumph of Death

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world, that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell ;

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.

O if, I say, you look upon this verse
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
 But let your love even with my life decay ;

Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

W. Shakespeare

LXIX

Young Love

Tell me where is Fancy bred,
 Or in the heart, or in the head ;
 How begot, how nourishéd ?
 Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes ;
 With gazing fed ; and Fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies ;
 Let us all ring Fancy's knell ;
 I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
 —Ding, dong, bell.
W. Shakespeare

LXX

A Dilemma

Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting
 Which clad in damask mantles deck the arbours,
 And then behold your lips where sweet love
 harbours,
 My eyes present me with a double doubting ;
 For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes
 Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses.
Anon.

LXXI

Rosalynd's Madrigal

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
 Doth suck his sweet ;
 Now with his wings he plays with me,
 Now with his feet.
 Within mine eyes, he makes his nest,
 His bed amidst my tender breast ;
 My kisses are his daily feast,
 And yet he robs me of my rest :
 Ah ! wanton, will ye ?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
 With pretty flight,
 And makes his pillow of my knee
 The livelong night.
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the string ;
 He music plays if so I sing ;
 He lends me every lovely thing,
 Yet cruel he my heart doth sting :
 Whist, wanton, will ye ?

Else I with roses every day
 Will whip you hence,
 And bind you, when you long to play,
 For your offence ;
 I'll shut my eyes to keep you in ;
 I'll make you fast it for your sin ;
 I'll count your power not worth a pin ;
 —Alas ! what hereby shall I win,
 If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy
 With many a rod ?
 He will repay me with annoy,
 Because a god.
 Then sit thou safely on my knee,
 And let thy bower my bosom be ;
 Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
 O Cupid ! so thou pity me,
 Spare not, but play thee !
T. Lodge

LXXII

Cupid and Campaspe

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
 At cards for kisses ; Cupid paid ;
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
 His mother's doves, and team of sparrows ;
 Loses them too ; then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how) ;
 With these, the crystal of his brow,

And then the dimple on his chin ;
All these did my Campaspe win :
And last he set her both his eyes—
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love ! has she done this to thee ?
What shall, alas ! become of me ?

J. Lylye

LXXIII

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow ;
Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft
To give my Love good-morrow !
Wings from the wind to please her mind
Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
To give my Love good-morrow ;
To give my Love good-morrow
Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, Robin-red-breast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow ;
And from each hill, let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow !
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow !
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow ;
To give my Love good-morrow
Sing, birds, in every furrow !
T. Heywood

LXXIV

Prothalamion

Calm was the day, and through the trembling air
Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play—
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair ;
When I (whom sullen care,

Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
In princes' court, and expectation vain
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain)
Walk'd forth to ease my pain
Along the shore of silver-streaming Thames ;
Whose ruddy bank, the which his river hems,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meads adorn'd with dainty gems
Fit to deck maidens' bowers,
And crown their paramours
Against the bridal day, which is not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

There in a meadow by the river's side
A flock of nymphs I chancéd to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks all loose untied
As each had been a bride ;
And each one had a little wicker basket
Made of fine twigs, entrailéd curiously.
In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flasket,
And with fine fingers cropt full feateously
The tender stalks on high.
Of every sort which in that meadow grew
They gather'd some ; the violet, pallid blue,
The little daisy that at evening closes,
The virgin lily and the primrose true,
With store of vermeil roses,
To deck their bridegrooms' posies
Against the bridal day, which was not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

With that I saw two Swans of goodly hue
Come softly swimming down along the Lee ;
Two fairer birds I yet did never see ;
The snow which doth the top of Pindus strow
Did never whiter show,
Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appear ;
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near ;

So purely white they were
That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
Seem'd foul to them, and bade his billows spare
To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair,
And mar their beauties bright
That shone as Heaven's light
Against their bridal day, which was not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

Eftsoons the nymphs, which now had flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood
As they came floating on the crystal flood ;
Whom when they saw, they stood amaz'd still
Their wondering eyes to fill ;
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fair
Of fowls, so lovely, that they sure did deem
Them heavenly born, or to be that same pair
Which through the sky draw Venus' silver team ;
For sure they did not seem
To be begot of any earthly seed,
But rather Angels, or of Angels' breed ;
Yet were they bred of summer's heat, they say,
In sweetest season, when each flower and weed
The earth did fresh array ;
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Ev'n as their bridal day, which was not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
All which upon those goodly birds they threw
And all the waves did strew,
That like old Peneus' waters they did seem
When down along by pleasant Tempe's shore
Scatter'd with flowers, through Thessaly they stream,
That they appear, through lilies' plenteous store,
Like a bride's chamber-floor.
Two of those nymphs meanwhile two garlands bound
Of freshest flowers which in that mead they found
The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowy foreheads therewithal they crown'd ;

Whilst one did sing this lay
Prepared against that day,
Against their bridal day, which was not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

‘ Ye gentle birds ! the world’s fair ornament,
And Heaven’s glory, whom this happy hour
Doth lead unto your lovers’ blissful bower,
Joy may you have, and gentle heart’s content
Of your love’s couplement ;
And let fair Venus, that is queen of love,
With her heart-quelling son upon you smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath virtue to remove
All love’s dislike, and friendship’s faulty guile
For ever to assoil.
Let endless peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blessed plenty wait upon your board ;
And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,
That fruitful issue may to you afford
Which may your foes confound,
And make your joys redound
Upon your bridal day, which is not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.’

So ended she ; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said their bridal day should not be long :
And gentle Echo from the neighbour ground
Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous birds did pass along
Adown the Lee that to them murmur’d low,
As he would speak but that he lack’d a tongue ;
Yet did by signs his glad affection show,
Making his stream run slow.
And all the fowl which in his flood did dwell
’Gan flock about these twain, that did excel
The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
The lessers stars. So they, enrangéd well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend
Against their wedding day, which was not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of ancient fame :
There when they came whereas those bricky towers
The which on Thames' broad agéd back do ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whilome wont the Templar-knights to bide,
Till they decay'd through pride ;
Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
Where oft I gainéd gifts and goodly grace
Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feels my friendless case ;
But ah ! here fits not well
Old woes, but joys to tell
Against the bridal day, which is not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
Great England's glory and the world's wide wonder,
Whose dreadful name late through all Spain did thunder,
And Hercules' two pillars standing near
Did make to quake and fear :
Fair branch of honour, flower of chivalry !
That fillest England with thy triumphs' fame
Joy have thou of thy noble victory,
And endless happiness of thine own name
That promiseth the same ;
That through thy prowess and victorious arms
Thy county may be freed from foreign harms,
And great Elisa's glorious name may ring
Through all the world, fill'd with thy wide alarms,
Which some brave Muse may sing
To ages following :
Upon the bridal day, which is not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble lord issuing
Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hair
In th' ocean billows he hath bathéd fair,
Descended to the river's open viewing
With a great train ensuing.

Above the rest were goodly to be seen
 Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature,
 Beseeming well the bower of any queen,
 With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature,
 Fit for so goodly stature,
 That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in sight
 Which deck the baldric of the Heavens bright ;
 They two, forth pacing to the river's side,
 Received those two fair brides, their love's delight ;
 Which, at th' appointed tide,
 Each one did make his bride
 Against their bridal day, which is not long :
 Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

E. Spenser

LXXV

The Happy Heart

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
 O sweet content !
 Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd ?
 O punishment !
 Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd
 To add to golden numbers, golden numbers ?
 O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
 Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
 Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny !

 Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring ?
 O sweet content !
 Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears ?
 O punishment !
 Then he that patiently want's burden bears
 No burden bears, but is a king, a king !
 O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
 Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
 Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny !

T. Dekker

LXXVI

Sic Transit

Come, cheerful day, part of my life to me ,
For while thou view'st me with thy fading light
Part of my life doth still depart with thee,
And I still onward haste to my last night :
Time's fatal wings do ever forward fly—
So every day we live a day we die.

But O ye nights, ordain'd for barren rest,
How are my days deprived of life in you
When heavy sleep my soul hath dispossessed,
By feignéd death life sweetly to renew !
Part of my life, in that, you life deny :
So every day we live, a day we die.

T. Campion

LXXVII

This Life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air
By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere
And strive who can most motion it bequeath.
And though it sometimes seem of its own might
Like to an eye of gold to be fix'd there,
And firm to hover in that empty height,
That only is because it is so light.
—But in that pomp it doth not long appear ;
For when 'tis most admired, in a thought,
Because it erst was nought, it turns to nought.

W. Drummond

LXXVIII

Soul and Body

Poor Soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
[Foil'd by] those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?

Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?

Then, Soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:—

So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.
W. Shakespeare

LXXIX

The man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrow discontent:

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence:

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things;

Good thoughts his only friends,
 His wealth a well-spent age,
 The earth his sober inn
 And quiet pilgrimage.

T. Campion

LXXX

The Lessons of Nature

Of this fair volume which we World do name
 If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
 Of Him who it corrects, and did it frame,
 We clear might read the art and wisdom rare :

Find out His power which wildest powers doth tame,
 His providence extending everywhere,
 His justice which proud rebels doth not spare
 In every page, no period of the same.

But silly we, like foolish children, rest
 Well pleased with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold,
 Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,
 On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold ;

Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
 It is some picture on the margin wrought.

W. Drummond

LXXXI

Doth then the world go thus, doth all thus move ?
 Is this the justice which on Earth we find ?
 Is this that firm decree which all doth bind ?
 Are these your influences, Powers above ?

Those souls which vice's moody mists must blind,
 Blind Fortune, blindly, most their friend doth prove ;
 And they who thee, poor idol Virtue ! love,
 Ply like a feather toss'd by storm and wind.

Ah ! if a Providence doth sway this all
Why should best minds groan under most distress ?
Or why should pride humility make thrall,
And injuries the innocent oppress ?

Heavens ! hinder, stop this fate ; or grant a time
When good may have, as well as bad, their prime !

W. Drummond

LXXXII

The World's Way

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity ;
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,

And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,

And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive Good attending captain Ill :—

—Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my Love alone.

W. Shakespeare

LXXXIII

A Wish

Happy were he could finish forth his fate
In some unhaunted desert, where, obscure
From all society, from love and hate
Of worldly folk, there should he sleep secure ;

Then wake again, and yield God ever praise ;
 Content with hip, with haws, and brambleberry ;
 In contemplation passing still his days,
 And change of holy thoughts to make him merry :

Who, when he dies, his tomb might be the bush
 Where harmless robin resteth with the thrush :

—Happy were he !

R. De laux, Earl of Essex

LXXXIV

Saint John Baptist

The last and greatest Herald of Heaven's King
 Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
 Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
 Which he more harmless found than man, and mild.

His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,
 With honey that from virgin hives distill'd ;
 Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
 Made him appear, long since from earth exiled.

There burst he forth : All ye whose hopes rely
 On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,
 Repent, repent, and from old errors turn !
 —Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry ?

Only the echoes, which he made relent,
 Rung from their flinty caves, Repent ! Repent !

W. Drummond

BOOK SECOND

LXXXV

Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity

This is the month, and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring :
For so the holy sages once did sing
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty
Wherewith He wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside ; and, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God ?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain
To welcome Him to this His new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright ?

See how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards, haste with odours sweet :
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet ;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel quire
From out His secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

The Hymn

It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born Child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
Nature in awe to Him
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow ;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around :
The idle spear and shield were high uphung ;
The hookéd chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood ;
The trumpet spake not to the arméd throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds, with wonder whist,

Smoothly the waters kist
Whispering new joys to the mild océan—
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence ;
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlighten'd world no more should need :
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn
Or ere the point of dawn
Sate simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep :—

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook—
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringéd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light
That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd ;
The helméd Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made
But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung ;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres !
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time ;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow ;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;
And speckled Vanity

Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould ;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow ; and like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest fate says No ;
This must not yet be so ;
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss ;
So both Himself and us to glorify :
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the
deep ;

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake :
The aged Earth aghast
With terror of that blast
Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins : for from this happy day
The old Dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpéd sway ;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The Oracles are dumb ;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archéd roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving :
No nightly trance or breathéd spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er
And the resounding shore
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament ;
From haunted spring and dale
Edged with poplar pale
The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
With flower in-woven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth
And on the holy hearth
The Lars and Lemurés moan with midnight plaint ;
In urns, and altars round
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine ;
And moonéd Ashtaroth
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shrine :
And Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn :
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;
In vain will cymbals' ring

They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove, or green,
Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud :
Nor can he be at rest,
Within his sacred chest ;
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud ;
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable-stoléd sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand :
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in His swaddling bands control the damnéd crew.

So, when the sun in bed
Curtain'd with cloudy red
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave :
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see ! the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest :
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending :
Heaven's youngest-teeméd star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with hand-maid lamp attending :
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd Angels sit in order serviceable.

J. Milton

LXXXVI

Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 1687

From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony

 This universal frame began :

 When Nature underneath a heap

 Of jarring atoms lay

 And could not heave her head,

The tuneful voice was heard from high,

 Arise, ye more than dead !

Then cold and hot and moist and dry

In order to their stations leap,

 And Music's power obey.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony

 This universal frame began :

 From harmony to harmony

Through all the compass of the notes it ran,

The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

 When Jubal struck the chorded shell

 His listening brethren stood around,

 And, wondering, on their faces fell

 To worship that celestial sound.

Less than a god they thought there could not dwell

 Within the hollow of that shell

 That spoke so sweetly and so well.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

 The trumpet's loud clangor

 Excites us to arms,

With shrill notes of anger

 And mortal alarms.

The double double double beat

 Of the thundering drum

 Cries ' Hark ! the foes come ;

Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat !'

 The soft complaining flute

 In dying notes discovers

 The woes of helpless lovers,

Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute. -

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion
For the fair disdainful dame.

But oh ! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise ?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage rage,
And trees unrooted left their place
Sequacious of the lyre :
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher :
When to her Organ vocal breath was given
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd —
Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

Grand Chorus

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above ;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

J. Dryden

LXXXVII

On the late Massacre in Piedmont

Avenge, O Lord ! Thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold ;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,

Forget not : In Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway

The triple Tyrant : that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

J. Milton

LXXXVIII

Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland

The forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armour's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war :
Urgéd his active star :

And like the three-fork'd lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did through his own Side
His fiery way divide :

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy ;
 And with such, to enclose
 Is more than to oppose ;

Then burning through the air he went
And palaces and temples rent ;
 And Caesar's head at last
 Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry heaven's flame ;
 And if we would speak true,
 Much to the Man is due

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reservéd and austere,
 (As if his highest plot
 To plant the bergamot,)

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of time,
 And cast the Kingdoms old
 Into another mould ;

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient Rights in vain—
 But those do hold or break
 As men are strong or weak ;

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
 And therefore must make room
 Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war
Where his were not the deepest scar ?
 And Hampton shows what part
 He had of wiser art,

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
 That Charles himself might chase
 To Carisbrook's narrow case,

That thence the Royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn :
While round the arméd bands
Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try ;

Nor call'd the Gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right ;
But bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

—This was that memorable hour
Which first assured the forcéd power :
So when they did design
The Capitol's first line,

A Bleeding Head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run ;
And yet in that the State
Foresaw its happy fate !

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed :
So much one man can do
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just
And fit for highest trust.

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the Republic's hand—
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey !

He to the Commons' feet presents
A Kingdom for his first year's rents,
And (what he may) forbears
His fame, to make it theirs :

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the Public's skirt.
 So when the falcon high
 Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having kill'd, no more doth search
But on the next green bough to perch,
 Where, when he first does lure,
 The falconer has her sure.

—What may not then our Isle presume
While victory his crest does plume?
 What may not others fear
 If thus he crowns each year?

As Caesar he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
 And to all States not free
 Such climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-colour'd mind,
 But from this valour sad
 Shrink underneath the plaid—

Happy, if in the tufted brake,
The English hunter him mistake,
 Nor lay his hounds in near
 The Caledonian deer.

But Thou, the War's and Fortune's son,
March indefatigably on;
 And for the last effect
 Still keep the sword erect:

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
 The same arts that did gain
 A power, must it maintain.

A. Marvell

LXXXIX

*Lycidas**Elegy on a Friend drowned in the Irish Channel, 1637*

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due :
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring ;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse :
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn ;
And as he passes, turn
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flocks by fountain, shade, and rill :
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long ;
And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.

But, oh ! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return !
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn :
The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays :—
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white-thorn blows ;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream :
Ay me ! I fondly dream—
Had ye been there . . . For what could that have done ?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair ?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears

And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise';
Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears ·
'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies :
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
But now my oar proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea ;
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain ?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beak'd promontory :
They knew not of his story ;
And sage Hippotadés their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd ;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panopé with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe :
'Ah ! who hath reft,' quoth he, 'my dearest pledge !'
Last came, and last did go
The Pilot of the Galilean lake ;
Two massy keys he bore of metal twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain) ;
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake :
'How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold !

Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !
What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped ;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread :
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said :
—But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.'

Return, Alphéus ; the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks ;
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes
That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head, -
And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
Bid amarantus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise :—
Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away,—where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides

Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visitest the bottom of the monstrous world ;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold,
—Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth :
—And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth !

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor :
So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
Through the dear night of Him that walk'd the waves :
Where, other groves, and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing, in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray ;
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay :
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue :
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

J. Milton

XC

On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey

Mortality, behold and fear
What a change of flesh is here !
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones ;
Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands,
Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust
They preach, ' In greatness is no trust,'
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest royallest seed
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin :
Here the bones of birth have cried
' Though gods they were, as men they died !'
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings :
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

F. Beaumont

XCI

The Last Conqueror

Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are ;
Though you bind-in every shore
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,
Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are ;
Nor to these alone confined,
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill ;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

J. Shirley

XCII

Death the Leveller

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill :
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still :
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds :
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

J. Shirley

XCIII

When the Assault was Intended to the City

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He can requite thee : for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground : and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

J. Milton

XCIV

On His Blindness

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,—
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?
I fondly asked :—But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies : God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts : who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best : His state

Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest :—
They also serve who only stand and wait.

J. Milton

XCIV

Character of a Happy Life

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
Nor vice ; Who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend ;

—This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall :
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir H. Wotton

XCVI

The Noble Nature

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make Man better be ;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night—
 It was the plant and flower of Light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see ;
 And in short measures life may perfect be.
B. Jonson

XCVII

The Gifts of God

When God at first made Man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing by ;
 Let us (said He) pour on him all we can :
 Let the world's riches, which disperséd lie,
 Contract into a span.
 So strength first made a way ;
 Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure :
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
 Rest in the bottom lay.
 For if I should (said He)
 Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
 He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature.
 So both should losers be.
 Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining recklessness :
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to My breast.
G. Herbert

XCVIII

The Retreat

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my Angel-infancy !
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought ;
When yet I had not walk'd above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And looking back, at that short space
Could see a glimpse of His bright face ;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity ;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshy dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track !
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train ;
From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees
That shady City of palm trees !
But ah ! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk and staggers in the way :—
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move ;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

H. Vaughan

XCIX

To Mr. Lawrence

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won

From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor span.

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice

Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

J. Milton

C

To Cyriack Skinner

Cyriack, whose grandsire, on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause
Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench;

To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intend, and what the French.

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,

And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

J. Milton

CI

A Hymn in Praise of Neptune

Of Neptune's empire let us sing,
At whose command the waves obey ;
To whom the rivers tribute pay,
Down the high mountains sliding ;
To whom the scaly nation yields
Homage for the crystal fields
 Wherein they dwell ;
And every sea-god pays a gem
Yearly out of his watery cell,
To deck great Neptune's diadem.

The Tritons dancing in a ring,
Before his palace gates do make
The water with their echoes quake,
Like the great thunder sounding :
The sea-nymphs chaunt their accents shrill,
And the Syrens taught to kill
 With their sweet voice,
Make every echoing rock reply,
Unto their gentle murmuring noise,
The praise of Neptune's empery.

T. Champion

CII

Hymn to Diana

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep :
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose ;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close :
Bless us then with wishéd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
And thy crystal-shining quiver ;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever :
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright !
B. Jonson

CIII

Wishes for the Supposed Mistress

Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible She
That shall command my heart and me ;

Where'er she lie,
Lock'd up from mortal eye
In shady leaves of destiny :

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps tread our earth ;

Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine :

—Meet you her, my Wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd, my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie :

Something more than
Taffata or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

A face that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone commend the rest :

A face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

Sidneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Whate'er delight
Can make day's forehead bright
Or give down to the wings of night.

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers ;
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

Days, that need borrow
No part of their good morrow
From a fore-spent night of sorrow :

Days that in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night.

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, 'Welcome, friend.'

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes ; and I wish——no more.

Now, if Time knows
That Her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows

Her that dares be
What these lines wish to see :
I seek no further, it is She.

'Tis she, and here
Lo ! I unclothe and clear
My wishes' cloudy character.

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye ;
Be ye my fictions :—but her story.

R. Crashaw

CIV

The Great Adventurer

Over the mountains
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves ;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey ;
Over rocks that are steepest
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie ;
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly ;
Where the midge dares not venture
Lest herself fast she lay ;
If love come, he will enter
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might ;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight ;
But if she whom love doth honour
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him
 By having him confined ;
 And some do suppose him,
 Poor thing, to be blind ;
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him
 Do the best that you may,
 Blind love, if so ye call him,
 Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
 To stoop to your fist ;
 Or you may inveigle
 The phoenix of the east ;
 The lioness, ye may move her
 To give o'er her prey ;
 But you'll ne'er stop a lover :
 He will find out his way.

Anon.

CV

The Picture of Little T.C. in a Prospect of Flowers

See with what simplicity
 This nymph begins her golden days !
 In the green grass she loves to lie,
 And there with her fair aspect tames
 The wilder flowers, and gives them names ;
 But only with the roses plays,

And them does tell

What colours best become them, and what smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause
 This darling of the Gods was born ?
 Yet this is she whose chaster laws
 The wanton Love shall one day fear,
 And, under her command severe,
 See his bow broke, and ensigns torn.

Happy who can

Appease this virtuous enemy of man !

O then let me in time compound
 And parley with those conquering eyes,
 Ere they have tried their force to wound ;

Ere with their glancing wheels they drive
 In triumph over hearts that strive,
 And them that yield but more despise :

Let me be laid,

Where I may see the glories from some shade.

Mean time, whilst every verdant thing
 Itself does at thy beauty charm,
 Reform the errors of the Spring ;
 Make that the tulips may have share
 Of sweetness, seeing they are fair,
 And roses of their thorns disarm ;

But most procure

That violets may a longer age endure.

But O young beauty of the woods,
 Whom Nature courts with fruits and flowers,
 Gather the flowers, but spare the buds ;
 Lest FLORA, angry at thy crime
 To kill her infants in their prime,
 Should quickly make th' example yours ;
 And ere we see—

Nip in the blossom—all our hopes and thee.

A. Marvell

CVI

Child and Maiden

Ah, Chloris ! could I now but sit
 As unconcern'd as when
 Your infant beauty could beget
 No happiness or pain !
 When I the dawn used to admire,
 And praised the coming day,
 I little thought the rising fire
 Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
 Like metals in a mine ;
 Age from no face takes more away
 Than youth conceal'd in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
So love as unperceived did fly,
And centr'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart :
Each gloried in their wanton part ;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art—
To make a beauty, she.

Sir C. Sedley

CVII

Constancy

I cannot change, as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn,
Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
For you alone was born :
No, Phyllis, no, your heart to move
A surer way I'll try,—
And to revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on, and die.

When, kill'd with grief, Amintas lies,
And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now unpitied rise,
The tears that vainly fall,
That welcome hour that ends his smart
Will then begin your pain,
For such a faithful tender heart
Can never break in vain.

J. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

CVIII

Counsel to Girls

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying :
And this same flower that smiles to day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a-getting
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer ;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time ;
And while ye may, go marry :
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

R. Herrick

CIX

To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore ;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

Colonz! Lovelace

CX

Elizabeth of Bohemia

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you, when the Moon shall rise ?

You curious chanters of the wood
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents : what's your praise ;
When Philomel her voice doth raise ?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,—
What are you, when the Rose is blown ?

So when my Mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind ?
Sir H. Wotton

CXI

To the Lady Margaret Ley

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
Of England's Council and her Treasury,
Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,

Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chaeroneia, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent ;—

Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet ;

So well your words his noble virtues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, honoured Margaret.

J. Milton

CXII

The True Beauty

He that loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires ;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires :—
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

T. Carew

CXIII

To Dianeme

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes
Which starlike sparkle in their skies ;
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives ; yours yet free :
Be you not proud of that rich hair
Which wantons with the lovesick air ;
Whenas that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.

R. Herrick

CXIV

Love in thy youth, fair Maid, be wise ;
Old Time will make thee colder,
And though each morning new arise
Yet we each day grow older.
Thou as Heaven art fair and young,
Thine eyes like twin stars shining ;
But ere another day be sprung
All these will be declining.
Then winter comes with all his fears,
And all thy sweets shall borrow ;
Too late then wilt thou shower thy tears,—
And I too late shall sorrow !

Anon.

CXV

Go, lovely Rose !
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired :
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die ! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee :
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

E. Waller

CXVI

To Celia

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine ;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be ;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me ;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee !

B. Jonson

CXVII

Cherry-Ripe

There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow ;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow ;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl, a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow :
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still ;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

Anon.

CXVIII

Corinna's Maying

Get up, get up for shame ! The blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air :
Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since ; yet you not drest,
Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns : 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,—
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch-in May.
Rise ; and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and green.
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown, or hair :
Fear not ; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you :
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept :
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night :
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying :
Few beads are best when once we go a Maying.
Come, my Corinna, come ; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street ; each street a park

Made green, and trimm'd with trees : see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch : Each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove ;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not see't ?
Come we'll abroad : and let's obey
The proclamation made for May :
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.
There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream :
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :
Many a green-gown has been given ;
Many a kiss, both odd and even :
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, Love's firmament
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks pick'd :—Yet we're not a Maying.
—Come, let us go, while we are in our prime ;
And take the harmless folly of the time !
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short ; and our days run
As fast away as does the sun :—
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again :
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna ! come, let's go a Maying.

R. Herrick

CXIX

The Poetry of Dress

I

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness :—
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction,—
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthrals the crimson stomacher,—
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly,—
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat,—
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility,—
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

R. Herrick

CXX

2

Whenas in silks my Julia goes
Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes.
Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free ;
O how that glittering taketh me !

R. Herrick

CXXI

3

My Love in her attire doth shew her wit,
It doth so well become her :
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For Winter, Spring, and Summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on :
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

Anon.

CXXII

On a Girdle

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind :
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair :
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

E. Waller

CXXIII

A Mystical Ecstasy

E'en like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
And having ranged and search'd a thousand nooks,
Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoin :
So I my Best-Belovéd's am ; so He is mine.

E'en so we met ; and after long pursuit,
E'en so we join'd ; we both became entire ;
No need for either to renew a suit,
For I was flax and he was flames of fire :
Our firm-united souls did more than twine ;
So I my Best-Belovéd's am ; so He is mine.

If all those glittering Monarchs that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all :
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin :
The world's but theirs ; but my Belovéd's mine.

F. Quarles

CXXIV

To Anthea who may command Him Any Thing

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be :
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree :
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see :
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree :
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en Death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me,
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

R. Herrick

CXXV

Love not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart,—
For those may fail, or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever :

Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why—
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever !

Anon.

CXXVI

Not, Celia, that I juster am
Or better than the rest ;
For I would change each hour, like them,
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
By every thought I have ;
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored
In thy dear self I find—
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store,
And still make love anew ?
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

Sir C. Sedley

CXXVII

To Althea from Prison

When Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates ;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fetter'd to her eye,
The Gods that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, (like committed linnets,) I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
And glories of my King ;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargéd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage ;
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

Colonel Lovelace

CXXVIII

To Lucasta, going beyond the Seas

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee ;
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone ;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind, or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
 To swell my sail,
 Or pay a tear to 'suage
 The foaming blue-god's rage ;
 For whether he will let me pass
 Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
 Our faith and troth,
 Like separated souls,
 All time and space controls :
 Above the highest sphere we meet
 Unseen, unknown, and greet as Angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
 Our after-fate,
 And are alive i' the skies,
 If thus our lips and eyes
 Can speak like spirits unconfined
 In Heaven, their earthy bodies left behind.
Colonel Lovelace

CXXIX

Encouragements to a Lover

Why so pale and wan, fond lover ?
 Prythee, why so pale ?
 Will, if looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail ?
 Prythee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
 Prythee, why so mute ?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't ?
 Prythee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit, for shame ! this will not move,
 This cannot take her ;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her ;
 The D—l take her !

Sir J. Suckling

CXXX

A Supplication

Awake, awake, my Lyre !
And tell thy silent master's humble tale
In sounds that may prevail ;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire :
Though so exalted she
And I so lowly be
Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony.

Hark, how the strings awake !
And, though the moving hand approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear
A kind of numerous trembling make.
Now all thy forces try ;
Now all thy charms apply ;
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak Lyre ! thy virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound,
And she to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My passion to remove ;
Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to Love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre !
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire ;
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie,
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy master die.
A. Cowley

CXXXI

The Manly Heart

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair ?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are ?

Be she fairer than the day
Or the flowery meads in May—
 If she think not well of me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Shall my silly heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind ;
Or a well-disposéd nature
Joinéd with a lovely feature ?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love ?
Or her well-deservings known
Make me quite forget mine own ?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of Best ;
 If she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high
Shall I play the fool and die ?
She that bears a noble mind
If not outward helps she find,
Thinks what with them he would do
Who without them dares her woo ;
 And unless that mind I see,
 What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair ;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve ;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go ;
 For if she be not for me,
 What care I for whom she be ?

G. Wither

CXXXII

Melancholy

Hence, all you vain delights,
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly :
 There's nought in this life sweet
 If man were wise to see't,
 But only melancholy,
 O sweetest Melancholy !
 Welcome, folded arms, and fixéd eyes,
 A sigh that piercing mortifies,
 A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
 A tongue chain'd up without a sound !
 Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves !
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
 Are warmly housed save bats and owls !
 A midnight bell, a parting groan !
 These are the sounds we feed upon ;
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;
 Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

J. Fletcher

CXXXIII

Forsaken

O waly waly up the bank,
 And waly waly down the brae,
 And waly waly yon burn-side
 Where I and my Love wont to gae ;
 I leant my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree ;
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
 Sae my true Love did lichtly me.

O waly waly, but love be bonny
 A little time while it is new ;
 But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld
 And fades awa' like morning dew.

O wherefore should I busk my head?
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
 For my true Love has me forsook
 And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed ;
 The sheets shall ne'er be prest by me :
 Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
 Since my true Love has forsaken me.
 Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
 O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?
 For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie ;
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
 When we came in by Glasgow town
 We were a comely sight to see ;
 My Love was clad in the black velvét
 And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,
 That love had been sae ill to win ;
 I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd
 And pinn'd it with a siller pin.
 And, O ! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee ;
 And I mysell were dead and gane,
 And the green grass growing over me !

Anon.

CXXXIV

Upon my lap my sovereign sits
 And sucks upon my breast ;
 Meantime his love maintains my life
 And gives my sense her rest.
 Sing lullaby, my little boy,
 Sing lullaby, mine only joy !

When thou hast taken thy repast,
Repose, my babe, on me ;
So may thy mother and thy nurse
Thy cradle also be.

Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy !

I grieve that duty doth not work
All that my wishing would,
Because I would not be to thee
But in the best I should.

Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy !

Yet as I am, and as I may,
I must and will be thine,
Though all too little for thy self
Vouchsafing to be mine.

Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy !

Anon.

CXXXV

Fair Helen

I wish I were where Helen lies ;
Night and day on me she cries ;
O that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirconnell lea !

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me !

O think na but my heart was sair
When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair !
I laid her down wi' meikle care
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lea ;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare !
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, ' Haste and come to me !'

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies ;
Night and day on me she cries ;
And I am weary of the skies,
Since my Love died for me.
Anon.

CXXXVI

The Twa Corbies

As I was walking all alane
I heard twa corbies making a mane ;
The tane unto the t'other say,
'Where sall we gang and dine to-day?'

'—In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain Knight ;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

‘ His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady’s ta’en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

‘ Ye’ll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I’ll pick out his bonnie blue een :
Wi’ ae lock o’ his gowden hair
We’ll theek our nest when it grows bare.

‘ Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane ;
O’er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.’

Anon.

CXXXVII

On the Death of Mr. William Hervey

It was a dismal and a fearful night,—
Scarce could the Morn drive on th’ unwilling light,
When sleep, death’s image, left my troubled breast,
 By something liker death possess’d.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
 And on my soul hung the dull weight
 Of some intolerable fate.
What bell was that? Ah me! Too much I know!

My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever, and my life, to moan?
 O thou hast left me all alone!
Thy soul and body, when death’s agony
 Besieged around thy noble heart,
 Did not with more reluctance part
Than I, my dearest friend, do part from thee.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
Have ye not seen us, walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
 The love betwixt us two?

Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade,
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid.

Large was his soul ; as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here ;
High as the place 'twas shortly in Heaven to have,
But low and humble as his grave ;
So high that all the virtues there did come
As to the chiefest seat
Conspicuous, and great ;
So low that for me too it made a room.

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
As if for him knowledge had rather sought ;
Nor did more learning ever crowded lie
In such a short mortality.
Whene'er the skilful youth discoursed or writ,
Still did the notions throng
About his eloquent tongue ;
Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit.

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit,
Yet never did his God or friends forget.
And when deep talk and wisdom came in view
Retired, and gave to them their due.
For the rich help of books he always took,
Though his own searching mind before
Was so with notions written o'er,
As if wise Nature had made that her book.

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always lived, as other saints do die.
Still with his soul severe account he kept,
Weeping all debts out ere he slept.
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
Like the sun's laborious light,
Which still in water sets at night,
Unsullied with his journey of the day.

A. Cowley

CXXXVIII

Friends in Paradise

They are all gone into the world of light !
And I alone sit lingering here ;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear :—

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days :
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope ! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have shew'd them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death ! the jewel of the just,
Shining no where, but in the dark ;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may know
At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep ;
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

H. Vaughan

CXXXIX

To Blossoms

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night ?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave :
And after they have shown their pride
Like you, awhile they glide
Into the grave.

R. Herrick

CXL

To Daffodils

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon :
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song ;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or any thing.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the Summer's rain ;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again.

R. Herrick

CXLI

The Girl Describes Her Fawn

With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at my own fingers nursed ;
And as it grew, so every day
It wax'd more white and sweet than they—
It had so sweet a breath ! and oft
I blush'd to see its foot more soft
And white,—shall I say,—than my hand ?
Nay, any lady's of the land !

It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet :
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race :—
And when 't had left me far away
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay :
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness :
And all the spring-time of the year
It only lov'd to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie ;

Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes :—
For in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid.

Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seem'd to bleed :
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold :—
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without—roses within.

A. Marvell

CXLII

Thoughts in a Garden

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their uncessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergéd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid ;
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of Repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy sister dear !
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men :
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow :
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name ;

Little, alas, they know or heed
How far these beauties hers exceed !
Fair trees ! wheres'e'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passions' heat
Love hither makes his best retreat :
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race ;
Apollo hunted Daphne so
Only that she might laurel grow ;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness ;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas ;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside
My soul into the boughs does glide ;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy Garden-state
While man there walk'd without a mate :

After a place so pure and sweet,
 What other help could yet be meet !
 But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
 To wander solitary there :
 Two paradises 'twere in one,
 To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
 Of flowers and herbs this dial new !
 Where, from above, the milder sun
 Does through a fragrant zodiac run :
 And, as it works, th' industrious bee
 Computes its time as well as we.
 How could such sweet and wholesome hours
 Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers !

A. Marvell

CXLIII

Fortunati Ninium

Jack and Joan, they think no ill,
 But loving live, and merry still ;
 Do their week-day's work, and pray
 Devoutly on the holy-day :
 Skip and trip it on the green,
 And help to choose the Summer Queen ;
 Lash out at a country feast
 Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
 And tell at large a winter tale ;
 Climb up to the apple loft,
 And turn the crabs till they be soft.
 Tib is all the father's joy,
 And little Tom the mother's boy :—
 All their pleasure is, Content,
 And care, to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows
 And deck her windows with green boughs ;
 She can wreaths and tutties make,
 And trim with plums a bridal cake.

Jack knows what brings gain or loss,
And his long flail can stoutly toss :
Makes the hedge which others break,
And ever thinks what he doth speak.

—Now, you courtly dames and knights,
That study only strange delights,
Though you scorn the homespun gray,
And revel in your rich array ;
Though your tongues dissemble deep
And can your heads from danger keep ;
Yet, for all your pomp and train,
Securer lives the silly swain !

T. Campion

CXLIV

L'Allegro

Hence, loathéd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy !
Find out some uncouth cell
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings
And the night-raven sings ;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crownéd Bacchus bore ;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying—
There on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew

Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathéd smiles
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides :—
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe ;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And if I give thee honour due
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee
In unprovéd pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight
And singing startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow
Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine :
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill :
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,

And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures ;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide ;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;
And then in haste her bower she leaves
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sun-shine holyday,
Till the live-long day-light fail :
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat :—
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said ;
And he, by Friar's lantern led ;
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,

When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end ;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.

Tower'd cities please us then
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry ;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony ;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber, on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear

Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

J. Milton

CXLV

31 *Penseroso*

Hence, vain deluding Joys,

The brood of Folly without father bred !

How little you bestead

Or fill the fixéd mind with all your toys !

Dwell in some idle brain,

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess
As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But hail, thou goddess sage and holy,

Hail, divinest Melancholy !

Whose saintly visage is too bright

To hit the sense of human sight,

And therefore to our weaker view

O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;

Black, but such as in esteem

Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,

Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove

To set her beauty's praise above

The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended :

Yet thou art higher far descended :

Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,

To solitary Saturn bore ;

His daughter she ; in Saturn's reign

Such mixture was not held a stain :

Oft in glimmering bowers and glades

He met her, and in secret shades

Of woody Ida's inmost grove,

While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train
And sable stole of Cipres lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn :
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast :
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing :
And add to these retired Leisure
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure :—
But first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing
Guiding the fiery-wheeléd throne,
The cherub Contemplation ;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest saddest plight
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak.
—Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering Moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft, on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off Curfeu sound
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar :
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removéd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear
With-thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine ;
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musaeus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek
And made Hell grant what Love did seek !
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canacé to wife
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass ;
And of the wondrous horse of brass

On which the Tartar king did ride :
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frownc'd as she was wont
With the Attic Boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To archéd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heavéd stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honey'd thigh
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep ;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid :
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood,
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,

And love the high embowéd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew ;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

J. Milton

CXLVI

Song of the Emigrants in Bermuda

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that row'd along
The listening winds received this song.

‘What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage :
He gave us this eternal Spring
Which here enamels everything,

And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows :
He makes the figs our mouths to meet
And throws the melons at our feet ;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by His hand
From Lebanon He stores the land ;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast ;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
Oh ! let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay !'
—Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note :
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

A. Marvell

CXLVII

At a Solemn Music

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Verse !
Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ,
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce ;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbed Song of pure concent
Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
To Him that sits thereon,

With saintly shout and solemn jubilee ;
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow ;
And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly :

That we on Earth, with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that Song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To His celestial consort us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light !
J. Milton

CXLVIII

NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM

When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere :
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear ;

My soul her wings doth spread,
And heaven-ward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look,
We shall discern
In it as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the Conqueror,
That far-stretch'd power
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour.

That from the farthest North
Some nation may
Yet undiscover'd issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway.

Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice,
May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruin have ;
For as yourselves your Empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life, confute.

For they have watch'd since first
The world had birth :
And found sin in itself accursed,
And nothing permanent on earth.

W. Habington

CXLIX

Hymn to Darkness

Hail thou most sacred venerable thing !

What Muse is worthy thee to sing ?

Thee, from whose pregnant universal womb

All things, ev'n Light, thy rival, first did come.

What dares he not attempt that sings of thee,

Thou first and greatest mystery ?

Who can the secrets of thy essence tell ?

Thou, like the light of God, art inaccessible.

Before great Love this monument did raise,

This ample theatre of praise ;

Before the folding circles of the sky

Were tuned by Him, Who is all harmony ;

Before the morning Stars their hymn began,

Before the council held for man,

Before the birth of either time or place,

Thou reign'st unquestion'd monarch in the empty space.

Thy native lot thou didst to Light resign,

But still half of the globe is thine.

Here with a quiet, but yet awful hand,

Like the best emperors thou dost command.

To thee the stars above their brightness owe,

And mortals their repose below :

To thy protection fear and sorrow flee,

And those that weary are of light, find rest in thee.

J. Norris of Bemerton

CL

A Vision

I saw Eternity the other night,

Like a great ring of pure and endless light,

All calm, as it was bright :—

And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days, years,

Driven by the spheres,

Like a vast shadow moved ; in which the World

And all her train were hurl'd.

H. Vaughan

CLI

Alexander's Feast, or, the Power of Music

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son—
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne ;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crown'd) ;
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride :—
Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave
None but the brave
None but the brave deserves the fair

Timotheus placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove
Who left his blissful seats above—
Such is the power of mighty love !
A dragon's fiery form belied the god ;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode
When he to fair Olympia prest,
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
—The listening crowd admire the lofty sound ;
A present deity ! they shout around :
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound :
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god ;
Affects to nod
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face :
Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes !
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the
 slain !
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And while he Heaven and Earth defied
Changed his hand and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse :
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate.
And weltering in his blood ;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed ;
On the bare earth exposed he lies
With not a friend to close his eyes.
—With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of Chance below ;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree ;

'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble ;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying ;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying :
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee !
—The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
At length with love and wine at once oppress
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !
Break his bands of sleep asunder
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark ! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head :
As awaked from the dead
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise !
See the snakes that they rear
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain :
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew !

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
—The princes applaud with a furious joy :
And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy !

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came.
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before
—Let old Timotheus yield the prize
Or both divide the crown ;
He raised a mortal to the skies ;
She drew an angel down !

J. Dryden

BOOK THIRD

CLII

Ode on the Pleasure Arising from Vicissitude

Now the golden Morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She woos the tardy Spring :
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet ;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet :
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy ;
And lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by :
Their raptures now that wildly flow
No yesterday nor morrow know ;
'Tis Man alone that joy describes
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow
Soft reflection's hand can trace,
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace ;

While hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lour
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue ;
Behind the steps that misery treads
Approaching comfort view :
The hues of bliss more brightly glow
Chastised by sabler tints of woe,
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost
And breathe and walk again :
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

T. Gray

CLIII

Ode to Simplicity

O Thou, by Nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong ;
Who first, on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, or Pleasure's, nursed the powers of song !

Thou, who with hermit heart,
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall,
But com'st, a decent maid
In Attic robe array'd,
O chaste, unboastful Nymph, to thee I call !

By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore,
By all her blooms and mingled murmurs dear ;
By her whose love-lorn woe
In evening musings slow
Soothed sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear :

By old Cephisus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat ;
On whose enamell'd side,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allured thy future feet :—

O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse !
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though Beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem
But Virtue's patriot theme,
You loved her hills, and led her laureat band ;
But stay'd to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The Passions own thy power ;
Love, only Love, her forceless numbers mean :
For thou hast left her shrine ;
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius, bless
To some divine excess,
Faints the cold work till thou inspire the whole ;
What each, what all supply
May court, may charm our eye ;
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul !

Of these let others ask
To aid some mighty task ;
I only seek to find thy temperate vale ;
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature ! learn my tale.
W. Collins

CLIV

Solitude

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire ;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
Together mixt, sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
Thus unlamented let me die ;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.
A. Pope

CLV

The Blind Boy

O say what is that thing call'd Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy ;
What are the blessings of the sight,
O tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright ;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play ;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe ;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy :
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

C. Cibber

CLVI

On a Favourite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow,
Demurest of the tabby kind
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared :
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—
She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream :
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple, to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw :
A whisker first, and then a claw
With many an ardent wish
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize—
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between—
Malignant Fate sat by and smiled—
The slippery verge her feet beguiled ;
She tumbled headlong in !

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every watery God
Some speedy aid to send :—
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard—
A favourite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties ! undeceived
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold :
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters, gold !

T. Gray

CLVII

To Charlotte Pulteney

Timely blossom, Infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn and every night
Their solicitous delight,

Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please ;
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue ;
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandon'd to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush ;
Like the linnet in the bush
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat ;
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green, in May
Flitting to each bloomy spray
Wearied then and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest :—
This thy present happy lot
This, in time will be forgot :
Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever-busy Time prepares ;
And thou shalt in thy daughter see,
This picture, once, resembled thee.

A. Philips

CLVIII

Rule, Britannia

When Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sung the strain :
Rule, Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves !
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine !

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd
And manly hearts to guard the fair :—
Rule, Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves !
Britons never shall be slaves !

J. Thomson

CLIX

The Bard

Pindaric Ode

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King !
Confusion on thy banners wait ;
Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears !
—Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array :—

Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance ;
'To arms !' cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe
With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air)
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre :

'Hark, how each giant-oak and desert-cave
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
O'er thee, oh King ! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main :
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.

On dreary Arvon's shore they lie
Smear'd with gore and ghastly pale :
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail ;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep ; They do not sleep ;

On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
I see them sit ; They linger yet,
Avengers of their native land :
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

*Weave the warp and weave the woof
The winding sheet of Edward's race :
Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.*

*Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death thro' Berkley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king!*

*She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of heaven! What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.*

*'Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
—Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes:
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm:
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That hush'd in grim repose expects his evening prey.*

*'Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head!
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:*

The bristled boar in infant-gore.

Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

*Now, brothers, bending o'er the accurs'd loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.*

'Edward, lo! to sudden fate

(Weave we the woof; The thread is spun;)

Half of thy heart we consecrate.

(The web is wove; The work is done.)

—Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn

Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn :

In yon bright track that fires the western skies

They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height

Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,

Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail:—

All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue, hail!

'Girt with many a baron bold

Sublime their starry fronts they rear;

And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old

In bearded majesty, appear.

In the midst a form divine!

Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line:

Her lion-port, her awe commanding face

Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.

What strings symphonious tremble in the air,

What strains of vocal transport round her play?

Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;

They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.

Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,

Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd wings.

'The verse adorn again

Fierce war, and faithful love,

And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.

In buskin'd measures move

Pale grief, and pleasing pain,

With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast

A voice as of the cherub-choir

Gales from blooming Eden bear,
And distant warblings lessen on my ear
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud
Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me : with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign :
Be thine despair and sceptred care,
To triumph and to die are mine.'
—He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.
T. Gray

CLX

Ode written in 1746

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung :
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there !

W. Collins

CLXI

Lament for Culloden

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see :
For e'en and morn she cries, Alas !
And aye the saut tear blins her ee :

Drumossie moor—Drumossie day—
 A waefu' day it was to me !
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see :
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's ee !
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be ;
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

R. Burns

CLXII

Lament for Flodden

I've heard them lilting at our ewe-milking,
 Lasses a' lilting before dawn o' day ;
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
 Lasses are lonely and dowie and wae ;
 Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
 Bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray ;
 At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae youngers are roaming
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play ;
 But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
 The Flowers of the Forest are weded away.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border !
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day ;
 The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
 The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae ;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

J. Elliott

CLXIII

The Braes of Yarrow

Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover ;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover !
For ever now, O Yarrow stream !
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my Love, the flower of Yarrow !

He promised me a milk-white steed
To bear me to his father's bowers ;
He promised me a little page
To squire me to his father's towers ;
He promised me a wedding-ring,—
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow ;—
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow !

Sweet were his words when last we met ;
My passion I as freely told him ;
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him !
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow ;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

His mother from the window look'd
With all the longing of a mother ;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her brother ;

They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough ;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from thy window look—
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !
No longer walk, thou lovely maid ;
Alas, thou hast no more a brother !
No longer seek him east or west
And search no more the forest thorough ;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow—
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.
—The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow ;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow
J. Logan

CLXIV

Willie Drowned in Yarrow

Down in yon garden sweet and gay
Where bonnie grows the lily,
I heard a fair maid sighing say,
‘ My wish be wi’ sweet Willie !

‘ Willie’s rare, and Willie’s fair,
And Willie’s wondrous bonny ;
And Willie hecht to marry me
Gin e’er he married ony.

O gentle wind, that bloweth south
From where my Love repaireth,
Convey a kiss frae his dear mouth
And tell me how he fareth !

‘O tell sweet Willie to come doun
And hear the mavis singing,
And see the birds on ilka bush
And leaves around them hinging.

‘The lav’rock there, wi’ her white breast
And gentle throat sae narrow ;
There’s sport eneuch for gentlemen
On Leader haughs and Yarrow.

‘O Leader haughs are wide and braid
And Yarrow haughs are bonny ;
There Willie hecht to marry me
If e’er he married ony.

‘But Willie’s gone, whom I thought on,
And does not hear me weeping ;
Draws many a tear frae true love’s ee
When other maids are sleeping.

‘Yestreen I made my bed fu’ braid,
The night I’ll mak’ it narrow,
For a’ the live-lang winter night
I lie twined o’ my marrow.

‘O came ye by yon water-side ?
Pou’d you the rose or lily ?
Or came you by yon meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willie ?

She sought him up, she sought him down,
She sought him braid and narrow ;
Syne, in the cleaving of a craig,
She found him drown’d in Yarrow !

Anon.

CLXV

Loss of the Royal George

Toll for the Brave !
The brave that are no more
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset ;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the Brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

—Weigh the vessel up
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main :

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

W. Cowper

CLXVI

Black-Eyed Susan

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard :
‘O ! where shall I my true-love find ?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true
If my sweet William sails among the crew.’

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below :
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest :—
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

‘O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me kiss off that falling tear ;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds ; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

‘Believe not what the landmen say
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find :
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For Thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

‘If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

'Though battle call me from thy arms
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his Dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.'

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread
No longer must she stay aboard ;
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land ;
'Adieu !' she cries ; and waved her lily hand.
J. Gay

CLXVII

Sally in Our Alley

Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets
And through the streets does cry 'em ;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em :
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally !
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely ;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely—

But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day—
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday ;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named ;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again
O then I shall have money ;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey :
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley ;
But when my seven long years are out
O then I'll marry Sally,—
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed. . .
But not in our alley !

H. Carey

CLXVIII

A Farewell

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine
An' fill it in a silver tassie ;
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonnie lassie :
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankéd ready ;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody ;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad made me langer wish to tarry ;
Nor shout o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.
R. Burns

CLXIX

If doughty deeds my lady please
Right soon I'll mount my steed ;
And strong his arm, and fast his seat
That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap
Thy picture at my heart ;
And he that bends not to thine eye
Shall rue it to his smart !
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love ;
O tell me how to woo thee !
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye
I'll dight me in array ;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.

If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch ;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,
That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow ;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue ;
For you alone I strive to sing,
O tell me how to woo !

Then tell me how to woo thee, Love ;
O tell me how to woo thee !
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

R. Graham of Gartmore

CLXX

To a Young Lady

Sweet stream, that winds through yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay busy throng :
With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course ;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes ;
Pure-bosom'd as that watery glass
And Heaven reflected in her face.

W. Cowper

CLXXI

The Sleeping Beauty

Sleep on, and dream of Heaven awhile—
Tho' shut so close thy laughing eyes,
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile
And move, and breathe delicious sighs !

Ah, now soft blushes tinge her cheeks
And mantle o'er her neck of snow :
Ah, now she murmurs, now she speaks
What most I wish—and fear to know !

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps !
Her fair hands folded on her breast :
—And now, how like a saint she sleeps !
A seraph in the realms of rest !

Sleep on secure ! Above controul
Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee ;
And may the secret of thy soul
Remain within its sanctuary !

S. Rogers

CLXXII

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to Love,
And when we meet a mutual heart
Come in between, and bid us part ?

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish and wish the soul away ;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone ?

But busy, busy, still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care ;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

J. Thomson

CLXXIII

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name :
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay—
When Cloe noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs ;
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blush'd ; Euphelia frown'd ;
I sung, and gazed ; I play'd, and trembled :
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

M. Prior

CLXXIV

Love's Secret

Never seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told can be ;
For the gentle wind doth move
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart,
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears :—
Ah ! she did depart.

Soon after she was gone from me
A traveller came by,
Silently, invisibly :
He took her with a sigh.

W. Blake

CLXXV

When lovely woman stoops to folly
And finds too late that men betray,—
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away ?

The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover
 And wring his bosom, is—to die.

O. Goldsmith

CLXXVI

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon
 How can ye blume sae fair !
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae fu' o' care !

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
 That sings upon the bough ;
 Thou minds me o' the happy days
 When my fause Luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
 That sings beside thy mate ;
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
 To see the woodbine twine,
 And ilka bird sang o' its love ;
 And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Frae aff its thorny tree ;
 And my fause luvver staw the rose,
 But left the thorn wi' me.

R. Burns

CLXXVII

The Progress of Poesy

A Pindaric Ode

Awake, Aeolian lyre, awake,
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
 From Helicon's harmonious springs

A thousand rills their mazy progress take ;
 The laughing flowers that round them blow
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

Now the rich stream of music winds along
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign ;
Now rolling down the steep amain
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

Oh ! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell ! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul,
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curbed the fury of his car
And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crown'd Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day ;
With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures ;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet :
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many twinkling-feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare :
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay :
With arms sublime that float upon the air
In gliding state she wins her easy way :
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

Man's feeble race what ills await !
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of fate

The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry
He gives to range the dreary sky :
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forest laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Aegean deep,
Fields that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Maeander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish !
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around ;
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound :
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion ! next, thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer-gale
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,

What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face : the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.
'This pencil take' (she said), 'whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year :
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal Boy !
These can unlock the gates of joy ;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.'

Nor second He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy
The secrets of the abyss to spy :
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time :
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw ; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah ! 'tis heard no more—
Oh ! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now ? Tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air :
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun :
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate :
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

T. Gray

CLXXVIII

The Passions

An Ode for Music

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting ;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined :
'Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings, own'd his secret stings ;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds, his grief beguiled ;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure ?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale

She call'd on Echo still through all the song ;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair ;—

And longer had she sung :—but with a frown
Revenge impatient rose :
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down ;
And with a withering look
The war-denouncing trumpet took
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe !
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat ;
And, though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his
head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd :
Sad proof of thy distressful state !
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd ;
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
And dashing soft from rocks around
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O ! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,

Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known !
The oak-crown'd Sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs and Sylvan Boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green :
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address :
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best :
They would have thought who heard the strain
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids
Amidst the festal-sounding shades
To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round :
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !
Why, goddess ! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
As in that loved Athenian bower
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page ;—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age :

E'en all at once together found,
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound :—
 O bid our vain endeavours cease :
 Revive the just designs of Greece :
 Return in all thy simple state !
 Confirm the tales her sons relate !

W. Collins

CLXXIX

The Song of David

He sang of God, the mighty source
 Of all things, the stupendous force
 On which all strength depends :
 From Whose right arm, beneath Whose eyes,
 All period, power, and enterprise
 Commences, reigns, and ends.

The world, the clustering spheres He made,
 The glorious light, the soothing shade,
 Dale, champaign, grove and hill :
 The multitudinous abyss,
 Where secrecy remains in bliss,
 And wisdom hides her skill.

Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said
 To Moses : while Earth heard in dread,
 And, smitten to the heart,
 At once, above, beneath, around,
 All Nature, without voice or sound,
 Replied, 'O Lord, THOU ART.'

C. Smart

CLXXX

Infant Joy

'I have no name ;
 I am but two days old.'
 —What shall I call thee ?
 'I happy am ;
 Joy is my name.'
 —Sweet joy befall thee !

Pretty joy !
Sweet joy, but two days old ;
Sweet joy I call thee :
Thou dost smile :
I sing the while,
Sweet joy befall thee !

W. Blake

CLXXXI

A Cradle Song

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night ;
Sleep, sleep ; in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart doth rest.

Oh the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep !
When thy little heart doth wake,
Then the dreadful light shall break.

W. Blake

CLXXXII

Ode on the Spring

Lo ! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers
And wake the purple year !
The Attic warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,

The untaught harmony of Spring :
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
 Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
 How indigent the great !

Still is the toiling hand of Care ;
 The panting herds repose :
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows !
The insect-youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring
And float amid the liquid noon :
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim
 Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of Man :
And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colour drest :
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
 The sportive kind reply :
Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
 A solitary fly !

Thy joys no glittering female meets,
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display :
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
 We frolic while 'tis May.

T. Gray

CLXXXIII

The Poplar Field

The poplars are fell'd ; farewell to the shade
 And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade ;
 The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
 Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I first took a view
 Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew :
 And now in the grass behold they are laid,
 And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade !

The blackbird has fled to another retreat
 Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat ;
 And the scene where his melody charmed me before
 Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
 And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
 With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head,
 Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs :
 I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys :
 Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
 Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

W. Cowper

CLXXXIV

To a Mouse

*On turning her up in her nest, with the plough,
November, 1785*

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
O what a panic's in thy breastie !
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle !
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow mortal !

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve ;
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request :
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
And never miss't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin' :
And naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green !
An' bleak December's winds ensuin'
Baith snell an' keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash ! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble
An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain :
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !
The present only toucheth thee :
But, Och ! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear !
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear !

R. Burns

CLXXXV

A Wish

Mine be a cot beside the hill ;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet-gown and apron blue.

The village-church among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze
And point with taper spire to Heaven.

S. Rogers

CLXXXVI

Ode to Evening

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O Nymph reserved, — while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed ;

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum, —
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return.

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,
 Whose walls more awful nod
 By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
 That, from the mountain's side,
 Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires ;
And hears their simple bell ; and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train
 And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And love thy favourite name !

W. Collins

CLXXXVII

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour :—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to extasy the living lyre :

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbad : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn ;

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

' One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

' The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
 A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown ;
 Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth
 And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
 He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
 He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

T. Gray

CLXXXVIII

Mary Morison

O Mary, at thy window be,
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !
 Those smiles and glances let me see
 That make the miser's treasure poor :
 How blithely wad I bid the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,—
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw :
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
 'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee ?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee ?

If love for love thou wilt na gie
At least be pity to me shown ;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

R. Burns

CLXXXIX

Bonnie Lesley

O saw ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border ?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever ;
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither ?

Thou art a queen, Fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee :
Thou art divine, Fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee ;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say ' I canna wrang thee ! '

The Powers aboon will tent thee ;
Misfortune sha' na steer thee ;
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, Fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie !
That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.
R. Burns

CXC

O my Luvè's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June :
O my Luvè's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luvè am I :
And I will luvè thee still, my dear
Till a' the seas gang dry :

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear ,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
I will luvè thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luvè !
And fare thee weel awhile ;
And I will come again, my Luvè,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

R. Burns

CXCI

Highland Mary

Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie !
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry ;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom !
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder ;
But, Oh ! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early !
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly ;
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly ;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.'

R. Burns

CXCH

Auld Robin Gray

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' the world to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride ;
But saving a croun he had naething else beside :
To make the croun a pund young Jamie gaed to sea ;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was stown awa ;
My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea—
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me,

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin ;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win ;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e
Said, Jennie, for their sakes, O, marry me !

My heart it said nay ; I look'd for Jamie back ;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack ;
His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee ?
Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me ?

My father urgit sair : my mother didna speak ;
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break ;
They gi'ed him my hand, but my heart was at the sea ;
Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he
Till he said, I'm come hame to marry thee.

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say ;
We took but ae kiss, and I bad him gang away ;
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee ;
And why was I born to say, Wae's me ?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin ;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;
But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

Lady A. Lindsay

CXCIII

Duncan Gray

Duncan Gray cam here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
On blythe Yule night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't :
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh ;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd ;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig ;
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin ower a linn !

Time and chance are but a tide,
Slighted love is sair to bide ;
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie dee ?
She may gae to—France for me !

How it comes let doctors tell,
Meg grew sick—as he grew well ;
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings !
And O, her een, they spak sic things !

Duncan was a lad o' grace ;
Maggie's was a piteous case ;
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath ;
Now they're crouse and canty baith :
Ha, ha, the wooing o't !
R. Burns

CXCIV

The Sailor's Wife

And are ye sure the news is true ?
And are ye sure he's weel ?
Is this the time to think o' wark ?
Ye jades, lay by your wheel ;
Is this the time to spin a thread,
When Colin's at the door ?
Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a' ;
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown ;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's in the town.

My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My stockins pearly blue ;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot ;
Gie little Kate her button gown
And Jock his Sunday coat ;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes, •
Their hose as white as snaw ;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been long awa'.

There's twa fat hens upo' the coop
Been fed this month and mair ;
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare ;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa' ?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air ;
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair—
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet !

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave :
And gin I live to keep him sae,
I'm blest aboon the lave :
And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.

For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a' ;
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

W. J. Mickle

CXCV

Absence

When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie ;
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie !

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary !
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

Anon.

CXCVI

Jean

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the West,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best ;
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between ;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair :
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air :
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw ye westlin winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees ;
Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale
Bring hame the laden bees ;
And bring the lassie back to me
That's aye sae neat and clean ;
Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows amang the knowes,
Hae pass'd atween us twa !
How fond to meet, how wae to part
That night she gaed awa' !
The Powers aboon can only ken
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean !
R. Burns

CXC VII

John Anderson

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent ;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow ;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither :
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.
R. Burns

CXCVIII

The Land o' the Leal

I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when its thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa'
 To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither could nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean ;
O we grudged her right sair
 To the land o' the leal !

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul lang's to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
 To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This world's care is vain, Jean ;
We'll meet and aye be fain
 In the land o' the leal !

Lady Nairn

CXCIX

Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers
 That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade ;
And ye, that from the stately brow
 Windsor's heights th' expanse below

Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way :

Ah happy hills ! ah pleasing shade !
Ah fields beloved in vain !
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace ;
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave ?
The captive linnet which enthal ?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed
Or urge the flying ball ?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty :
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign
And unknown regions dare descry :
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd ;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast :

Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom
The little victims play ;
No sense have they of ills to come
Nor care beyond to-day :
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate
And black Misfortune's baleful train !
Ah show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the murderous band !
Ah, tell them they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that sculks behind ;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
'Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;
And keen remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griesly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen :

This racks the joints, this fires the veins
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage :
Lo ! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings : all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies ?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

T. Gray

CC

The Shrubbery

O happy shades ! to me unblest !
Friendly to peace, but not to me !
How ill the scene that offers rest,
And heart that cannot rest, agree !

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
Those alders quivering to the breeze,
Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
And please, if anything could please.

But fix'd unalterable Care
Foregoes not what she feels within,
Shows the same sadness everywhere,
And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleased in wood or lawn
While Peace possess'd these silent bowers,
Her animating smile withdrawn,
Has lost its beauties and its powers.

The saint or moralist should tread
This moss-grown alley, musing, slow,
They seek like me the secret shade,
But not, like me, to nourish woe !

Me, fruitful scenes and prospects waste
Alike admonish not to roam ;
These tell me of enjoyments past,
And those of sorrows yet to come.

W. Cowper

CCI

Hymn to Adversity

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best !
Bound in thy adamant chain
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged nurse ; thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore ;
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe ;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend :
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh ! gently on thy suppliant's head
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand !
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty ;—

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.
T. Gray

CCII

The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk

I am monarch of all I survey ;
My right there is none to dispute ;
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude ! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech ;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see ;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove
How soon would I taste you again !
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more :
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me ?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-wingéd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land
In a moment I seem to be there ;
But alas ! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair ;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.

There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought !
Gives even affliction a grace
And reconciles man to his lot.

W. Cowper

CCIII

To Mary Unwin

Mary ! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from Heaven as some have feign'd they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,

That ere through age or woe I shed my wings
I may record thy worth with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings :—

But thou hast little need. There is a Book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,

A chronicle of actions just and bright—
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine ;
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

W. Cowper

CCIV

To the Same

The twentieth year is well-nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast ;
Ah would that this might be the last !
My Mary !

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow—
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary !

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary !

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary !

But well thou play'st the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary !

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream ;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary !

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary !

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see ?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary !

Partakers of thy sad decline
Thy hands their little force resign ;
Yet, gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary !

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st
That now at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two ; yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary !

And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary !

But ah ! by constant heed I know
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary !

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last—
My Mary !

W. Cowper

CCV

The Castaway

Obscurest night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roar'd,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Wash'd headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay ;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away ;
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted : nor his friends had fail'd
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevail'd,
That, pitiless pèrforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford ;
And such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delay'd not to bestow.
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them ;
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean, self-upheld ;
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repell'd ;
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried ' Adieu ! '

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
Could catch the sound no more ;
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him ; but the page
Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear :
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date :
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
No light propitious shone,
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
We perish'd, each alone :
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he.
W. Cowper

CCVI

Tomorrow

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
May my fate no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow-chair will afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea ;
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn
Look forward with hope for Tomorrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too
As the sunshine or rain may prevail ;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail :
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow ;
I'll envy no Nabob his riches or fame,
Or what honours may wait him Tomorrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighbouring hill ;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill :
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what Today may afford,
And let them spread the table Tomorrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail cov'ring
Which I've worn for three-score years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hov'ring,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again :
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow ;
As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare Today,
May become Everlasting Tomorrow.

J. Collins

CCVII

Life ! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part ;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life ! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;
—Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time ;
Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

A. L. Barbould

BOOK FOURTH

CCVIII

To the Muses

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased ;

Whether in Heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air,
Where the melodious winds have birth ;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove,—
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry ;

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoy'd in you !
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few.
W. Blake

CCIX

Ode on the Poets

Bards of Passion and of Mirth
Ye have left your souls on earth !
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new ?

—Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon ;
With the noise of fountains wond'rous
And the parle of voices thund'rous ;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns ;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not ,
Where the nightingale doth sing
—Not a senseless, tranced thing,
But divine melodious truth ;
Philosophic numbers smooth ;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again ;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumber'd never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week ;
Of their sorrows and delights ;
Of their passions and their spites ;
Of their glory and their shame ;
What doth strengthen and what maim :—
Thus ye teach us, every day.
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth
Ye have left your souls on earth !
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new !

J. Keats

CCX

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne :
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :

—Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

J. Keats

CCXI

Love

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When mid-way on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve ;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve !

She lean'd against the arméd man,
The statue of the arméd knight ;
She stood and listen'd to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve !
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ;
And that for ten long years he woo'd
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined : and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and look'd him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight !

And that unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land ;—

And how she wept, and clasp'd his knees ;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain ;—

And that she nursed him in a cave,
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay ;—

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve ;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love, and virgin shame ;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepp'd aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace ;
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm
And told her love with virgin pride ;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.
S. T. Coleridge

CCXII

All for Love

O talk not to me of a name great in story ;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory ;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled ?
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled :
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary—
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory ?

Oh fame !—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee ;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee ;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

Lord Byron

CCXIII

The Outlaw

O Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer-queen.

And as I rode by Dalton-Hall
Beneath the turrets high,
A Maiden on the castle-wall
Was singing merrily :

‘O Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green ;
I’d rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.’

‘If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we
That dwell by dale and down.

And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
As blithe as Queen of May.’

Yet sung she, ‘Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green ;
I’d rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.

‘I read you, by your bugle-horn
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn
To keep the king’s greenwood.’

A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And ’tis at peep of light ;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night.’

Yet sung she, ‘Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay ;
I would I were with Edmund there
To reign his Queen of May !

‘With burnish’d brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon
That lists the tuck of drum.’
‘I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear ;
But when the beetle sounds his hum
My comrades take the spear.
And O ! though Brignall banks be fair
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May !

‘Maiden ! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I’ll die ;
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
Were better mate than I !
And when I’m with my comrades met
Beneath the greenwood bough,—
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.’

Chorus

‘Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer-queen.’

Sir W. Scott

CCXIV

There be none of Beauty’s daughters
With a magic like Thee ;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me :
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean’s pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull’d winds seem dreaming :

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving
As an infant's asleep :
So the spirit bows before thee
To listen and adore thee ;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

Lord Byron

CCXV

The Indian Serenade

I arise from dreams of Thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright :
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how ?
To thy chamber-window, Sweet !

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;
The nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine
O beloved as thou art !

Oh lift me from the grass !
I die, I faint, I fail !
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas !
My heart beats loud and fast ;
Oh ! press it close to thine again
Where it will break at last.

P. B. Shelley

CCXVI

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes ;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow
But tell of days in goodness spent,—
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

Lord Byron

CCXVII

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight ;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty ;

A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death :
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect Woman, nobly plann'd
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light.

W. Wordsworth

CCXVIII

She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be ;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me.
O then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye :
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

H. Coleridge

CCXIX

I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden ;
Thou needest not fear mine ;
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burthen thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion ;
Thou needest not fear mine ;
Innocence is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.

P. B. Shelley

CCXX

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove ;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye !
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me !

W. Wordsworth

CCXXI

I travell'd among unknown men
In lands beyond the sea ;
Nor, England ! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream !
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time ; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire ;
And she I cherish'd turn'd her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings show'd, thy nights conceal'd
 The bowers where Lucy play'd :
 And thine too is the last green field
 That Lucy's eyes survey'd.

W. Wordsworth

CCXXII

The Education of Nature

Three years she grew in sun and shower ;
 Then Nature said, ' A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown :
 This Child I to myself will take ;
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A lady of my own.

' Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse : and with me
 The girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power
 To kindle or restrain.

' She shall be sportive as the fawn
 That wild with glee across the lawn
 Or up the mountain springs ;
 And hers shall be the breathing balm,
 And hers the silence and the calm
 Of mute insensate things.

' The floating clouds their state shall lend
 To her ; for her the willow bend ;
 Nor shall she fail to see
 Even in the motions of the storm
 Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
 By silent sympathy.

' The stars of midnight shall be dear
 To her ; and she shall lean her ear
 In many a secret place
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
 And beauty born of murmuring sound
 Shall pass into her face.

‘And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell ;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.’

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy’s race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

W. Wordsworth

CCXXIII

A slumber did my spirit seal ;
I had no human fears :
She seem’d a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force ;
She neither hears nor sees ;
Roll’d round in earth’s diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

W. Wordsworth

CCXXIV

A Lost Love

I meet thy pensive, moonlight face ;
Thy thrilling voice I hear ;
And former hours and scenes retrace,
Too fleeting, and too dear !

Then sighs and tears flow fast and free,
Though none is nigh to share ;
And life has nought beside for me
So sweet as this despair.

There are crush'd hearts that will not break ;
And mine, methinks, is one ;
Or thus I should not weep and wake,
And thou to slumber gone.

I little thought it thus could be
In days more sad and fair—
That earth could have a place for me,
And thou no longer there.

Yet death cannot our hearts divide,
Or make thee less my own :
'Twere sweeter sleeping at thy side
Than watching here alone.

Yet never, never can we part,
While Memory holds her reign :
Thine, thine is still this wither'd heart,
Till we shall meet again.

H. F. Lyte

CCXXV

Lord Ullin's Daughter

A Chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries ' Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry ! '

' Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water ? '
' O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

' And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

' His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover ? '

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
'I'll go, my chief, I'm ready :
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady :—

'And by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So though the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry.'

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode arméd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

'O haste thee, haste !' the lady cries,
'Though tempests round us gather ;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.'

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh ! too strong for human hand
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover ;—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

'Come back ! come back !' he cried in grief,
'Across this stormy water :
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter !—Oh, my daughter !'

'Twas vain : the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing :
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

T. Campbell

CCXXVI

Lucy Gray

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray :
And when I cross'd the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

'To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow.'

'That, Father ! will I gladly do :
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon !'

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapp'd a faggot-band ;
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time ;
She wander'd up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb :
But never reach'd the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlook'd the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried
' In heaven we all shall meet !'
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They track'd the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall :

And then an open field they cross'd :
The marks were still the same ;
They track'd them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came :

They follow'd from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none !

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

W. Wordsworth

CCXXVII

Jock of Hazeldean

‘ Why weep ye by the tide, ladie ?
Why weep ye by the tide ?
I’ll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride :
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen ’—
But aye she loot the tears down fa’
For Jock of Hazeldean.

‘ Now let this wilfu’ grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale ;
Young Frank is chief of Errington
And lord of Langley-dale ;
His step is first in peaceful ha’,
His sword in battle keen ’—
But aye she loot the tears down fa’
For Jock of Hazeldean.

‘ A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;
And you the foremost o’ them a’
Shall ride our forest-queen ’—
But aye she loot the tears down fa’
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck’d at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer’d fair ;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there :
They sought her baith by bower and ha’ ;
The ladie was not seen !
She’s o’er the Border, and awa’
Wi’ Jock of Hazeldean.

Sir W. Scott

CCXXVIII

Love's Philosophy

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion ;
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine ?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another ;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdain'd its brother :
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me ?

P. B. Shelley

CCXXIX

Echoes

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To Music at night
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes
And far away o'er lawns and lakes
Goes answering light !

Yet Love hath echoes truer far
And far more sweet
Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn or lute or soft guitar
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh,—in youth sincere
 And only then,
 The sigh that's breathed for one to hear—
 Is by that one, that only Dear
 Breathed back again.

T. Moore

CCXXX

A Serenade

Ah ! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
 The sun has left the lea,
 The orange-flower perfumes the bower,
 The breeze is on the sea.
 The lark, his lay who thrill'd all day,
 Sits hush'd his partner nigh ;
 Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
 But where is County Guy ?

The village maid steals through the shade
 Her shepherd's suit to hear ;
 To Beauty shy, by lattice high,
 Sings high-born Cavalier.
 The star of Love, all stars above,
 Now reigns o'er earth and sky,
 And high and low the influence know—
 But where is County Guy ?

Sir W. Scott

CCXXXI

To the Evening Star

Gem of the crimson-colour'd Even,
 Companion of retiring day,
 Why at the closing gates of heaven,
 Beloved Star, dost thou delay ?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns
 When soft the tear of twilight flows ;
 So due thy plighted love returns
 To chambers brighter than the rose ;

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love
So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
Sure some enamour'd orb above
Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour
When all unheavenly passions fly,
Chased by the soul-subduing power
Of Love's delicious witchery.

O ! sacred to the fall of day
Queen of propitious stars, appear,
And early rise, and long delay,
When Caroline herself is here !

Shine on her chosen green resort
Whose trees the sunward summit crown,
And wanton flowers, that well may court
An angel's feet to tread them down :—

Shine on her sweetly scented road
Thou star of evening's purple dome,
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath
Embalms the soft exhaling dew,
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue :—

Where, winnow'd by the gentle air,
Her silken tresses darkly flow
And fall upon her brow so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline
In converse sweet to wander far—
O bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou shalt be my Ruling Star !

T. Campbell

CCXXXII

To the Night

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night !
Out of the misty eastern cave
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
 Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray
 Star-inwrought ;
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out :
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
 Come, long-sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sigh'd for thee ;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turn'd to his rest
Lingering like an unloved guest,
 I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried
 Wouldst thou me ?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmur'd like a noon-tide bee
Shall I nestle near thy side ?
Wouldst thou me ?—And I replied
 No, not thee !

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled ;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon !

P. B. Shelley

CCXXXIII

To a Distant Friend

Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?

Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,
Bound to thy service with unceasing care—
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.

Speak!—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold

Than a forsaken bird's-nest fill'd with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!
W. Wordsworth

CCXXXIV

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this!

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow;
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame:
I hear thy name spoken
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear ;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear ?
They know not I knew thee
Who knew thee too well :
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met :
In silence I grieve
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee ?—
With silence and tears.

Lord Byron

CCXXXV

Happy Inscensibility

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity :
The north cannot undo them
With a sleety whistle through them,
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look ;
But with a sweet forgetting
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah ! would 'twere so with many
 A gentle girl and boy !
 But were there ever any
 Writhed not at passéd joy ?
 To know the change and feel it,
 When there is none to heal it
 Nor numbéd sense to steal it—
 Was never said in rhyme.

J. Keats

CCXXXVI

Where shall the lover rest
 Whom the fates sever
 From his true maiden's breast
 Parted for ever ?
 Where, through groves deep and high
 Sounds the far billow,
 Where early violets die
 Under the willow.

Eleu loro

Soft shall be his pillow.

There through the summer day
 Cool streams are laving :
 There, while the tempests sway,
 Scarce are boughs waving ;
 There thy rest shalt thou take,
 Parted for ever,
 Never again to wake
 Never, O never !

Eleu loro

Never, O never !

Where shall the traitor rest,
 He, the deceiver,
 Who could win maiden's breast,
 Ruin, and leave her ?

In the lost battle,
 Borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle
 With groans of the dying ;
Eleu loro
There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
 O'er the falsehearted :
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap
 Ere life be parted :
 Shame and dishonour sit
 By his grave ever ;
 Blessing shall hallow it
 Never, O never !
Eleu loro
Never, O never !
Sir W. Scott

CCXXXVII

La Belle Dame Sans Merci

'O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 Alone and palely loitering ?
 The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

'O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms !
 So haggard, and so woe-begone ?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.

'I see a lily on thy brow
 With anguish moist and fever-dew,
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose
 Fast withereth too.'

'I met a lady in the meads,
 Full beautiful—a faery's child,
 Her hair was long, her foot was light,
 And her eyes were wild.

‘I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;
She look’d at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

‘I sat her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery’s song.

‘She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna-dew,
And sure in language strange she said
“I love thee true.”

‘She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh’d full sore
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

‘And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dream’d—Ah ! woe betide !
The latest dream I ever dream’d
On the cold hill’s side.

‘I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all :
They cried—“ La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall ! ”

‘I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapéd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill’s side.

‘And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither’d from the lake,
And no birds sing.’

J. Keats

CCXXXVIII

The Rover

A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
 A weary lot is thine !
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
 And press the rue for wine.
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
 A feather of the blue,
 A doublet of the Lincoln green—
 No more of me you knew
 My Love !
 No more of me you knew.

'This morn is merry June, I trow,
 The rose is budding fain ;
 But she shall bloom in winter snow
 Ere we two meet again.'
 He turn'd his charger as he spake
 Upon the river shore,
 He gave the bridle-reins a shake,
 Said ' Adieu for evermore
 My Love !
 And adieu for evermore.'
 Sir W. Scott

CCXXXIX

The Flight of Love

When the lamp is shatter'd
 The light in the dust lies dead—
 When the cloud is scatter'd,
 The rainbow's glory is shed.
 When the lute is broken,
 Sweet tones are remember'd not ;
 When the lips have spoken,
 Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruin'd cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest ;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possesst.
O Love ! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier ?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high ;
Bright reason will mock thee
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

P. B. Shelley

CCXL

The Maid of Neidpath

O lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing ;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower
To watch her Love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining.
By fits a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying ;
By fits so ashy pale she grew
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seem'd in her frame residing ;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear
She heard her lover's riding ;
Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd
She knew and waved to greet him,
And o'er the battlement did bend
As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze
As o'er some stranger glancing ;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle-arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
Which told her heart was broken.
Sir W. Scott

CCXLI

Earl March look'd on his dying child,
And, smit with grief to view her—
The youth, he cried, whom I exiled
Shall be restored to woo her.

She's at the window many an hour
His coming to discover :
And he look'd up to Ellen's bower
And she look'd on her lover—

But ah ! so pale, he knew her not,
Though her smile on him was dwelling—
And am I then forgot—forgot ?
It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
Her cheek is cold as ashes ;
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
To lift their silken lashes.

T. Campbell

CCXLII

Bright Star ! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,

The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors :—

No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair Love's ripening breast
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest ;

Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever,—or else swoon to death.
J. Keats

CCXLIII

The Terror of Death

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain
Before high-piléd books, in charact'ry
Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain ;

When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
 And think that I may never live to trace
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance,

And when I feel, fair Creature of an hour !
 That I shall never look upon thee more,
 Never have relish in the faery power
 Of unreflecting love—then on the shore

Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
 Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

J. Keats

CCXLIV

Desideria

Surprised by joy—impatient as the wind—
 I turn'd to share the transport—Oh ! with whom
 But Thee—deep buried in the silent tomb,
 That spot which no vicissitude can find ?

Love, faithful love recall'd thee to my mind—
 But how could I forget thee ? Through what power
 Even for the least division of an hour
 Have I been so beguiled as to be blind

To my most grievous loss !—That thought's return
 Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore
 Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,

Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more ;
 That neither present time, nor years unborn
 Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

W. Wordsworth

CCXLV

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
 To the lone vale we loved, when love shone warm in thine
 eye ;

And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there
 And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky !

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear
When our voices, commingling, breathed like one on the
ear ;

And as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my Love ! 'tis thy voice, from the Kingdom of
Souls

Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

T. Moore

CCXLVI

Elegy on Thyrza

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth ;
And forms so soft and charms so rare
Too soon return'd to Earth !
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low
Nor gaze upon the spot ;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow
So I behold them not :
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved, and long must love,
Like common earth can rot ;
To me there needs no stone to tell
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last,
As fervently as thou
Who didst not change through all the past
And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow :
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours ;
The worst can be but mine :
The sun that cheers, the storm that lours,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep ;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have pass'd away
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatched
Must fall the earliest prey ;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
The leaves must drop away.
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it pluck'd today ;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade ;
The night that follow'd such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade :
Thy day without a cloud hath past,
And thou wert lovely to the last,
Extinguish'd, not decay'd ;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed
To think I was not near, to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed :
To gaze, how fondly ! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head ;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain
Than thus remember thee !

The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught except its living years.

Lord Byron

CCXLVII

One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdain'd
For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love ;
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not :
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow ?
P. B. Shelley

CCXLVIII

Gathering Song of Donald the Black

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Pibroch of Donuil
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons !
Come in your war-array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky ;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter ;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar ;
Leave the deer, leave the steer
Leave nets and barges :
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded :
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Knell for the onset !

Sir W. Scott

CCXLIX

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast ;

And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high ;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
But hark the music, mariners !
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

A. Cunningham

CCL

Ye mariners of England
That guard our native seas !
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe :
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :

Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ,
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

T. Campbell

CCLI

Battle of the Baltic

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak !' our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
'Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :—
So peace instead of death let us bring :
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.'

Then Denmark bless'd our chief
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,

As death withdrew his shades from the day :
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou :
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condole
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

T. Campbell

CCLII

Ode to Duty

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God !
O Duty ! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe ;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them ; who, in love and truth
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth :
Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work, and know it not :
Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright
And happy will our nature be
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Ev'n now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed :
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust :
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy controul,
But in the quietness of thought :
Me this uncharter'd freedom tires,
I feel the weight of chance-desires :
My hopes no more must change their name ;
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face :

Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong ;
And the most ancient Heavens, through thee, are fresh
and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
I call thee : I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
Oh let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give ;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live.
W. Wordsworth

CCLIII

On the Castle of Chillon

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind !
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of Thee alone can bind ;

And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd,
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace

Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard ! May none those marks efface !
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

Lord Byron

CCLIV

England and Switzerland, 1802

Two Voices are there ; one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains ; each a mighty voice :
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !

There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Though fought'st against him,—but hast vainly striven :
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length are driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee

—Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft ;
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left—
For, high-soul'd Maid, what sorrow would it be

That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by Thee !

W. Wordsworth

CCLV

On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic

Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee
And was the safeguard of the West ; the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty.

She was a maiden city, bright and free ;
No guile seduced, no force could violate ;
And when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.

And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay,—
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid

When her long life hath reach'd its final day :
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is pass'd away.

W. Wordsworth

CCLVI

London, 1802

O Friend ! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest
To think that now our life is only drest
For show ; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,

Or groom !—We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest ;
The wealthiest man among us is the best :
No grandeur now in nature or in book

Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry ; and these we adore :
Plain living and high thinking are no more :

The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone ; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

W. Wordsworth

CCLVII

The Same

Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
England hath need of thee : she is a fen
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men :
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart :
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free ;

So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

W. Wordsworth

CCLVIII

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great nations ; how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold,—some fears unnamed

I had, my Country !—am I to be blamed ?
Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.

For dearly must we prize thee ; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men ;
And I by my affection was beguiled :

What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child !
W. Wordsworth

CCLIX

Hohenlinden

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven ;
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven ;
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow ;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye Brave
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part, where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.
T. Campbell

CCLX

After Blenheim

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun ;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found ;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh

' 'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
' Who fell in the great victory.

' I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about ;
And often when I go to plough
The ploughshare turns them out,
For many thousand men,' said he,
' Were slain in that great victory.'

' Now tell us what 'twas all about,'
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes :
' Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.'

' It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
' Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said,' quoth he,
' That 'twas a famous victory.

' My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly :
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

' With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And newborn baby died :
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

' They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

'Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won
 And our good Prince Eugene ;'
 'Why 'twas a very wicked thing !'
 Said little Wilhelmine ;
 'Nay . . nay . . my little girl,' quoth he,
 'It was a famous victory.

'And everybody praised the Duke
 Who this great fight did win.'
 'But what good came of it at last ?'
 Quoth little Peterkin :—
 'Why that I cannot tell,' said he,
 'But 'twas a famous victory.'

R. Southey

CCLXI

Pro Patria Mori

When he who adores thee has left but the name
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
 Oh ! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
 Of a life that for thee was resign'd !
 Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
 Thy tears shall efface their decree ;
 For, Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
 I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love ;
 Every thought of my reason was thine :
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine !
 Oh ! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
 The days of thy glory to see ;
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

T. Moore

CCLXII

The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring :
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

C. Wolfe

CCLXIII

Simon Lee the Old Huntsman

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor Hall,
An old man dwells, a little man,—
'Tis said he once was tall.
Full five-and-thirty years he lived
A running huntsman merry ;
And still the centre of his cheek
Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,
And hill and valley rang with glee,
When Echo bandied, round and round,
The halloo of Simon Lee.
In those proud days he little cared
For husbandry or tillage ;
To blither tasks did Simon rouse
The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse behind :
And often, ere the chase was done
He reel'd and was stone-blind.
And still there's something in the world
At which his heart rejoices ;
For when the chiming hounds are out,
He dearly loves their voices.

But oh the heavy change !—bereft
Of health, strength, friends and kindred, see !
Old Simon to the world is left
In liveried poverty :—
His master's dead, and no one now
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor ;
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead ;
He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick,
His body, dwindled and awry,

Rests upon ankles swoln and thick ;
His legs are thin and dry.
One prop he has, and only one,—
His wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall,
Upon the village common.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
Not twenty paces from the door,
A scrap of land they have, but they
Are poorest of the poor.
This scrap of land he from the heath
Enclosed when he was stronger ;
But what to them avails the land
Which he can till no longer ?

Oft, working by her husband's side,
Ruth does what Simon cannot do ;
For she, with scanty cause for pride,
Is stouter of the two.
And, though you with your utmost skill
From labour could not wean them,
'Tis little, very little, all
That they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store
As he to you will tell,
For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell.
My gentle Reader, I perceive
How patiently you've waited,
And now I fear that you expect
Some tale will be related.

O Reader ! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader ! you would find
A tale in every thing.
What more I have to say is short,
And you must kindly take it :
It is no tale ; but, should you think,
Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see
This old Man doing all he could
To unearth the root of an old tree,
A stump of rotten wood.
The mattock totter'd in his hand ;
So vain was his endeavour
That at the root of the old tree
He might have work'd for ever.

'You're overtask'd, good Simon Lee,
Give me your tool,' to him I said ;
And at the word right gladly he
Received my proffer'd aid.
I struck, and with a single blow
The tangled root I sever'd,
At which the poor old man so long
And vainly had endeavour'd.

The tears into his eyes were brought,
And thanks and praises seem'd to run
So fast out of his heart, I thought
They never would have done.
—I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deed
With coldness still returning ;
Alas ! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.

W. Wordsworth

CCLXIV

The Old Familiar Faces

I have had playmates, I have had companions.
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women :
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man :
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

C. Lamb

CCLXV

The Journey Onwards

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us ;
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us !

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk with joyous seeming—
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming ;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us !

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting ;

We think how great had been our bliss
If Heaven had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us !

As travellers oft look back at eve
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing, —
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

T. Moore

CCLXVI

Youth and Age

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull
decay ;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which
fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be
past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happi-
ness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt, or ocean of excess :
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch
again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes
down :
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own ;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice
appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract
the breast,

Through midnight hours that yield no more their former
hope of rest ;

'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray
beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanish'd
scene,—

As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though
they be,

So midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow
to me !

Lord Byron

CCLXVII

A Lesson

There is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,
That shrinks like many more from cold and rain,
And the first moment that the sun may shine,
Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again !

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,
Or blasts the green field and the trees distress,
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm
In close self-shelter, like a thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I past,
And recognized it, though an alter'd form,
Now standing forth an offering to the blast,
And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopp'd and said, with inly-mutter'd voice,
'It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold ;
This neither is its courage nor its choice,
But its necessity in being old.

'The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew ;
It cannot help itself in its decay ;
Stiff in its members, wither'd, changed of hue,'—
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was gray.

To be a prodigal's favourite—then, worse truth,
A miser's pensioner—behold our lot !
O man ! that from thy fair and shining youth
Age might but take the things Youth needed not !

W. Wordsworth

CCLXVIII

Past and Present

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day ;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky :

It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was boy.

T. Hood

CCLXIX

The Light of Other Days

Oft in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me :
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken ;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken !
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so link'd together
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed !
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

T. Moore

CCLXX

Stanzas Written in Dejection near Naples

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might :
The breath of the moist earth is light
Around its unexpanded buds ;
Like many a voice of one delight—
The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods'—
The city's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown ;
I see the waves upon the shore
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown :
I sit upon the sands alone ;
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion—
How sweet ! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure ;
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure ;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild
Even as the winds and waters are ;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,—
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

P. B. Shelley

CCLXXI

The Scholar

My days among the Dead are past ;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old :
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal
And seek relief in woe ;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead ; with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead ; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all Futurity ;
Yet leaving her a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

R. Southey

CCLXXII

The Mermaid Tavern

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern ?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine ?

Or are the fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison ? O generous food !
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his Maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story,
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new-old sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern ?

J. Keats

CCLXXIII

The Pride of Youth

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early ;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush
Singing so rarely.

‘Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me ?’
—‘When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.’

‘Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie say truly ?’
—‘The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly ;

‘The glowworm o’er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady ;
The owl from the steeple sing
Welcome, proud lady.’

Sir W. Scott

CCLXXIV

The Bridge of Sighs

One more Unfortunate
Weary of breath
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death !
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashion’d so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements ;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing ;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully,
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly ;
Not of the stains of her—
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful :
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve’s family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammyly.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses ;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?
Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun !
Oh ! it was pitiful !
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed :
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence ;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river :
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery

Swift to be hurl'd—
Any where, any where
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly
No matter how coldly—
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man !
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them,
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.
—Cross her hands humbly
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour.

T. Hood

CCLXXV

Elcgy

Oh snatch'd away in beauty's bloom !
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb ;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year,
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom :

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread ;
Fond wretch ! as if her step disturb'd the dead !

Away ! we know that tears are vain,
That Death nor heeds nor hears distress :
Will this unteach us to complain ?
Or make one mourner weep the less ?
And thou who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

Lord Byron

CCLXXVI

Hester

When maidens such as Hester die
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try
 With vain endeavour.
A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
 And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate
 That flush'd her spirit :

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call : if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied
 She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool ;
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
 Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind ;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
 Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour ! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore

 Some summer morning—
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
 A sweet fore-warning ?

C. Lamb

CCLXXVII

To Mary

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
 I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
 That thou couldst mortal be :
It never through my mind had past
 The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
 And thou shouldst smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,
 And think 'twill smile again ;
And still the thought I will not brook
 That I must look in vain !

But when I speak—thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been.
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own ;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me ;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee :
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore !

C. Wolfe

CCLXXVIII

Coronach

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font reappearing
From the raindrops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.

The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber !
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone ; and for ever !
Sir W. Scott

CCLXXIX

The Death Bed

We watch'd her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

T. Hood

CCLXXX

Agnes

I saw her in childhood—
A bright, gentle thing,
Like the dawn of the morn,
Or the dews of the spring :
The daisies and hare-bells
Her playmates all day ;
Herself as light-hearted
And artless as they.

I saw her again—
A fair girl of eighteen,
Fresh glittering with graces
Of mind and of mien.
Her speech was all music ;
Like moonlight she shone ;
The envy of many,
The glory of one.

Years, years fledted over—
I stood at her foot ;
The bud had grown blossom,
The blossom was fruit.
A dignified mother,
Her infant she bore ;
And look'd, I thought, fairer
Than ever before.

I saw her once more—
'Twas the day that she died ;
Heaven's light was around her,
And God at her side ;
No wants to distress her,
No fears to appal—
O then, I felt, then
She was fairest of all !

H. F. Lyte

CCLXXXI

Rosabelle

O listen, listen, ladies gay !
No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

‘ Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

‘ The blackening wave is edged with white ;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

‘ Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch ;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ? ’

‘ ’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

‘ ’Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If ’tis not fill’d by Rosabelle.’

—O’er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
’Twas broader than the watch-fire’s light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin’s castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
’Twas seen from Dryden’s groves of oak,
And seen from cavern’d Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold—
Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.

And each Saint Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell ;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

Sir W. Scott

CCLXXXII

On an Infant Dying as Soon as Born

I saw wherein the shroud did lurk
A curious frame of Nature's work ;
A flow'ret crushéd in the bud,
A nameless piece of Babyhood,
Was in her cradle-coffin lying ;
Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying :
So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb
For darker closets of the tomb !
She did but ope an eye, and put
A clear beam forth, then straight up shut
For the long dark : ne'er more to see
Through glasses of mortality.

Riddle of destiny, who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below?
Shall we say, that Nature blind
Check'd her hand, and changed her mind
Just when she had exactly wrought
A finish'd pattern without fault?
Could she flag, or could she tire,
Or lack'd she the Promethean fire
(With her nine moons' long workings sicken'd)
That should thy little limbs have quicken'd?
Limbs so firm, they seem'd to assure
Life of health, and days mature:
Woman's self in miniature!
Limbs so fair, they might supply
(Themselves now but cold imagery)
The sculptor to make Beauty by.
Or did the stern-eyed Fate descry
That babe or mother, one must die;
So in mercy left the stock
And cut the branch; to save the shock
Of young years widow'd, and the pain
When Single State comes back again
To the lone man who, reft of wife,
Thenceforward drags a maim'd life?
The economy of Heaven is dark,
And wisest clerks have miss'd the mark
Why human buds, like this, should fall,
More brief than fly ephemeral
That has his day; while shrivell'd crones
Stiffen with age to stocks and stones;
And crabbéd use the conscience sears
In sinners of an hundred years.
—Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,
Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss:
Rites which custom does impose,
Silver bells, and baby clothes;
Coral redder than those lips
Which pale death did late eclipse;
Music framed for infants' glee,
Whistle never tuned for thee;
Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them,

Loving hearts were they which gave them.
 Let not one be missing ; nurse,
 See them laid upon the hearse
 Of infant slain by doom perverse.
 Why should kings and nobles have
 Pictured trophies to their grave,
 And we, churls, to thee deny
 Thy pretty toys with thee to lie—
 A more harmless vanity?

C. Lamb

CCLXXXIII

In Memoriam

A child's a plaything for an hour ;
 Its pretty tricks we try
 For that or for a longer space,—
 Then tire, and lay it by.

But I knew one that to itself
 All seasons could control ;
 That would have mock'd the sense of pain
 Out of a grievéd soul.

Thou straggler into loving arms,
 Young climber up of knees,
 When I forget thy thousand ways
 Then life and all shall cease !

M. Lamb

CCLXXXIV

The Affliction of Margaret

Where art thou, my beloved Son,
 Where art thou, worse to me than dead ?
 Oh find me, prosperous or undone !
 Or if the grave be now thy bed,
 Why am I ignorant of the same
 That I may rest ; and neither blame
 Nor sorrow may attend thy name ?

Seven years, alas ! to have received
No tidings of an only child—
To have despair'd, have hoped, believed,
And been for ever more beguiled—
Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss !
I catch at them, and then I miss ;
Was ever darkness like to this ?

He was among his prime in worth,
An object beauteous to behold ;
Well born, well bred ; I sent him forth
Ingenuous, innocent, and bold :
If things ensued that wanted grace
As hath been said, they were not base ;
And never blush was on my face.

Ah ! little doth the young-one dream
When full of play and childish cares,
What power is in his wildest scream
Heard by his mother unawares !
He knows it not, he cannot guess ;
Years to a mother bring distress ;
But do not make her love the less.

Neglect me ! no, I suffer'd long
From that ill thought, and being blind
Said ' Pride shall help me in my wrong :
Kind mother have I been, as kind
As ever breathed : ' and that is true ;
I've wet my path with tears like dew,
Weeping for him when no one knew.

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,
Hopeless of honour and of gain,
Oh ! do not dread thy mother's door ;
Think not of me with grief and pain :
I now can see with better eyes !
And worldly grandeur I despise
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas ! the fowls of heaven have wings,
And blasts of heaven will aid their flight ;
They mount—how short a voyage brings
The wanderers back to their delight !

Chains tie us down by land and sea ;
And wishes, vain as mine, may be
All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan
Maim'd, mangled by inhuman men ;
Or thou upon a desert thrown
Inheritest the lion's den ;
Or hast been summon'd to the deep
Thou, thou, and all thy mates to keep
An incommunicable sleep.

I look for ghosts : but none will force
Their way to me ; 'tis falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Between the living and the dead ;
For surely then I should have sight
Of him I wait for day and night
With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds ;
I dread the rustling of the grass ;
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass :
I question things, and do not find
One that will answer to my mind ;
And all the world appears unkind.

Beyond participation lie
My troubles, and beyond relief :
If any chance to heave a sigh
They pity me, and not my grief.
Then come to me, my Son, or send
Some tidings that my woes may end !
I have no other earthly friend.

W. Wordsworth

CCLXXXV

Hunting Song

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day ;
All the jolly chase is here
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear ;

Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily merrily mingle they,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming ;
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green ;
Now we come to chant our lay
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away ;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size ;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd ;
You shall see him brought to bay ;
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Louder, louder chant the lay
Waken, lords and ladies gay !
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we ;
Time, stern huntsman ! who can baulk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk ;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay !

Sir W. Scott

CCLXXXVI

To the Skylark

Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain
—'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.
W. Wordsworth

CCLXXXVII

To a Skylark

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire,
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight:

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not.
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody ;—

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the
view :

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd
thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now !
P. B. Shelley

CCLXXXVIII

The Green Linnet

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
Of Spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequester'd nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat !
And flowers and birds once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.

One have I mark'd, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest :
Hail to Thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion !
Thou, Linnet ! in thy green array
Presiding Spirit here to-day
Dost lead the revels of the May ;
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment ;
A Life, a Presence like the air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair ;
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perch'd in ecstasies
Yet seeming still to hover ;
There ! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives—
A brother of the dancing leaves ;
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves
Pours forth his song in gushes ;
As if by that exulting strain
He mock'd and treated with disdain
The voiceless Form he chose to feign,
While fluttering in the bushes.

W. Wordsworth

CCLXXXIX

To the Cuckoo

O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice :
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear ;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice a mystery ;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listen'd to ; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still long'd for, never seen !

And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blesséd Bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place,
That is fit home for Thee !

W. Wordsworth

CCXC

Ode to a Nightingale

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-wingéd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage ! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delv'd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !

O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stain'd mouth ;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim ;

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs ;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
Already with thee ! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays ;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs
But, in embalm'd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves ;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a muséd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath ;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy !
 Still would'st thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fated to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades :
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
 Fled is that music :—Do I wake or sleep ?
J. Keats

CCXCI

Upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3, 1802

Earth has not anything to show more fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :
 This City now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning : silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,—
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !

The river glideth at its own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

W. Wordsworth

CCXCII

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.

Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment ?

Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,

He mourns that day so soon has glided by :
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.

J. Keats

CCXCIII

Ozymandias of Egypt

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command

Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed ;
 And on the pedestal these words appear :
 ' My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair !'
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

P. B. Shelley

CCXCIV

**Composed at Acidpath Castle, the Property of
 Lord Queensberry, 1803**

Degenerate Douglas ! oh, the unworthy lord !
 Whom mere despite of heart could so far please
 And love of havoc, (for with such disease
 Fame taxes him,) that he could send forth word

To level with the dust a noble horde,
 A brotherhood of venerable trees,
 Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these,
 Beggar'd and outraged !—Many hearts deplored

The fate of those old trees ; and oft with pain
 The traveller at this day will stop and gaze
 On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed :

For shelter'd places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
 And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
 And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

W. Wordsworth

CCXCV

The Beech Tree's Petition

O leave this barren spot to me !
 Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !
 Though bush or floweret never grow
 My dark unwarming shade below ;

Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue ;
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn ;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive ;
Yet leave this barren spot to me :
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green ;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour ;
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made,
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long-forgotten name.
Oh ! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred ground ;
By all that Love has whisper'd here,
Or Beauty heard with ravish'd ear ;
As Love's own altar honour me :
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree :

T. Campbell

CCXCVI

Admonition to a Traveller

Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye !
—The lovely Cottage in the guardian nook
Hath stirr'd thee deeply ; with its own dear brook,
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky !

But covet not the abode ; forbear to sigh
As many do, repining while they look ;
Intruders — who would tear from Nature's book
This precious leaf with harsh impiety.

—Think what the home must be if it were thine,
Even thine, though few thy wants !—Roof, window, door,
The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,

The roses to the porch which they entwine :
Yea, all that now enchants thee, from the day
On which it should be touch'd, would melt away !

W. Wordsworth

CCXCVII

To the Highland Girl of Inversneyde

Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head :
And these gray rocks, that household lawn,
Those trees—a veil just half withdrawn,
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake,
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode ;
In truth together ye do seem
Like something fashion'd in a dream ;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep !
But O fair Creature ! in the light
Of common day, so heavenly bright,
I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart :
God shield thee to thy latest years !
Thee neither know I nor thy peers :
And yet my eyes are fill'd with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away ;
For never saw I mien or face
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scatter'd, like a random seed,
Remote from men, Thou dost not need
The embarrass'd look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacédness :
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a Mountaineer :

A face with gladness overspread ;
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred ;
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech :
A bondage sweetly brook'd, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life !
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind—
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful ?
O happy pleasure ! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell ;
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality :
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea : and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see !
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father—anything to thee.

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place :
Joy have I had ; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes :
Then why should I be loth to stir ?
I feel this place was made for her ;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl ! from thee to part ;

For I, methinks, till I grow old
As fair before me shall behold
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;
And Thee, the Spirit of them all !
W. Wordsworth

CCXCVIII

The Reaper

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass !
Reaping and singing by herself ;
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain ;
O listen ! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago :
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again !

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;—

I listen'd, motionless and still ;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

W. Wordsworth

CCXCIX

The Reverie of Poor Susan

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years :
Poor Susan has pass'd by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment : what ails her ? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale
Down which she so often has tripp'd with her pail ;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven : but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade ;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all pass'd away from her eyes !

W. Wordsworth

CCC

To a Lady, with a Guitar

Ariel to Miranda :—Take
This slave of music, for the sake
Of him, who is the slave of thee ;
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again
And, too intense, is turn'd to pain.
For by permission and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,

Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever can be spoken ;
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who
From life to life must still pursue
Your happiness, for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own.
From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,
To the throne of Naples he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
Flitting on, your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent Moon
In her interlunar swoon
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel :—
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen Star of birth
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity :—
Many changes have been run
Since Ferdinand and you begun
Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has track'd your steps and served your will.
Now in humbler, happier lot,
This is all remember'd not ;
And now, alas ! the poor Sprite is
Imprison'd for some fault of his
In a body like a grave—
From you he only dares to crave
For his service and his sorrow
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow

The artist who this idol wrought
To echo all harmonious thought,
Fell'd a tree, while on the steep
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rock'd in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine ;
And dreaming, some of Autumn past,
And some of Spring approaching fast,

And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love : And so this tree,—
Oh that such our death may be !—
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again :
From which, beneath heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved Guitar ;
And taught it justly to reply
To all who question skilfully
In language gentle as thine own ;
Whispering in enamour'd tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells :
—For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many voicéd fountains ;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening ; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound
Which, driven on its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way :
—All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The Spirit that inhabits it ;
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions ; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day.
But, sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest holiest tone
For our beloved Friend alone.

P. B. Shelley

CCCI

The Daffodils

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :—
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company !
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought ;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

W. Wordsworth

CCCII

To the Daisy

With little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Sweet Daisy ! oft I talk to thee

For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming Common-place
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace
Which Love makes for thee !

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit and play with similes,
Loose types of things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising ;
And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame
As is the humour of the game,
While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port ;
Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations ;
A queen in crown of rubies drest ;
A starveling in a scanty vest ;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next—and instantly
The freak is over,
The shape will vanish, and behold !
A silver shield with boss of gold
That spreads itself, some faery_bold
In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar—
And then thou art a pretty star,
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee !
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest ;—
May peace come never to his nest
Who shall reprove thee !

Sweet Flower ! for by that name at last
When all my reveries are past
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent Creature !
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature !

W. Wordsworth

CCCIH

Ode to Autumn

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease ;
For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers :
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barr'd clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
Hedge-cricket sing ; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft ;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

J. Keats

CCCIV

Ode to Winter

Germany, December, 1800

When first the fiery-mantled Sun
His heavenly race began to run,
Round the earth and ocean blue
His children four the Seasons flew.

First, in green apparel dancing,
The Young Spring smiled with angel-grace ;

Rosy Summer next advancing,
Rush'd into her sire's embrace—
Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep

For ever nearest to his smiles,
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep

Or India's citron-cover'd isles :
More remote, and buxom-brown,

The Queen of vintage bow'd before his throne ;
A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar
To hills that prop the polar star ;
And loves on deer-borne car to ride
With barren darkness by his side,
Round the shore where loud Lofoden

Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where Runic Odin

Howls his war-song to the gale ;
Save when adown the ravaged globe

He travels on his native storm,
Deflowering Nature's grassy robe

And trampling on her faded form :—
Till light's returning Lord assume

The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume
And crystal-cover'd shield.

Oh, sire of storms ! whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,

When Frenzy with her blood-shot eye
Implores thy dreadful deity—
Archangel ! Power of desolation !

Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation

Spells to touch thy stony heart ?
Then, sullen Winter ! hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruin'd year ;

Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear :
To shuddering Want's unmantled bed

Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend,
And gently on the orphan head
Of Innocence descend.

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds,
The sailor on his airy shrouds,
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep.

Milder yet thy snowy breezes

Pour on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
Or the dark-brown Danube roars.

Oh, winds of Winter ! list ye there

To many a deep and dying groan ?

Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,

At shrieks and thunders louder than your own ?

Alas ! ev'n your unhallow'd breath

May spare the victim fallen low ;

But Man will ask no truce to death,—

No bounds to human woe.

T. Campbell

cccv

Yarrow Unvisited

1803

From Stirling Castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravell'd,
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay
And with the Tweed had travell'd ;

And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my 'winsome Marrow,'
'Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow.'

'Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own,
Each maiden to her dwelling !
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow ;
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

'There's Gala Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us ;
And Dryburgh, where with chiming Tweed
The lintwhites sing in chorus ;
There's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow :
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow ?

'What's Yarrow but a river bare
That glides the dark hills under ?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder.'
—Strange words they seem'd of slight and scorn ;
My True-love sigh'd for sorrow,
And look'd me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow !

'O green,' said I, 'are Yarrow's holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing !
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path and open strath
We'll wander Scotland thorough ;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.

'Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;
The swan on still Saint Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow !

We will not see them ; will not go
To-day, nor yet to-morrow ;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

' Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown !
It must, or we shall rue it :
We have a vision of our own,
Ah ! why should we undo it ?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them winsome Marrow !
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow !

' If Care with freezing years should come
And wandering seem but folly,—
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy ;
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonny holms of Yarrow !'

W. Wordsworth

CCCVI

Yarrow Visited

September, 1814

And is this—Yarrow?—This the stream
Of which my fancy cherish'd
So faithfully a waking dream,
An image that hath perish'd ?
O that some minstrel's harp were near
To utter notes of gladness
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness !

Yet why ? a silvery current flows
With uncontroll'd meanderings ;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.

And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted ;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow Vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness ;
Mild dawn of promise ! that excludes
All profitless dejection ;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding ?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding :
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The Water-wraith ascended thrice,
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers :
And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love ;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow !

But thou that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation :
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy :
The grace of forest charms decay'd,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,

With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature ;
And rising from those lofty groves
Behold a ruin hoary,
The shatter'd front of Newark's towers,
Renown'd in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in,
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in !
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts that nestle there—
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet on this autumnal day
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my True-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather !
And what if I enwreathed my own ?
'Twere no offence to reason ;
The sober hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee ;
A ray of Fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee !
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure ;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish ;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought ! which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow !
Will dwell with me, to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

W. Wordsworth

CCCVII

The Invitation

Best and brightest, come away,—
Fairer far than this fair Day,
Which, like thee, to those in sorrow
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough year just awake
In its cradle on the brake.
The brightest hour of unborn Spring
Through the winter wandering,
Found, it seems, the halcyon morn
To hoar February born ;
Bending from heaven, in azure mirth,
It kiss'd the forehead of the earth,
And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free,
And waked to music all their fountains,
And breathed upon the frozen mountains,
And like a prophetess of May
Strew'd flowers upon the barren way,
Making the wintry world appear
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild wood and the downs—
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.

Radiant Sister of the Day
Awake ! arise ! and come away !
To the wild woods and the plains,
To the pools where winter rains
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Of sapless green, and ivy dun,
Round stems that never kiss the sun ;

Where the lawns and pastures be
And the sandhills of the sea ;
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy-star, that never sets,
And wind-flowers and violets
Which yet join not scent to hue
Crown the pale year weak and new ;
When the night is left behind
In the deep east, dim and blind,
And the blue noon is over us,
And the multitudinous
Billows murmur at our feet,
Where the earth and ocean meet,
And all things seem only one
In the universal Sun.

P. B. Shelley

CCCVIII

The Recollection

Now the last day of many days
All beautiful and bright as thou,
The loveliest and the last, is dead :
Rise, Memory, and write its praise !
Up—to thy wonted work ! come, trace
The epitaph of glory fled,
For now the earth has changed its face,
A frown is on the heaven's brow.

We wander'd to the Pine Forest
That skirts the Ocean's foam ;
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of heaven lay ;
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies
Which scatter'd from above the sun
A light of Paradise !

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
As serpents interlaced,—
And soothed by every azure breath
That under heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own :
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean-woods may be.

How calm it was !—The silence there
By such a chain was bound,
That even the busy woodpecker
Made stiller with her sound
The inviolable quietness ;
The breath of peace we drew
With its soft motion made not less
The calm that round us grew.
There seem'd, from the remotest seat
Of the white mountain waste
To the soft flower beneath our feet,
A magic circle traced,—
A spirit interfused around,
A thrilling silent life ;
To momentary peace it bound
Our mortal nature's strife ;—
And still I felt the centre of
The magic circle there
Was one fair form that fill'd with love
The lifeless atmosphere.

We paused beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough ;
Each seem'd as 'twere a little sky
Gulf'd in a world below ;
A firmament of purple light
Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night
And purer than the day—

In which the lovely forests grew
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any spreading there.
There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn,
And through the dark-green wood
The white sun twinkling like the dawn
Out of a speckled cloud.
Sweet views which in our world above
Can never well be seen
Were imaged in the water's love
Of that fair forest green :
And all was interfused beneath
With an Elysian glow,
An atmosphere without a breath,
A softer day below.
Like one beloved, the scene had lent
To the dark water's breast
Its every leaf and lineament
With more than truth exprest ;
Until an envious wind crept by,
Like an unwelcome thought
Which from the mind's too faithful eye
Blots one dear image out.
—Though thou art ever fair and kind,
The forests ever green,
Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind
Than calm in waters seen !

P. B. Shelley

CCCIX

By the Sea

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free ;
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;

The gentleness of heaven is on the Sea :
Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Dear child ! dear girl ! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouch'd by solemn thought
Thy nature is not therefore less divine :

Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

W. Wordsworth

CCCX

Song to the Evening Star

Star that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free !
If any star shed peace 'tis Thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard
And songs when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse ;
Their remembrancer in Heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

T. Campbell

CCCXI

Datur Ihora Quieti

The sun upon the lake is low,
The wild birds hush their song,
The hills have evening's deepest glow,
Yet Leonard tarries long.

Now all whom varied toil and care
From home and love divide,
In the calm sunset may repair
Each to the loved one's side.

The noble dame, on turret high,
Who waits her gallant knight,
Looks to the western beam to spy
The flash of armour bright.
The village maid, with hand on brow
The level ray to shade,
Upon the footpath watches now
For Colin's darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans row,
By day they swam apart,
And to the thicket wanders slow
The hind beside the hart.
The woodlark at his partner's side
Twitters his closing song—
All meet whom day and care divide,
But Leonard tarries long !

Sir W. Scott

CCCXII

To the Moon

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,—
And ever-changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy ?

P. B. Shelley

CCCXIII

To Sleep

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by
One after one ; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky :

I've thought of all by turns, and yet do lie
Sleepless ; and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first utter'd from my orchard trees,
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep ! by any stealth :
So do not let me wear to-night away :

Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth ?
Come, bless'd barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health !
W. Wordsworth

CCCXIV

The Soldier's Dream

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet Vision I saw ;
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate track :
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

‘Stay—stay with us !—rest !—thou art weary and worn !’—
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;—
But sorrow return’d with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

T. Campbell

CCCXV

A Dream of the Unknown

I dream’d that as I wander’d by the way
Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mix’d with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kiss’d it and then fled, as Thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearl’d Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets ;
Faint oxlips ; tender blue-bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved ; and that tall flower that wets
Its mother’s face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate’s voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cow-bind and the moonlight-colour’d May,
And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drain’d not by the day ;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray ;
And flowers azure, black, and streak’d with gold,
Fairer than any waken’d eyes behold.

And nearer to the river’s trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prank’d with white,
And starry river-buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,

Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
 With moonlight beams of their own watery light ;
 And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
 As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
 I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
 That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
 Were mingled or opposed, the like array
 Kept these imprison'd children of the Hours
 Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay, 't
 I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come
 That I might there present it—O ! to Whom ?
P. B. Shelley

CCCXVI

Kubla Khan

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree :
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round :
 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
 Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree ;
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
 A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
 A mighty fountain momentarily was forced :
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :

And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

S. T. Coleridge

CCCXVII

The Inner Vision

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path be there or none,
While a fair region round the traveller lies
Which he forbears again to look upon ;

Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.

—If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse :
With Thought and Love companions of our way—

Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,—
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dew's
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

W. Wordsworth

CCCXVIII

The Realm of Fancy

Ever let the Fancy roam ;
Pleasure never is at home :
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth ;
Then let wingéd Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her :
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming ;
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloy's with tasting : What do then ?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night ;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the cakéd snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon ;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.

Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overaw'd,
Fancy, high-commission'd :—send her !
She has vassals to attend her ;
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost ;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather ;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray ;
All the heap'd Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth :
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it :—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear ;
Rustle of the reap'd corn ;
Sweet birds antheming the morn :
And, in the same moment—hark !
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold ;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst ;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May ;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearl'd with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its cell'd sleep ;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin ;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest ;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm ;
Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;
Everything is spoilt by use :
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gazed at ? Where's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new ?
Where's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary ? Where's the face
One would meet in every place ?
Where's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft ?
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
Let then wingéd Fancy find
Thee a mistress to thy mind :
Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
Ere the God of Torment taught her
How to frown and how to chide ;
With a waist and with a side
White as Hebe's, when her zone
Slipt its golden clasp, and down
Fell her kirtle to her feet,
While she held the goblet sweet,
And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash ;
Quickly break her prison-string,
And such joys as these she'll bring.
—Let the wingéd Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

J. Keats

CCCXIX

Written in Early Spring

I heard a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran ;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What Man has made of Man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths ;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,
Their thoughts I cannot measure,—
But the least motion which they made
It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What Man has made of Man ?

W. Wordsworth

CCCXX

Ruth: or the Influences of Nature

When Ruth was left half desolate
Her father took another mate ;
And Ruth, not seven years old,
A slighted child, at her own will
Went wandering over dale and hill,
In thoughtless freedom, bold.

And she had made a pipe of straw,
And music from that pipe could draw
Like sounds of winds and floods ;
Had built a bower upon the green,
As if she from her birth had been
An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone
She seemed to live ; her thoughts her own ;
Herself her own delight :
Pleased with herself, nor sad nor gay ;
And passing thus the live-long day,
She grew to woman's height.

There came a youth from Georgia's shore—
A military casque he wore
With splendid feathers drest ;
He brought them from the Cherokees ;
The feathers nodded in the breeze
And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung :
But no ! he spake the English tongue
And bore a soldier's name ;
And, when America was free
From battle and from jeopardy,
He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek,
In finest tones the youth could speak :
—While he was yet a boy
The moon, the glory of the sun,
And streams that murmur as they run
Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely youth ! I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he ;
And when he chose to sport and play,
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought ;
And with him many tales he brought
Of pleasure and of fear ;
Such tales as, told to any maid
By such a youth, in the green shade,
Were perilous to hear.

He told of girls, a happy rout !
Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
Their pleasant Indian town,
To gather strawberries all day long ;
Returning with a choral song
When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants that hourly change
Their blossoms, through a boundless range
Of intermingling hues ;
With budding, fading, faded flowers,
They stand the wonder of the bowers
From morn to evening dew.

He told of the magnolia, spread
High as a cloud, high over head !
The cypress and her spire ;
—Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire.

The youth of green savannahs spake,
And many an endless, endless lake
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds.

‘How pleasant,’ then he said, ‘it were
A fisher or a hunter there,
In sunshine or in shade
To wander with an easy mind,
And build a household fire, and find
A home in every glade !

‘What days and what bright years ! Ah me !
Our life were life indeed, with thee
So pass’d in quiet bliss ;
And all the while,’ said he, ‘to know
That we were in a world of woe,
On such an earth as this !’

And then he sometimes interwove
Fond thoughts about a father’s love,
‘For there,’ said he, ‘are spun
Around the heart such tender ties
That our own children to our eyes
Are dearer than the sun.

‘Sweet Ruth ! and could you go with me
My helpmate in the woods to be,
Our shed at night to rear ;
Or run, my own adopted bride,
A sylvan huntress at my side,
And drive the flying deer !

‘Beloved Ruth !’—No more he said.
The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed
A solitary tear :
She thought again—and did agree
With him to sail across the sea,
And drive the flying deer.

‘And now, as fitting is and right,
We in the church our faith will plight,
A husband and a wife.’
Even so they did ; and I may say
That to sweet Ruth that happy day
Was more than human life.

Through dream and vision did she sink,
Delighted all the while to think
That, on those lonesome floods
And green savannahs she should share
His board with lawful joy, and bear
His name in the wild woods.

But, as you have before been told,
This Stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,
And with his dancing crest
So beautiful, through savage lands
Had roam’d about, with vagrant bands
Of Indians in the West.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a youth to whom was given
So much of earth—so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seem'd allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of Nature wrought,—
Fair trees and gorgeous flowers ;
The breezes their own languor lent ;
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those favour'd bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent :
For passions link'd to forms so fair
And stately, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw,
With men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known ;
Deliberately and undeceived
Those wild men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impair'd and he became
The slave of low desires :
A man who without self-control
Would seek what the degraded soul
Unworthily admires.

And yet he with no feign'd delight
Had woo'd the maiden, day and night
Had loved her, night and morn :
What could he less than love a maid
Whose heart with so much nature play'd—
So kind and so forlorn ?

Sometimes most earnestly he said,
'O Ruth ! I have been worse than dead ;
False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain
Encompass'd me on every side
When I, in confidence and pride,
Had cross'd the Atlantic main.

' Before me shone a glorious world
Fresh as a banner bright, unfurl'd
To music suddenly :
I look'd upon those hills and plains,
And seem'd as if let loose from chains
To live at liberty !

' No more of this—for now, by thee,
Dear Ruth ! more happily set free,
With nobler zeal I burn ;
My soul from darkness is released
Like the whole sky when to the east
The morning doth return.'

Full soon that better mind was gone ;
No hope, no wish remain'd, not one,—
They stirr'd him now no more ;
New objects did new pleasure give,
And once again he wish'd to live
As lawless as before.

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,
They for the voyage were prepared,
And went to the sea-shore :
But, when they thither came, the youth
Deserted his poor bride, and Ruth
Could never find him more.

God help thee, Ruth !—Such pains she had
That she in half a year was mad
And in a prison housed ;
And there, with many a doleful song
Made of wild words, her cup of wrong
She fearfully caroused.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,
Nor pastimes of the May,
—They all were with her in her cell ;
And a clear brook with cheerful knell
Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,
There came a respite to her pain ;
She from her prison fled ;
But of the Vagrant none took thought ;
And where it liked her best she sought
Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again :
The master-current of her brain
Ran permanent and free ;
And coming to the banks of Tone,
There did she rest ; and dwell alone
Under the greenwood tree.

The engines of her pain, the tools
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,
And airs that gently stir
The vernal leaves—she loved them still,
Nor ever tax'd them with the ill
Which had been done to her.

A barn her Winter bed supplies ;
But, till the warmth of Summer skies
And Summer days is gone,
(And all do in this tale agree)
She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,
And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray !
And Ruth will, long before her day,
Be broken down and old.
Sore aches she needs must have ! but less
Of mind, than body's wretchedness,
From damp, and rain, and cold.

If she is prest by want of food
She from her dwelling in the wood
Repairs to a road-side ;
And there she begs at one steep place,
Where up and down with easy pace
The horsemen-travellers ride.

That oaten pipe of hers is mute
Or thrown away : but with a flute
Her loneliness she cheers ;
This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,
At evening in his homeward walk
The Quantock woodman hears.

I, too, have pass'd her on the hills
Setting her little water-mills
By spouts and fountains wild—
Such small machinery as she turn'd
Ere she had wept, ere she had mourn'd, —
A young and happy child !

Farewell ! and when thy days are told,
Ill-fated Ruth ! in hallow'd mould
Thy corpse shall buried be ;
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm for thee.

W. Wordsworth

CCCXXI

Written Among the Euganean Hills

Many a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of Misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on
Day and night, and night and day,
Drifting on his dreary way,
With the solid darkness black
Closing round his vessel's track ;
Whilst above the sunless sky
Big with clouds, hangs heavily,

And behind the tempest fleet
Hurries on with lightning feet,
Riving sail, and cord, and plank,
Till the ship has almost drank
Death from the o'er-brimming deep ;
And sinks down, down, like that sleep
When the dreamer seems to be
Weltering through eternity ;
And the dim low line before
Of a dark and distant shore
Still recedes, as ever still
Longing with divided will,
But no power to seek or shun,
He is ever drifted on
O'er the unreposing wave,
To the haven of the grave.

Ah, many flowering islands lie
In the waters of wide Agony :
To such a one this morn was led
My bark, by soft winds piloted.
—'Mid the mountains Euganean
I stood listening to the paean
With which the legion'd rooks did hail
The Sun's uprise majestic :
Gathering round with wings all hoar,
Through the dewy mist they soar
Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
Bursts ; and then,—as clouds of even
Fleck'd with fire and azure, lie
In the unfathomable sky,—
So their plumes of purple grain
Starr'd with drops of golden rain
Gleam above the sunlight woods,
As in silent multitudes
On the morning's fitful gale
Through the broken mist they sail ;
And the vapours cloven and gleaming
Follow down the dark steep streaming,
Till all is bright, and clear, and still
Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair ;
Underneath Day's azure eyes,
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,—
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls,
Which her hoary sire now paves
With his blue and beaming waves.
Lo ! the sun upsprings behind,
Broad, red, radiant, half-reclined
On the level quivering line
Of the waters crystalline ;
And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome, and spire,
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies ;
As the flames of sacrifice
From the marble shrines did rise
As to pierce the dome of gold
Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt City ! thou hast been
Ocean's child, and then his queen ;
Now is come a darker day,
And thou soon must be his prey,
If the power that raised thee here
Hallow so thy watery bier.
A less drear ruin than than now,
With thy conquest-branded brow
Stooping to the slave of slaves
From thy throne among the waves
Wilt thou be,—when the sea-mew
Flies, as once before it flew,
O'er thine isles depopulate,
And all is in its ancient state,
Save where many a palace-gate

With green sea-flowers overgrown
Like a rock of ocean's own,
Topples o'er the abandon'd sea
As the tides change sullenly.
The fisher on his watery way
Wandering at the close of day,
Will spread his sail and seize his oar
Till he pass the gloomy shore,
Lest thy dead should, from their sleep,
Bursting o'er the starlight deep,
Lead a rapid masque of death
O'er the waters of his path.

Noon descends around me now :
'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
When a soft and purple mist
Like a vaporous amethyst,
Or an air-dissolvéd star
Mingling light and fragrance, far
From the curved horizon's bound
To the point of heaven's profound,
Fills the overflowing sky ;
And the plains that silent lie
Underneath ; the leaves unsodden
Where the infant Frost has trodden
With his morning-wingéd feet
Whose bright print is gleaming yet ;
And the red and golden vines
Piercing with their trellised lines
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness ;
The dun and bladed grass no less,
Pointing from this hoary tower
In the windless air ; the flower
Glimmering at my feet ; the line
Of the olive sandall'd Apennine
In the south dimly islanded ;
And the Alps, whose snows are spread
High between the clouds and sun ;
And of living things each one ;
And my spirit, which so long
Darken'd this swift stream of song,—

Interpenetrated lie
By the glory of the sky
Be it love, light, harmony,
Odour, or the soul of all
Which from heaven like dew doth fall,
Or the mind which feeds this verse,
Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon
Autumn's evening meets me soon,
Leading the infantine moon
And that one star, which to her
Almost seems to minister
Half the crimson light she brings
From the sunset's radiant springs :
And the soft dreams of the morn
(Which like wingéd winds had borne
To that silent isle, which lies
'Mid remember'd agonies,
The frail bark of this lone being),
Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
And its ancient pilot, Pain,
Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be
In the sea of Life and Agony :
Other spirits float and flee
O'er that gulf : Ev'n now, perhaps,
On some rock the wild wave wraps
With folded wings they waiting sit
For my bark, to pilot it
To some calm and blooming cove ;
Where for me, and those I love,
May a windless bower be built,
Far from passion, pain, and guilt,
In a dell 'mid lawny hills
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round,
And the light and smell divine
Of all flowers that breathe and shine,

—We may live so happy there,
That the Spirits of the Air
Envyng us, may ev'n entice
To our healing paradise
The polluting multitude :
But their rage would be subdued
By that clime divine and calm,
And the winds whose wings rain balm
On the uplifted soul, and leaves
Under which the bright sea heaves ;
While each breathless interval
In their whisperings musical
The inspired soul supplies
With its own deep melodies ;
And the Love which heals all strife
Circling, like the breath of life,
All things in that sweet abode
With its own mild brotherhood :—
They, not it, would change ; and soon
Every sprite beneath the moon
Would repent its envy vain,
And the Earth grow young again.

P. B. Shelley

CCCXXII

Ode to the West Wind

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes ! O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill :
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;
Destroyer and Preserver ; Hear, oh hear !

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning! there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Maenad, ev'n from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height—
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: Oh hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer-dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,
Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear
And tremble and despoil themselves: Oh hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than Thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision,—I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.

Oh ! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
 I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !
 A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
 One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is :
 What if my leaves are falling like its own !
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
 Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
 My spirit ! be thou me, impetuous one !
 Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
 Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth ;
 And, by the incantation of this verse,
 Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
 Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth
 The trumpet of a prophecy ! O Wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?
P. B. Shelley

CCCXXIII

Nature and the Poet

*Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm,
 painted by Sir George Beaumont*

I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile !
 Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee :
 I saw thee every day ; and all the while
 Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air !
 So like, so very like, was day to day !
 Whene'er I look'd, thy image still was there ;
 It trembled, but it never pass'd away.

How perfect was the calm ! It seem'd no sleep,
 No mood, which season takes away, or brings :
 I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
 Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah ! then — if mine had been the painter's hand
To express what then I saw ; and add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream, —

I would have planted thee, thou hoary pile,
Amid a world how different from this !
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile ;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

Thou shouldst have seem'd a treasure-house divine
Of peaceful years : a chronicle of heaven ; —
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife ;
No motion but the moving tide ; a breeze ;
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such picture would I at that time have made ;
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betray'd.

So once it would have been, 'tis so no more ;
I have submitted to a new control :
A power is gone, which nothing can restore ;
A deep distress hath humanized my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been :
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend ! who would have been the friend
If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend ;
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate work !—yet wise and well,
Well chosen is the spirit that is here ;
'That hulk which labours in the deadly swell,
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear !

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves,
—Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time—
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

—Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind !
Such happiness wherever it be known,
Is to be pitied ; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne !
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here :—
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

W. Wordsworth

CCCXXIV

The Poet's Dream

On a Poet's lips I slept
Dreaming like a love-adept
In the sound his breathing kept ;
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the aërial kisses
Of shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses.
He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illumine
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
Nor heed nor see what things they be—
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living Man,
Nurslings of Immortality !

P. B. Shelley

CCCXXV

Glen=Almain, the Narrow Glen

In this still place, remote from men,
Sleeps Ossian, in the Narrow Glen ;
In this still place, where murmurs on
But one meek streamlet, only one :
He sang of battles, and the breath
Of stormy war, and violent death ;
And should, methinks, when all was past,
Have rightfully been laid at last
Where rocks were rudely heap'd, and rent
As by a spirit turbulent ;
Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
And everything unreconciled ;
In some complaining, dim retreat,
For fear and melancholy meet ;
But this is calm ; there cannot be
A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the Bard sleep here indeed ?
Or is it but a groundless creed ?
What matters it ?—I blame them not
Whose fancy in this lonely spot
Was moved ; and in such way express'd
Their notion of its perfect rest.
A convent, even a hermit's cell,
Would break the silence of this Dell :
It is not quiet, is not ease ;
But something deeper far than these :
The separation that is here
Is of the grave ; and of austere
Yet happy feelings of the dead :
And, therefore, was it rightly said
That Ossian, last of all his race !
Lies buried in this lonely place.

W. Wordsworth

CCCXXVI

The World is too much with us : late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune ;

It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,—
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,

Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreath'd horn.*

W. Wordsworth

CCCXXVII

Within King's College Chapel, Cambridge

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-match'd aims the Architect who plann'd
(Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only) this immense

And glorious work of fine intelligence !
—Give all thou canst : high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more :—
So deem'd the man who fashion'd for the sense

These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scoop'd into ten thousand cells
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells

Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die :
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

W. Wordsworth

CCCXXVIII

Ode on a Grecian Urn

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme :
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempé or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new ;
More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young ;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?

What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn ?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed ;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity : Cold Pastoral !
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.
J. Keats

CCCXXIX

Youth and Age

Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine ! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young !
When I was young ?—Ah, woful when !
Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and Then !
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flash'd along :
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide !
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like ;
 Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
 O ! the joys, that came down shower-like,
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,

Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ? Ah woful Ere,
 Which tells me, Youth's no longer here !
 O Youth ! for years so many and sweet,
 'Tis known that Thou and I were one,
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—
 It cannot be, that Thou art gone !
 Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd :—
 And thou wert aye a masker bold !
 What strange disguise hast now put on
 To make believe that Thou art gone ?
 I see these locks in silvery slips,
 This drooping gait, this alter'd size :
 But Springtide blossoms on thy lips,
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
 Life is but Thought : so think I will
 That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
 But the tears of mournful eve !
 Where no hope is, life's a warning
 That only serves to make us grieve

When we are old :

—That only serves to make us grieve
 With oft and tedious taking-leave,
 Like some poor nigh-related guest
 That may not rudely be dismiss,
 Yet hath out-stay'd his welcome while,
 And tells the jest without the smile.

S. T. Coleridge

CCCXXX

The Two April Mornings

We walk'd along, while bright and red
 Uprose the morning sun ;
 And Matthew stopp'd, he look'd, and said
 'The will of God be done !'

A village schoolmaster was he,
With hair of glittering gray ;
As blithe a man as you could see
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass
And by the steaming rills
We travell'd merrily, to pass
A day among the hills.

‘Our work,’ said I, ‘was well begun ;
Then, from thy breast what thought,
Beneath so beautiful a sun,
So sad a sigh has brought ?’

A second time did Matthew stop ;
And fixing still his eye
Upon the eastern mountain-top,
To me he made reply :

‘Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
Brings fresh into my mind
A day like this, which I have left
Full thirty years behind.

‘And just above yon slope of corn
Such colours, and no other,
Were in the sky that April morn,
Of this the very brother.

‘With rod and line I sued the sport
Which that sweet season gave,
And to the churchyard come, stopp'd short
Beside my daughter's grave.

‘Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
The pride of all the vale ;
And then she sang,—she would have been
A very nightingale.

‘Six feet in earth my Emma lay ;
And yet I loved her more—
For so it seem'd,—than till that day
I e'er had loved before.

‘And turning from her grave, I met,
Beside the churchyard yew,
A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet
With points of morning dew.

‘A basket on her head she bare ;
Her brow was smooth and white :
To see a child so very fair,
It was a pure delight !

‘No fountain from its rocky cave
E’er tripp’d with foot so free ;
She seem’d as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.

‘There came from me a sigh of pain
Which I could ill confine ;
I look’d at her, and look’d again :
And did not wish her mine !’

—Matthew is in his grave, yet now
Methinks I see him stand
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding in his hand.

W. Wordsworth

CCCXXXI

The Fountain

A Conversation

We talk’d with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat ;
And from the turf a fountain broke
And gurgled at our feet.

‘Now, Matthew!’ said I, ‘let us match
This water’s pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch
That suits a summer’s noon ;

‘Or of the church-clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made !’

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree ;
And thus the dear old man replied,
The gray-hair’d man of glee :

‘No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears,
How merrily it goes !
’Twill murmur on a thousand years
And flow as now it flows.

‘And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain’s brink.

‘My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirr’d,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

‘Thus fares it still in our decay :
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what Age takes away,
Than what it leaves behind.

‘The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

‘With Nature never do they wage
A foolish strife ; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free :

‘ But we are press’d by heavy laws ;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

‘ If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,—
It is the man of mirth.

‘ My days, my friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me ; but by none
Am I enough beloved.’

‘ Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains !
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains :

‘ And, Matthew, for thy children dead
I’ll be a son to thee !’
At this he grasp’d my hand and said,
‘ Alas ! that cannot be.’

—We rose up from the fountain-side ;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide ;
And through the wood we went ;

And ere we came to Leonard’s rock
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church-clock,
And the bewilder’d chimes.

W. Wordsworth

CCCXXXII

The River of Life

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life’s succeeding stages :
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders

But as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye Stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness :
And those of youth, a seeming length,
Proportion'd to their sweetness.

T. Campbell

CCCXXXIII

The Human Seasons

Four Seasons fill the measure of the year ;
There are four seasons in the mind of man :
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span :

He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
Is nearest unto heaven : quiet coves

His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
 He furlcth close ; contented so to look
 On mists in idleness—to let fair things
 Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.

He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
 Or else he would forgo his mortal nature.

J. Keats

CCCXXXIV

A Dirge

Rough wind, that moanest loud
 Grief too sad for song ;
 Wild wind, when sullen cloud
 Knells all the night long ;
 Sad storm whose tears are vain,
 Bare woods whose branches stain,
 Deep caves and dreary main,—
 Wail for the world's wrong !

P. B. Shelley

CCCXXXV

Threnos

O World ! O Life ! O Time !
 On whose last steps I climb,
 Trembling at that where I had stood before ;
 When will return the glory of your prime ?
 No more—Oh, never more !

Out of the day and night
 A joy has taken flight :
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
 No more—Oh, never more !

P. B. Shelley

CCCXXXVI

The Trosachs

There's not a nook within this solemn Pass,
But were an apt confessional for One
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
That Life is but a tale of morning grass

Wither'd at eve. From scenes of art which chase
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass

Untouch'd, unbreathed upon :—Thrice happy quest,
If from a golden perch of aspen spray
(October's workmanship to rival May),

The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest !
W. Wordsworth

CCCXXXVII

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old
Or let me die !
The Child is father of the Man :
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.
W. Wordsworth

CCCXXXVIII

Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections
of Early Childhood

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose ;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief :
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;—
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong :
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay ;
Land and sea

Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday ;—

Thou child of joy
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy !

Ye blesséd Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
Oh evil day ! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning
This sweet May-morning ;
And the children are culling
On every side
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm : —
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !
—But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have look'd upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone :
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat :
Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar ;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy ;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size !
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes !
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnéd art ;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral ;
 And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song :
 Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part ;
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That life brings with her in her equipage :
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity ;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal Mind,—
 Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !
 On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,

In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by ;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

O joy ! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction : not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest,
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :—

—Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise ;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings ;
Blank misgivings of a creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :

But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing ;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,

To perish never ;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor man nor boy
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !
Hence, in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither ;
Can in a moment travel thither—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound !
We, in thought, will join your throng
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May !
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind ;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be ;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering ;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forbode not any severing of our loves !
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
I only have relinquish'd one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway :
I love the brooks which down their channels fret
Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they ;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet ;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

W. Wordsworth

CCCXXXIX

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed ;
And so thy thoughts, when Thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

P. B. Shelley

END OF THE FIRST SERIES

THE GOLDEN TREASURY
SECOND SERIES

TO THE MEMORY OF
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON
BY WHOM THE FIRST SERIES
OF THE GOLDEN TREASURY WAS
KINDLY SUPERVISED
AND IN GRATITUDE FOR HIS
INVARIABLY FAITHFUL FRIENDSHIP AND COUNSEL
THROUGH FORTY YEARS AND MORE
THIS BOOK
IS SADLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

PREFACE

IN the First Series our lyrical poetry was brought down to 1850 (including hence six of the greatest poets who have ennobled the century), but limited also to the work of writers no longer alive in 1861. We have hence now to retrace the stream, beginning with a period nearly corresponding to what has been called the Victorian, during part of which Wordsworth in solitary grandeur was the one surviving link between those whom we now almost think of, as poets ancient and modern. The two ages in fact overlap. And it was therefore my first wish to include in the same volume the later risen of our stars.

But this plan proved impossible. A decided preference for Lyrical poetry,—to which in all ages the perplexed or overburdened heart has fled for relief and confession,—has shown itself for sixty years or more; an impulse traceable in large measure to the increasingly *subjective* temper of the age, and indeed already in different phases foreshown by Shelley and by Wordsworth. From this preference (whilst the national or commemorative Ode has become rare), followed also a vast extension in length of our lyrics: their work is apt to be less concentrated than that of their best predecessors, classical or English: whilst, concurrently, they have at the same time often taken a dramatic character, rarely to be found before; though Dryden's *Alexander's Feast* and Gray's *Bard* are splendid exceptions in our earlier poetry. Lastly, while during the first quarter of the century Keats, Shelley, Byron, died in actual or comparative youth, within my present range England has been favoured with the long lives and persistent powers of our two most

eminent singers, whilst few of real promise have been cut off prematurely.

Hence also, despite this whole Series dedicated to a harvest of song more copious than even that famed Elizabethan outflowing, it has not been possible to renew the attempt made in the former book, wherein with but three or four exceptions on the ground of length, all our best lyrics (so far as I could judge) were gathered: and a selection only from the finest work of our greater Victorian poets (so far as my choice may have been happy) can alone be offered here. It should therefore be remembered that many famous and favourite beauties must inevitably be wanting from the present portrait gallery: but I have tried to make the specimens characteristic of each writer's genius. Despite, however, the wide difference between the work, for example, of Browning and Tennyson, the present series, as representing only the spirit of less than a single century, wears a certain monotony of character compared with the vast range of style exhibited in the earlier volume. Yet—and yet—after all, this little book, as I turn the pages over, seems to have a variety and wealth of power and beauty, which, its range considered, is wonderful.

This second Treasury has cost thrice the labour of the first. For nothing, it need scarcely be said, is harder than to form an estimate even remotely accurate of our own contemporary artists, whatever the sphere of their art. This difficulty, in the former book, was far less. For its contents, the verdict of Time had been already largely given, and I had also that invaluable assistance which my Dedication acknowledges. I may however add (asking pardon for egotism) that the best endeavour within my power has been made to hold the balance even between substance and form, the figure or the drapery,—and beauty always the last impression,—by spreading the choice over three or four years during which the poets have been searched and read over, and the results noted at many months' interval. Some check on a choice necessarily imperfect, and indeed convincing only when the verdict of Time has been given,—it is hoped may thus have been gained. But a personal element always remains, too often refusing to be excluded: especially in case of early favourites, and the haunting music which has seized on our youth, and

passed perhaps physically into the very nerves or whatever may be that mysterious organ of Memory which transacts its secret and inexplicable life within the soul's furthest recesses.

The selection has been brought, near as I can venture, to our own day. But, especially in case of those later singers whose course is not yet run, it is all too soon even to attempt a valuation. Many indeed and bright are the blossoms springing up among us, though nightshade and yewberries be not absent. It were, however, presumption if we attempted with the microscope of criticism to classify these growths, or decide whether they belong to the children's 'Adonis Garden' of cut flowers, or the true 'immortal amaranth.' This I leave to other hands than mine in the far-off summers. I have however tried my best to fill the book with such *Underwoods* (to take Jonson's phrase) as early Roman poet Nævius spoke of 'wherein the copse-wood is sown by natural process, not planted ;'

Ingenio arbusta ubi nata sunt, non insita :

—a definition, more than two thousand years old, of the strange spell which lifts verse into poetry, which it would be difficult to improve.—But here that wearisomely familiar 'tastes differ' warns that no invitation to its critical exercise more liberal and alluring can be held out, than is offered by a selection like the present. One of the worldly-wise Goethe's best aphorisms was that his opinion on any matter was immensely strengthened if he found it accepted by any one fellow-creature. But I cannot hope even as much acceptance for this book. Varieties in taste, often deeply rooted and strenuously held, will lead every reader to condemn me for omissions and inclusions: inevitably, and rightly. For such judgments reveal the power which poetry, our own recent poetry in especial, holds over us. They testify to life. All the leniency that can be asked is the reflection that to love the rose need not carry with it scorn of the lily; while the flowers of the Victorian domain are so multitudinous and so nobly large in the blossom,—like those sixty-leaved roses which Herodotus, two thousand and more years since, heard of in the king's garden below Mount Bermion,—that a limited, an imperfect garland only can be collected within the garth allowed me.

It is my pleasant duty here to give thanks once for all to the copyright proprietors or publishers who have kindly permitted me to transfer their treasures, sometimes almost too graspingly, to the enrichment of this Anthology. Should any claims have been overlooked by inadvertence I ask forgiveness. Special acknowledgments will be found in the notes.

I deeply regret, and every reader will regret with me, that I am not able to adorn my pages with examples of Mr. A. C. Swinburne's brilliant lyrical gift.

After the lapse of six-and-thirty years to complete a book brings with it an inevitable sadness: the longing for the irrevocable: the sigh for the old familiar faces:—of his, perhaps, here above all, who privileged me to dedicate to his honoured name that first volume to which he gave such invaluable aid: it is a feeling such as that to which Goethe, in one of his most beautiful lyrics, gave expression.—

Sie hören nicht die folgenden Gesänge,
Die Seelen, denen ich die ersten sang:—

Yet I may hope perhaps for new friends to replace the lost. Kind readers!—if I have the fortune to find such—may this little selection, like the former, with whatever deficiencies, be the draught tempting you to approach, in their free fullness, the inexhaustible and invigorating fountains, old and new, of England's Helicon.

F. T. P.

February, 1897.

SECOND SERIES

I

Ode

We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams ;—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams :
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory :
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself in our mirth ;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth ;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

A. O'Shaughnessy

11

Cradle Song

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

A. Lord Tennyson

111

Letty's Globe

When Letty had scarce pass'd her third glad year,
And her young, artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a colour'd sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know,
By tint and outline, all its sea and land.
She patted all the world ; old empires peep'd
Between her baby fingers ; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers. How she leap'd,
And laugh'd, and prattled in her world-wide bliss ;
But when we turn'd her sweet unlearn'd eye
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry,
' Oh ! yes, I see it, Letty's home is there !'
And, while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

C. Tennyson-Turner

IV

The Surprise

As there I left the road in May,
 And took my way along a ground,
 I found a glade with girls at play,
 By leafy boughs close-hemm'd around,
 And there, with stores of harmless joys,
 They plied their tongues, in merry noise :
 Though little did they seem to fear
 So queer a stranger might be near ;
Teeh-hee ! Look here ! Hah ! ha ! Look there !
 And oh ! so playsome, oh ! so fair.

And one would dance as one would spring,
 Or bob or bow with leering smiles,
 And one would swing, or sit and sing,
 Or sew a stitch or two at whiles,
 And one skipp'd on with downcast face,
 All heedless, to my very place,
 And there, in fright, with one foot out,
 Made one dead step and turn'd about.
Heeh, hee, oh ! oh ! ooh ! oo !—Look there !
 And oh ! so playsome, oh ! so fair.

Away they scamper'd all, full speed,
 By boughs that swung along their track,
 As rabbits out of wood at feed,
 At sight of men all scamper back.
 And one pull'd on behind her heel,
 A thread of cotton, off her reel,
 And oh ! to follow that white clue,
 I felt I fain could scamper too.
Teeh, hee, run here. Eeh ! ee ! Look there !
 And oh ! so playsome, oh ! so fair.

W. Barnes

Iscult's Children

—They sleep in shelter'd rest,
Like helpless birds in the warm nest,
On the castle's southern side ;
Where feebly comes the mournful roar
Of buffeting wind and surging tide
Through many a room and corridor.
—Full on their window the moon's ray
Makes their chamber as bright as day.
It shines upon the blank white walls,
And on the snowy pillow falls,
And on two-angel heads doth play
Turn'd to each other—the eyes closed,
The lashes on the cheeks reposed.
Round each sweet brow the cap close-set
Hardly lets peep the golden hair ;
Through the soft-open'd lips the air
Scarcely moves the coverlet.
One little wandering arm is thrown
At random on the counterpane,
And often the fingers close in haste
As if their baby-owner chased
The butterflies again.
This stir they have, and this alone ;
But else they are so still !

—Ah, tired madcaps ! you lie still ;
But were you at the window now,
To look forth on the fairy sight
Of your illumined haunts by night,
To see the park-glades where you play
Far lovelier than they are by day,
To see the sparkle on the eaves,
And upon every giant-bough
Of those old oaks, whose wet red leaves
Are jewell'd with bright drops of rain—
How would your voices run again !
And far beyond the sparkling trees
Of the castle-park one sees

The bare heaths spreading, clear as day,
Moor behind moor, far, far away,
Into the heart of Brittany.
And here and there, lock'd by the land,
Long inlets of smooth glittering sea,
And many a stretch of watery sand
All shining in the white moon-beams—
But you see fairer in your dreams !

M. Arnold

VI

The Deserted Garden

I mind me in the days departed,
How often underneath the sun,
With childish bounds I used to run
 To a garden long deserted.

The beds and walks were vanish'd quite ;
And wheresoe'er had struck the spade,
The greenest grasses Nature laid,
 To sanctify her right.

I call'd the place my wilderness ;
For no one enter'd there but I.
The sheep look'd in, the grass to espy,
 And pass'd it ne'ertheless.

The trees were interwoven wild,
And spread their boughs enough about
To keep both sheep and shepherd out,
 But not a happy child.

Adventurous joy it was for me !
I crept beneath the boughs, and found
A circle smooth of mossy ground
 Beneath a poplar tree.

Old garden rose-trees hedged it in,
Bedropt with roses waxen-white,
Well satisfied with dew and light,
 And careless to be seen.

Long years ago, it might befall,
When all the garden flowers were trim,
The grave old gardener prided him
On these the most of all,—

Some Lady, stately overmuch,
Here moving with a silken noise,
Has blush'd beside them at the voice
That liken'd her to such.

Or these, to make a diadem,
She often may have pluck'd and twined ;
Half-smiling as it came to mind,
That few would look at *them*.

Oh, little thought that Lady proud,
A child would watch her fair white rose,
When buried lay her whiter brows,
And silk was changed for shroud !—

Nor thought that gardener (full of scorns
For men unlearn'd and simple phrase,)
A child would bring it all its praise,
By creeping through the thorns !

To me upon my low moss seat,
Though never a dream the roses sent
Of science or love's compliment,
I ween they smelt as sweet.

It did not move my grief, to see
The trace of human step departed.
Because the garden was deserted,
The blither place for me !

Friends, blame me not ! a narrow ken
Hath childhood twixt the sun and sward :
We draw the moral afterward—
We feel the gladness then.

And gladdest hours for me did glide
In silence at the rose-tree wall :
A thrush made gladness musical
Upon the other side.

Nor he nor I did e'er incline
To peck or pluck the blossoms white—
How should I know but that they might
 Lead lives as glad as mine?

To make my hermit-home complete,
I brought clear water from the spring
Praised in its own low murmuring,—
 And cresses glossy wet.

And so, I thought my likeness grew
(Without the melancholy tale)
To 'gentle hermit of the dale,'
 And Angelina too.

For oft I read within my nook
Such minstrel stories! till the breeze
Made sounds poetic in the trees,—
 And then I shut the book.

If I shut this wherein I write,
I hear no more the wind athwart
Those trees,—nor feel that childish heart
 Delighting in delight.

My childhood from my life is parted,
My footstep from the moss which drew
Its fairy circle round: anew
 The garden is deserted.

Another thrush may there rehearse
The madrigals which sweetest are;
No more for me!—myself afar
 Do sing a sadder verse.

Ah me, ah me! when erst I lay
In that child's-nest so greenly wrought,
I laugh'd unto myself and thought
 'The time will pass away.'

And still I laugh'd, and did not fear
But that, whene'er was past away
The childish time, some happier play
 My womanhood would cheer.

I knew the time would pass away ;
 And yet, beside the rose-tree wall,
 Dear God, how seldom, if at all
 Did I look up to pray !

The time *is* past :—and now that grows
 The cypress high among the trees,
 And I behold white sepulchres
 As well as the white rose,—

When wiser, meeker thoughts are given,
 And I have learnt to lift my face,
 Reminded how earth's greenest place
 The colour draws from heaven ;—

It something saith for earthly pain,
 But more for Heavenly promise free,
 That I who was, would shrink to be
 That happy child again.

E. B. Browning

VII

Blackmøre Maidens

The primwrose in the sheäde do blow,
 The cowslip in the zun,
 The thyme upon the down do grow,
 The clote where streams do run ;
 An' where do pretty maïdens grow
 An' blow, but where the tow'r
 Do rise among the bricken tuns,
 In Blackmøre by the Stour.

If you could zee their comely gaît,
 An' pretty feäces' smiles,
 A-trippèn on so light o' waìght,
 An' steppèn off the stiles ;
 A-gwaïn to church, as bells do swing
 An' ring 'ithin the tow'r,
 You'd own the pretty maïdens' pleâce
 Is Blackmøre by the Stour.

If you vrom Wimborne took your road,
 To Stower or Paladore,
 An' all the farmers' housen show'd
 Their daughters at the door ;
 You'd cry to bachelors at hwome—
 ' Here, come ; 'ithin an hour
 You'll vind ten maïdens to your mind,
 In Blackmwore by the Stour.'

An' if you look'd 'ithin their door,
 To zee 'em in their pleâce,
 A-doèn housework up avore
 Their smilèn mother's feâce ;
 You'd cry—' Why, if a man would wive
 An' thrive, 'ithout a dow'r,
 Then let en look en out a wife
 In Blackmwore by the Stour.

As I upon my road did pass
 A school-house back in Maÿ,
 There out upon the beäten grass
 Wer maïdens at their play ;
 An' as the pretty souls did tweil
 An' smile, I cried, ' The flow'r
 O' beauty, then, is still in bud
 In Blackmwore by the Stour.'

W. Barnes

VIII

Little Sophy by the Seaside

Young Sophy leads a life without alloy
 Of pain ; she dances in the stormy air ;
 While her pink sash and length of golden hair
 With answering motion time her step of joy !

Now turns she through that seaward gate of heaven,
 That opens on the sward above the cliff,—
 Glancing a moment at each barque and skiff,
 Along the roughening waters homeward driven ;

Shoreward she hies, her wooden spade in hand,
 Straight down to childhood's ancient field of play,
 To claim her right of common in the land
 Where little edgeless tools make easy way—
 A right no cruel Act shall e'er gainsay,
 No greed dispute the freedom of the sand.

C. Tennyson-Turner

IX

The Pet Name

I have a name, a little name,
 Uncadenced for the ear,
 Unhonour'd by ancestral claim,
 Unsanctified by prayer and psalm,
 The solemn font anear.

It never did, to pages wove
 For gay romance, belong,
 It never dedicate did move
 As 'Sacharissa,' unto love—
 'Orinda,' unto song.

Though I write books, it will be read
 Upon the leaves of none,
 And afterward, when I am dead,
 Will ne'er be graved for sight or tread,
 Across my funeral stone.

This name, whoever chance to call,
 Perhaps your smile, may win ;
 Nay, do not smile ! mine eyelids fall
 Over mine eyes, and feel withal
 The sudden tears within.

Is there a leaf that greenly grows
 Where summer meadows bloom,
 But gathereth the winter snows,
 And changeth to the hue of those,
 If lasting till they come ?

Is there a word, or jest, or game,
But time encrusteth round
With sad associate thoughts the same ?
And so to me my very name
Assumes a mournful sound.

My brother gave that name to me
When we were children twain ;
When names acquired baptismally
Were hard to utter, as to see
That life had any pain.

No shade was on us then, save one
Of chestnuts from the hill—
And through the wood our laugh did run
As part thereof ! The mirth being done,
He calls me by it still.

Nay, do not smile ! I hear in it
What none of you can hear !
The talk upon the willow seat,
The bird and wind that did repeat
Around, our human cheer.

I hear the birthday's noisy bliss,
My sisters' woodland glee,—
My father's praise, I did not miss,
When stooping down he cared to kiss
The poet at his knee ;—

And voices, which to name me, aye
Their tenderest tones were keeping !—
To some, I never more can say
An answer, till God wipes away
In heaven, these drops of weeping.

My name to me a sadness wears ;
No murmurs cross my mind :
Now God be thank'd for these thick tears,
Which show, of those departed years,
Sweet memories left behind !

Now God be thank'd for years enwrought
 With love which softens yet !
 Now God be thank'd for every thought
 Which is so tender, it hath caught
 Earth's guerdon of regret !

The earth may sadden, not remove,
 Our love divinely given ;
 And e'en that mortal grief shall prove
 The immortality of love
 And lead us nearer Heaven.

E. B. Browning

The Toys

My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
 And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
 Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
 I struck him and dismiss'd
 With hard words and unkiss'd,
 His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
 Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
 I visited his bed,
 But found him slumbering deep,
 With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
 From his late sobbing wet.
 And I, with moan,
 Kissing away his tears, left others of my own ;
 For, on a table drawn beside his head.
 He had put, within his reach,
 A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
 A piece of glass abraded by the beach
 And six or seven shells,
 A bottle with bluebells
 And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
 To comfort his sad heart.
 So when that night I pray'd
 To God, I wept, and said :
 Ah, when at last we lie with trancéd breath,
 Not vexing Thee in death,

And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'

C. Patmore

XI

The Cry of the Children

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,—
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows ;
The young birds are chirping in the nest ;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows ;
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly !—
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,
Why their tears are falling so?—
The old man may weep for his to-morrow
Which is lost in Long Ago—
The old tree is leafless in the forest
The old year is ending in the frost—
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest—
The old hope is hardest to be lost :
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's grief abhorrent, draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy—
'Your old earth,' they say, 'is very dreary ;'
'Our young feet,' they say, 'are very weak !'
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek.
Ask the old why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold,—
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old.

'True,' say the young children, 'it may happen
That we die before our time.
Little Alice died last year—the grave is shapen
Like a snowball in the rime.
We look'd into the pit prepared to take her—
Was no room for any work in the close clay ;
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying, "Get up, little Alice ! it is day."
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries !—
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes,—
And merry go her moments, lull'd and still'd in
The shroud, by the kirk-chime !
It is good when it happens,' say the children,
'That we die before our time.

'For oh,' say the children, 'we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap—
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces, trying to go ;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,
Through the coal-dark, underground—
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

' For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—
 Their wind comes in our faces,—
 Till our hearts turn,—our head, with pulses burning,
 And the walls turn in their places—
 Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
 Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall—
 Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
 All are turning, all the day, and we with all.—
 And all day, the iron wheels are droning ;
 And sometimes we could pray,
 " O ye wheels," (breaking out in a mad moaning)
 " Stop ! be silent for to-day ! " '

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
 To look up to Him and pray—
 So the blessed One, who blesseth all the others,
 Will bless them another day.
 They answer, ' Who is God that He should hear us,
 While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirr'd ?
 When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
 Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word !
 And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
 Strangers speaking at the door :
 Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,
 Hears our weeping any more ?

' But, no ! ' say the children, weeping faster,
 ' He is speechless as a stone ;
 And they tell us, of His image is the master
 Who commands us to work on.
 Go to ! ' say the children,—' Up in Heaven,
 Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.
 Do not mock us ; grief has made us unbelieving—
 We look up for God, but tears have made us blind.'
 Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
 O my brothers, what ye preach ?
 For God's possible is taught by His world's loving—
 And the children doubt of each.

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
 And their look is dread to see,
 For they mind you of their angels in their places,
 With eyes meant for Deity ;—

‘How long,’ they say, ‘how long, O cruel nation,
 Will you stand, to move the world, on a child’s heart,—
 Stifle down with a mail’d heel its palpitation,
 And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
 Our blood splashes upward, O our tyrants,
 And your purple shows your path;
 But the child’s sob curseth deeper in the silence
 Than the strong man in his wrath!’

E. B. Browning

XII

Our Mary and the Child Mummy

When the four quarters of the world shall rise,
 Men, women, children, at the Judgment-time,
 Perchance this Memphian girl, dead ere her prime,
 Shall drop her mask, and with dark new-born eyes
 Salute our English Mary, loved and lost;
 The Father knows her little scroll of prayer,
 And life as pure as His Egyptian air;
 For, though she knew not Jesus, nor the cost
 At which He won the world, she learn’d to pray:
 And though our own sweet babe on Christ’s good name
 Spent her last breath, premonish’d and advised
 Of Him, and in His glorious Church baptized,
 She will not spurn this old-world child away,
 Nor put her poor embalméd heart to shame.

C. Tennyson-Turner

XIII

Margaret Love Peacock

THREE YEARS OLD

Long night succeeds thy little day:
 O, blighted blossom! can it be
 That this gray stone and grassy clay
 Have closed our anxious care of thee?

The half-form'd speech of artless thought,
 That spoke a mind beyond thy years,
 The song, the dance by Nature taught,
 The sunny smiles, the transient tears,

The symmetry of face and form,
 The eye with light and life replete,
 The little heart so fondly warm,
 The voice so musically sweet,—

These, lost to hope, in memory yet
 Around the hearts that loved thee cling,
 Shadowing with long and vain regret
 The too fair promise of thy Spring.

T. L. Peacock

XIV

The Wail of the Cornish Mother

They say 'tis a sin to sorrow,
 That what God doth is best ;
 But 'tis only a month to-morrow
 I buried it from my breast.

I thought it would call me Mother,
 The very first words it said :
 O, I never can love another
 Like the blesséd babe that's dead.

Well ! God is its own dear Father ;
 It was carried to church, and bless'd ;
 And our Saviour's arms will gather
 Such children to their rest.

I will make my best endeavour
 That my sins may be forgiven ;
 I will serve God more than ever :
 To meet my child in heaven.

I will check this foolish sorrow,
 For what God doth is best—
 But O, 'tis a month to-morrow
 I buried it from my breast !

R. S. Hawker

XV

It was her first sweet child, her heart's delight :
 And, though we all foresaw his early doom,
 We kept the fearful secret out of sight ;
 We saw the canker, but she kiss'd the bloom.

And yet it might not be : we could not brook
 To vex her happy heart with vague alarms,
 To blanch with fear her fond intrepid look,
 Or send a thrill through those encircling arms.

She smiled upon him, waking or at rest :
 She could not dream her little child would die :
 She toss'd him fondly with an upward eye :
 She seem'd as buoyant as a summer spray,
 That dances with a blossom on its breast,
 Nor knows how soon it will be borne away.

C. Tennyson-Turner

XVI

In the Children's Hospital

EMMIE

Our doctor had call'd in another, I never had seen him
 before,
 But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come in at
 the door,
 Fresh from the surgery-schools of France and of other
 lands—
 Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless hands !
 Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but they said too
 of him
 He was happier using the knife than in trying to save
 the limb,
 And that I can well believe, for he look'd so coarse and
 so red,
 I could think he was one of those who would break their
 jests on the dead,

And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawn'd
at his knee—
Drench'd with the hellish oorali—that ever such things
should be !

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children
would die
But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the comforting
eye—
Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seem'd out of its
place—
Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless
case :
And he handled him gently enough ; but his voice and his
face were not kind,
And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made
up his mind,
And he said to me roughly ' The lad will need little more of
your care,'
' All the more need,' I told him, ' to seek the Lord Jesus in
prayer ;
They are all His children here, and I pray for them all as
my own :'
But he turn'd to me, ' Ay, good woman, can prayer set a
broken bone ?'
Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard
him say
' All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had His day.'

Had ? has it come ? It has only dawn'd. It will come by
and by.
O how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world
were a lie ?
How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells
of disease
But that He said ' Ye do it to Me, when ye do it to these ' ?

So he went. And we past to this ward where the younger
children are laid :
Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek little
maid ;

Empty you see just now ! We have lost her who loved her
so much—
Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to the
touch ;
Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to tears,
Hers was the gratefulest heart I have found in a child of
her years—
Nay you remember our Emmie ; you used to send her the
flowers ;
How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em hours
after hours !

They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord
are reveal'd
Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of the
field ;
Flowers to these 'spirits in prison' are all they can know of
the spring,
They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an
Angel's wing ;
And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin hands
crost on her breast—
Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought her
at rest,
Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said 'Poor little
dear,
Nurse, I must do it to-morrow : she'll never live thro' it, I
fear.'

I walk'd with our kindly old doctor as far as the head of the
stair,
Then I return'd to the ward ; the child didn't see I was
there.

Never since I was nurse, had I been so grieved and so vext !
Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from her cot to
the next,
'He says I shall never live thro' it, O Annie, what shall
I do ?'
Annie consider'd. 'If I,' said the wise little Annie, 'was
you,

I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for, Emmie,
you see,
It's all in the picture there: "Little children should come
to Me."'

(Meaning the print that you gave us, I find that it always
can please

Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about His
knees.)

'Yes, and I will,' said Emmie, 'but then if I call to the Lord,
How should He know that it's me? such a lot of beds in
the ward!'

That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she consider'd and
said:

'Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside
on the bed—

The Lord has so *much* to see to! but, Emmie, you tell it
Him plain,

It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counter-
pane.'

I had sat three nights by the child—I could not watch her
for four—

My brain had begun to reel—I felt I could do it no
more.

That was my sleeping-night, but I thought that it never
would pass.

There was a thunderclap once, and a clatter of hail on the
glass,

And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tost
about,

The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the dark-
ness without;

My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the dreadful
knife

And fears for our delicate Emmie who scarce would escape
with her life;

Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she stood by me
and smiled,

And the docter came at his hour, and we went to see the
child.

He had brought his ghastly tools : we believed her asleep
again —

Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counter-
pane ;

Say that His day is done ! Ah why should we care what they
say ?

The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had
past away.

A. Lord Tennyson

XVII

The Mother's Dream .

I'd a dream to-night
As I fell asleep,
Oh ! the touching sight
Makes me still to weep :
Of my little lad,
Gone to leave me sad,
Aye, the child I had,
But was not to keep.

As in heaven high,
I my child did seek,
There, in train, came by
Children fair and meek,
Each in lily white,
With a lamp alight ;
Each was clear to sight,
But they did not speak.

Then, a little sad,
Came my child in turn
But the lamp he had,
Oh ! it did not burn ;
He, to clear my doubt,
Said, half turn'd about,
' Your tears put it out ;
Mother, never mourn.'

W. Barnes

XVIII

Simple Nature

Be it not mine to steal the cultured flower
 From any garden of the rich and great ;
 Nor seek with care, through many a weary hour,
 Some novel form of wonder to create.
 Enough for me the leafy woods to rove,
 And gather simple cups of morning dew,
 Or, in the fields and meadows that I love,
 Find beauty in their bells of every hue.
 Thus round my cottage floats a fragrant air,
 And though the rustic plot be humbly laid,
 Yet, like the lilies gladly growing there,
 I have not toil'd, but take what God has made.
 My Lord Ambition pass'd, and smiled in scorn ;
 I pluck'd a rose, and, lo ! it had no thorn.

G. J. Romanes

XIX

‘*De Gustibus*—’

Your ghost will walk, you lover of trees
 (If our loves remain),
 In an English lane,
 By a cornfield-side a-flutter with poppies.
 Hark, those two in the hazel coppice—
 A boy and a girl, if the good fates please,
 Making love, say,—
 The happier they !
 Draw yourself up from the light of the moon,
 And let them pass, as they will too soon,
 With the bean-flowers’ boon,
 And the blackbird’s tune,
 And May, and June !

What I love best in all the world
 Is a castle, precipice-encurl’d,
 In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine.
 Or look for me, old fellow of mine

(If I get my head from out the mouth
 O' the grave, and loose my spirit's bands,
 And come again to the land of lands),—
 In a sea-side house to the farther South,
 Where the baked cicala dies of drouth,
 And one sharp tree—'tis a cypress—stands,
 By the many hundred years red-rusted,
 Rough iron-spiked, ripe fruit-o'ercrusted,
 My sentinel to guard the sands
 To the water's edge. For, what expands
 Before the house, but the great opaque
 Blue breadth of sea without a break?
 While, in the house, for ever crumbles
 Some fragment of the frescoed walls,
 From blisters where a scorpion sprawls.
 A girl bare-footed brings, and tumbles
 Down on the pavement, green-flesh melons,
 And says there's news to-day—the king
 Was shot at, touch'd in the liver-wing,
 Goes with his Bourbon arm in a sling:
 —She hopes they have not caught the felons.
 Italy, my Italy!

Queen Mary's saying serves for me—

(When fortune's malice

Lost her—Calais)—

Open my heart and you will see

Graved inside of it, 'Italy.'

Such lovers old are I and she:

So it always was, so shall ever be!

R. Browning

XX

My Early Home

Here sparrows build upon the trees,
 And stockdove hides her nest;
 The leaves are winnow'd by the breeze
 Into a calmer rest;
 The black-cap's song was very sweet,
 That used the rose to kiss;
 It made the Paradise complete:
 My early home was this.

The redbreast from the sweet-briar bush
Drop't down to pick the worm ;
On the horse-chestnut sang the thrush,
O'er the house where I was born ;
The moonlight, like a shower of pearls,
Fell o'er this ' bower of bliss,'
And on the bench sat boys and girls :
My early home was this.

The old house stoop'd just like a cave,
Thatch'd o'er with mosses green ;
Winter around the walls would rave,
But all was calm within ;
The trees are here all green agen,
Here bees the flowers still kiss,
But flowers and trees seem'd sweeter then :
My early home was this.

J. Clare

XXI

Two in the Campagna

I wonder do you feel to-day
As I have felt, since, hand in hand,
We sat down on the grass, to stray
In spirit better through the land,
This morn of Rome and May ?

For me, I touch'd a thought, I know,
Has tantalized me many times,
(Like turns of thread the spiders throw
Mocking across our path) for rhymes
To catch at and let go.

Help me to hold it ! First it left
The yellowing fennel, run to seed
There, branching from the brickwork's cleft,
Some old tomb's ruin ; yonder weed
Took up the floating weft,

Where one small orange cup amass'd
Five beetles,—blind and green they grope
Among the honey-meal : and last,
Everywhere on the grassy slope
I traced it. Hold it fast !

The champaign with its endless fleece
Of feathery grasses everywhere !
Silence and passion, joy and peace,
An everlasting wash of air—
Rome's ghost since her decease.

Such life there, through such lengths of hours,
Such miracles perform'd in play,
Such primal naked forms of flowers,
Such letting Nature have her way
While Heaven looks from its towers !

How say you? Let us, O my dove,
Let us be unashamed of soul,
As earth lies bare to heaven above !
How is it under our control
To love or not to love ?

I would that you were all to me,
You that are just so much, no more.
Nor yours, nor mine,—nor slave nor free !
Where does the fault lie? what the core
Of the wound, since wound must be?

I would I could adopt your will,
See with your eyes, and set my heart
Beating by yours, and drink my fill
At your soul's springs,—your part, my part
In life, for good and ill.

No. I yearn upward, touch you close,
Then stand away. I kiss your cheek,
Catch your soul's warmth,—I pluck the rose
And love it more than tongue can speak—
Then the good minute goes.

Already how am I so far
Out of that minute? Must I go
Still like the thistle-ball, no bar,
Onward, whenever light winds blow,
Fix'd by no friendly star?

Just when I seem'd about to learn!
Where is the thread now? Off again!
The old trick! Only I discern—
Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn.

R. Browning

XXII

The Brook

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

A. Lord Tennyson

XXIII

The Glory of Nature

If only once the chariot of the Morn
Had scatter'd from its wheels the twilight dun,
But once the unimaginable Sun
Flash'd godlike through perennial clouds foriorn,
And shown us Beauty for a moment born :

If only once blind eyes had seen the Spring
Waking among the triumphs of midnoon,
But once had seen the lovely Summer boon,
Pass by in state like a full rob'd king,
The waters dance, the woodlands laugh and sing :

If only once deaf ears had heard the joy
Of the wild birds, or morning breezes blowing,
Of silver fountains from their caverns flowing,
Or the deep-voic'd rivers rolling by,
Then Night eternal fallen from the sky :

If only once weird Time had rent asunder
The curtain of the Clouds, and shown us Night
Climbing into the awful Infinite,
Those stairs whose steps are worlds above and under,
Glory on glory, wonder upon wonder !

If Lightnings lit the Earthquake on his way
But once, or Thunder spake unto the world ;
The realm-wide banners of the Wind unfurl'd ;
Earth-prison'd Fires broke loose into the day ;
Or the great Seas awoke—then slept for aye !

Ah ! sure the heart of Man too strongly tried
By godlike presences so vast and fair,
Withering in dread, or sick in love's despair,
Had wept for ever, and to Heaven cried,
Or struck with lightnings of delight had died.

But He though heir of immortality,
With mortal dust too feeble for the sight,
Draws through a veil God's overwhelming light—
Use arms the soul ; anon there moveth by
A more majestic Angel—and we die.

F. Tennyson

XXIV

Resuscitation of Fancy

The edge of thought was blunted by the stress
 Of the hard world ; my fancy had wax'd dull,
 All nature seem'd less nobly beautiful,—
 Robb'd of her grandeur and her loveliness ;

Methought the Muse within my heart had died,
 Till, late, awaken'd at the break of day,
 Just as the East took fire and doff'd its gray,
 The rich preparatives of light I spied ;

But one sole star—none other anywhere—
 A wild-rose odour from the fields was borne :
 The lark's mysterious joy fill'd earth and air,
 And from the wind's top met the hunter's horn ;
 The aspen trembled wildly, and the morn
 Breathed up in rosy clouds, divinely fair !

C. Tennyson-Turner

XXV

Sunset Wings

To-night this sunset spreads two golden wings
 Cleaving the western sky ;
 Wing'd too with wind it is, and winnowings
 Of birds ; as if the day's last hour in rings
 Of strenuous flight must die.

Sun-steep'd in fire, the homeward pinions sway
 Above the dovecote-tops ;
 And clouds of starlings, ere they rest with day,
 Sink, clamorous like mill-waters, at wild play,
 By turns in every copse :

Each tree heart-deep the wrangling rout receives,—
 Save for the whirr within,
 You could not tell the starlings from the leaves ;
 Then one great puff of wings, and the swarm heaves
 Away with all its din.

Even thus Hope's hours, in ever-eddying flight,
 To many a refuge tend ;
 With the first light she laugh'd, and the last light
 Glows round her still ; who nathless in the night
 At length must make an end.

And now the mustering rooks innumerable
 Together sail and soar,
 While for the day's death, like a tolling knell,
 Unto the heart they seem to cry, Farewell,
 No more, farewell, no more !

Is Hope not plumed, as 'twere a fiery dart ?
 And oh ! thou dying day,
 Even as thou goest must she too depart,
 And Sorrow fold such pinions on the heart
 As will not fly away ?

D. G. Rossetti

XXVI

The Steam Threshing-Machine

WITH THE STRAW-CARRIER

Flush with the pond the lurid furnace burn'd
 At eve, while smoke and vapour fill'd the yard ;
 The gloomy winter sky was dimly starr'd
 The fly-wheel with a mellow murmur turn'd ;

While, ever rising on its mystic stair
 In the dim light, from secret chambers borne,
 The straw of harvest, sever'd from the corn,
 Climb'd, and fell over, in the murky air.

I thought of mind and matter, will and law,
 And then of him, who set his stately seal
 Of Roman words on all the forms he saw
 Of old-world husbandry : *I* could but feel
 With what a rich precision *he* would draw
 The endless ladder, and the booming wheel !

C. Tennyson-Turner

On the Death of a Favourite Canary

Poor Matthias ! Wouldst thou have
More than pity ? claim'st a stave ?
—Friends more near us than a bird
We dismiss'd without a word.
Rover, with the good brown head,
Great Atossa, they are dead ;
Dead, and neither prose nor rhyme
Tells the praises of their prime.
Thou didst know them old and gray,
Know them in their sad decay.
Thou hast seen Atossa sage
Sit for hours beside thy cage ;
Thou wouldst chirp, thou foolish bird,
Flutter, chirp—she never stirr'd ;
What were now these toys to her ?
Down she sank amid her fur ;
Eyed thee with a soul resign'd—
And thou deemedst cats were kind !
—Cruel, but composed and bland,
Dumb, inscrutable and grand,
So Tiberius might have sat,
Had Tiberius been a cat.

Birds, companions more unknown,
Live beside us, but alone ;
Finding not, do all they can,
Passage from their souls to man.
Kindness we bestow, and praise,
Laud their plumage, greet their lays ;
Still, beneath their feather'd breast,
Stirs a history unexpress'd.
Wishes there, and feelings strong,
Incommunicably throng ;
What they want, we cannot guess,
Fail to track their deep distress—
Dull look on when death is nigh,
Note no change, and let them die.

Was it as the Grecian sings,
 Birds were born the first of things,
 Before the sun, before the wind,
 Before the gods, before mankind,
 Airy, ante-mundane throng—
 Witness their unworldly song !
 Proof they give, too, primal powers,
 Of a prescience more than ours—
 Teach us, while they come and go,
 When to sail, and when to sow.
 Cuckoo calling from the hill,
 Swallow skimming by the mill ;
 Swallows trooping in the sedge,
 Starlings swirling from the hedge,
 Mark the seasons, map our year,
 As they show and disappear.
 But, with all this travail sage
 Brought from that anterior age,
 Goes an unreversed decree
 Whereby strange are they and we,
 Making want of theirs, and plan,
 Indiscernible by man.

M. Arnold

XXVIII

Orara

A TRIBUTARY OF THE CLARENCE RIVER

The strong sob of the chafing stream,
 That seaward fights its way
 Down crags of glitter, dells of gleam,
 Is in the hills to-day.

But far and faint a gray-wing'd form
 Hangs where the wild lights wane—
 The phantom of a bye-gone storm,
 A ghost of wind and rain.

The soft white feet of afternoon
 Are on the shining meads ;
 The breeze is as a pleasant tune
 Amongst the happy reeds.

The fierce, disastrous, flying fire,
That made the great caves ring,
And scarr'd the slope, and broke the spire,
Is a forgotten thing.

The air is full of mellow sounds :
The wet hill-heads are bright :
And, down the fall of fragrant grounds ;
The deep ways flame with light.

A rose-red space of stream I see,
Past banks of tender fern ;
A radiant brook, unknown to me,
Beyond its upper turn

The singing silver life I hear,
Whose home is in the green
Far-folded woods of fountains clear,
Where I have never been.

Ah, brook above the upper bend,
I often long to stand,
Where you in soft, cool shades descend
From the untrodden land :—

But I may linger long, and look,
Till night is over all ;
My eyes will never see the brook,
Or strange, sweet waterfall.

The world is round me with its heat,
And toil, and cares that tire ;
I cannot with my feeble feet
Climb after my desire.

H. C. Kendall

XXIX

Song of Palms

Mighty, luminous, and calm
Is the country of the palm,
Crown'd with sunset and sunrise,
Under blue unbroken skies,

Waving from green zone to zone,
Over wonders of its own ;
Trackless, untraversed, unknown,
Changeless through the centuries.

Who can say what thing it bears ?
Blazing bird and blooming flower,
Dwelling there for years and years,
Hold the enchanted secret theirs :
Life and death and dream have made
Mysteries in many a shade,
Hollow haunt and hidden bower
Closed alike to sun and shower.

Who is ruler of each race
Living in each boundless place,
Growing, flowering, and flying,
Glowing, revelling, and dying ?
Wave-like, palm by palm is stirr'd,
And the bird sings to the bird,
And the day sings one rich word,
And the great night comes replying.

Long red reaches of the cane,
Yellow winding water-lane,
Verdant isle and amber river,
Lisp and murmur back again,
And ripe under-worlds deliver
Rapturous souls of perfume, hurl'd
Up to where green oceans quiver
In the wide leaves' restless world.

Many thousand years have been,
And the sun alone hath seen,
Like a high and radiant ocean,
All the fair palm world in motion ;
But the crimson bird hath fed
With its mate of equal red,
And the flower in soft explosion
With the flower hath been wed.

And its long luxuriant thought
 Lofty palm to palm hath taught,
 While a single vast liana
 All one brotherhood hath wrought,
 Crossing forest and savannah,
 Binding fern and coco-tree,
 Fig-tree, buttress-tree, banana,
 Dwarf cane and tall mariti.

A. O'Shaughnessy

XXX

Winter

I, singularly moved
 To love the lovely that are not beloved,
 Of all the Seasons, most
 Love Winter, and to trace
 The sense of the Trophonian pallor on her face.
 It is not death, but plenitude of peace ;
 And the dim cloud that does the world enfold
 Hath less the characters of dark and cold
 Than warmth and light asleep,
 And correspondent breathing seems to keep
 With the infant harvest, breathing soft below
 Its eider coverlet of snow.
 Nor is in field or garden anything
 But, duly look'd into, contains serene
 The substance of things hoped for, in the Spring,
 And evidence of Summer not yet seen.
 On every chance-mild day
 That visits the moist shaw,
 The honeysuckle, 'sdaining to be crost
 In urgency of sweet life by sleet or frost,
 'Voids the time's law
 With still increase
 Of leaflet new, and little, wandering spray ;
 Often, in sheltering brakes,
 As one from rest disturb'd in the first hour,
 Primrose or violet bewilder'd wakes,
 And deems 'tis time to flower ;

Though not a whisper of her voice he hear,
The buried bulb does know
The signals of the year,
And hails far Summer with his lifted spear.

C. Patmore

XXXI

Lynmouth

Around my love and me the brooding hills,
Full of delicious murmurs, rise on high,
Closing upon this spot the summer fills,
And over which there rules the summer sky.

Behind us on the shore down there the sea
Roars roughly, like a fierce pursuing hound ;
But all this hour is calm for her and me ;
And now another hill shuts out the sound.

And now we breathe the odours of the glen,
And round about us are enchanted things ;
The bird that hath blithe speech unknown to men,
The river keen, that hath a voice and sings.

The tree that dwells with one ecstatic thought,
Wider and fairer growing year by year,
The flower that flowereth and knoweth nought,
The bee that scents the flower and draweth near.

Our path is here, the rocky winding ledge
That sheer o'erhangs the rapid shouting stream ;
Now dips down smoothly to the quiet edge,
Where restful waters lie as in a dream.

The green exuberant branches overhead
Sport with the golden magic of the sun,
Here quite shut out, here like rare jewels shed
To fright the glittering lizards as they run.

And wonderful are all those mossy floors
Spread out beneath us in some pathless place,
Where the sun only reaches and outpours
His smile, where never a foot hath left a trace.

And there are perfect nooks that have been made
 By the long growing tree, through some chance turn
 Its trunk took ; since transform'd with scent and shade
 And fill'd with all the glory of the fern.

And tender-tinted wood flowers are seen,
 Clear starry blooms and bells of pensive blue,
 That lead their delicate lives there in the green—
 What were the world if it should lose their hue ?

Even o'er the rough out-jutting stone that blocks
 The narrow way some cunning hand hath strewn
 The moss in rich adornment, and the rocks
 Down there seem written thick with many a rune.

And here, upon that stone, we rest awhile,
 For we can see the lovely river's fall,
 And wild and sweet the place is to beguile
 My love, and keep her till I tell her all.

A. O'Shaughnessy

XXXII

The Song of Empedocles

And you, ye stars,
 Who slowly begin to marshal,
 As of old, in the fields of heaven,
 Your distant, melancholy lines !
 Have you, too, survived yourselves ?
 Are you, too, what I fear to become ?
 You, too, once lived ;
 You too moved joyfully
 Among august companions,
 In an older world, peopled by Gods,
 In a mightier order,
 The radiant, rejoicing, intelligent Sons of Heaven.
 But now, ye kindle
 Your lonely, cold-shining lights,
 Unwilling lingerers
 In the heavenly wilderness,
 For a younger, ignoble world ;

And renew, by necessity,
 Night after night your courses,
 In echoing, unneared silence,
 Above a race you know not—
 Uncaring and undelighted,
 Without friend and without home ;
 Weary like us, though not
 Weary with our weariness.

M. Arnold

XXXIII

The Scholar=Gipsy

Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the hill ;
 Go, shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes !
 No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,
 Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their throats,
 Nor the cropp'd herbage shoot another head.
 But when the fields are still,
 And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,
 And only the white sheep are sometimes seen
 Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanch'd green,
 Come, shepherd, and again begin the quest !

Here, where the reaper was at work of late—
 In this high field's dark corner, where he leaves
 His coat, his basket, and his earthen cruse,
 And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves,
 Then here, at noon, comes back his stores to use—
 Here will I sit and wait,
 While to my ear from uplands far away
 The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,
 With distant cries of reapers in the corn—
 All the live murmur of a summer's day.

Screen'd is this nook o'er the high, half-reap'd field,
 And here till sun-down, shepherd ! will I be.
 Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,
 And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see
 Pale pink convolvulus in tendrils creep ;
 And air-swept lindens yield

Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed showers
Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid,
And bower me from the August sun with shade ;
And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers.

And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's book—
Come, let me read the oft-read tale again !
The story of the Oxford scholar poor,
Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain,
Who, tired of knocking at preferment's door,
One summer-morn forsook
His friends, and went to learn the gipsy-lore,
And roam'd the world with that wild brotherhood,
And came, as most men deem'd, to little good,
But came to Oxford and his friends no more.

But once, years after, in the country-lanes,
Two scholars, whom at college erst he knew,
Met him, and of his way of life enquired ;
Whereat he answer'd, that the gipsy-crew,
His mates, had arts to rule as they desired
The workings of men's brains,
And they can bind them to what thoughts they will.
'And I,' he said, 'the secret of their art,
When fully learn'd, will to the world impart :
But it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill.'

This said, he left them, and return'd no more.—
But rumours hung about the country-side,
That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,
Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,
In hat of antique shape, and cloak of gray,
The same the gipsies wore.
Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring ;
At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors,
On the warm ingle-bench, the smock-frock'd boors
Had found him seated at their entering,

But, 'mid their drink and clatter, he would fly.
And I myself seem half to know thy looks,
And put the shepherds, wanderer ! on thy trace ;

And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the rooks
I ask if thou hast pass'd their quiet place ;
Or in my boat I lie
Moor'd to the cool bank in the summer-heats,
Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,
And watch the warm, green-muffled Cumner hills,
And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats.

For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground !
Thee at the ferry Oxford riders blithe,
Returning home on summer-nights, have met
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe,
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,
As the punt's rope chops round ;
And leaning backward in a pensive dream,
And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers
Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wychwood bowers,
And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream.

And then they land, and thou art seen no more !—
Maidens, who from the distant hamlets come
To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,
Oft through the darkening fields have seen thee roam,
Or cross a stile into the public way.
Oft thou hast given them store
Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd, white anemony,
Dark bluebells drench'd with dews of summer eves,
And purple orchises with spotted leaves—
But none hath words she can report of thee.

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time's here
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,
Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass
Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glittering Thames,
To bathe in the abandon'd lasher pass,
Have often pass'd thee near
Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown ;
Mark'd thine outlandish garb, thy figure spare,
Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air—
But, when they came from bathing, thou wast gone !

At some lone homestead in the Cumner hills,
Where at her open door the housewife darns,
Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate
To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.
Children, who early range these slopes and late
For cresses from the rills,
Have known thee eying, all an April-day,
The springing pastures and the feeding kine ;
And mark'd thee, when the stars come out and shine,
Through the long dewy grass move slow away.

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley Wood—
Where most the gipsies by the turf-edged way
Pitch their smoked tents, and every bush you see
With scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds of gray,
Above the forest-ground called Thessaly—
The blackbird, picking food,
Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at all ;
So often has he known thee past him stray,
Rapt, twirling in thy hand a wither'd spray,
And waiting for the spark from heaven to fall.

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill
Where home through flooded fields foot-travellers go,
Have I not pass'd thee on the wooden bridge,
Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the snow,
Thy face tow'rd Hinksey and its wintry ridge ?
And thou hast climb'd the hill,
And gain'd the white brow of the Cumner range ;
Turn'd once to watch, while thick the snowflakes fall,
The line of festal light in Christ-Church hall—
Then sought thy straw in some sequester'd grange.

But what—I dream ! Two hundred years are flown
Since first thy story ran through Oxford halls,
And the grave Glanvil did the tale inscribe
That thou wert wander'd from the studious walls
To learn strange arts, and join a gipsy-tribe ;
And thou from earth art gone
Long since, and in some quiet churchyard laid—
Some country-nook, where o'er thy unknown grave
Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave,
Under a dark, red-fruited yew-tree's shade.

—No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of hours !
 For what wears out the life of mortal men ?
 'Tis that from change to change their being rolls ;
 'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again,
 Exhaust the energy of strongest souls
 And numb the elastic powers.
 Till having used our nerves with bliss and teen,
 And tired upon a thousand schemes our wit,
 To the just-pausing Genius we remit
 Our worn-out life, and are—what we have been.

Thou hast not lived, why should'st thou perish, so ?
 Thou hadst *one* aim, *one* business, *one* desire ;
 Else wert thou long since number'd with the dead !
 Else hadst thou spent, like other men, thy fire !
 The generations of thy peers are fled,
 And we ourselves shall go ;
 But thou possessest an immortal lot,
 And we imagine thee exempt from age
 And living as thou liv'st on Glanvil's page,
 Because thou hadst—what we, alas ! have not.

For early didst thou leave the world, with powers
 Fresh, undiverted to the world without,
 Firm to their mark, not spent on other things ;
 Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,
 Which much to have tried, in much been baffled, brings.
 O life unlike to ours !
 Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,
 Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he strives,
 And each half lives a hundred different lives :
 Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in hope.

Thou waitest for the spark from heaven ! and we,
 Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
 Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,
 Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
 Whose vague resolves never have been fulfill'd :
 For whom each year we see
 Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new ;
 Who hesitate and falter life away,
 And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—
 Ah ! do not we, wanderer ! await it too ?

Yes, we await it !—but it still delays,
And then we suffer ! and amongst us one,
Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly
His seat upon the intellectual throne ;
And all his store of sad experience he
Lays bare of wretched days ;
Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,
And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
And how the breast was soothed, and how the head,
And all his hourly varied anodynes.

This for our wisest ! and we others pine,
And wish the long unhappy dream would end,
And waive all claim to bliss, and try to bear ;
With close-lipp'd patience for our only friend,
Sad patience, too near neighbour to despair—
But none has hope like thine !
Thou through the fields and through the woods dost stray,
Roaming the country-side, a truant boy,
Nursing thy project in unclouded joy,
And every doubt long blown by time away.

O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames ;
Before this strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was rife —
Fly hence, our contact fear !
Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood !
Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern
From her false friend's approach in Hades turn,
Wave us away, and keep thy solitude !

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade,
With a free, onward impulse brushing through,
By night, the silver'd branches of the glade—
Far on the forest-skirts, where none pursue,
On some mild pastoral slope
Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales
Freshen thy flowers as in former years
With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,
From the dark dingles, to the nightingales !

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly !
For strong the infection of our mental strife,
Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest ;
And we should win thee from thy own fair life,
Like us distracted, and like us unblest.
Soon, soon thy cheer would die,
Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfix'd thy powers,
And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made ;
And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,
Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours.

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles !
—As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,
Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,
The fringes of a southward-facing brow
Among the Aegæan isles ;
And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
Green, bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd in brine—
And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted masters of the waves—
And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more sail;
And day and night held on indignantly
O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,
Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,
To where the Atlantic raves
Outside the western straits ; and unbent sails
There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of
foam,
Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come ;
And on the beach undid his corded bales.

M. Arnold

XXXIV

O let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet ;
Then let come what come may,
What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day.

Let the sweet heavens endure,
 Not close and darken above me
 Before I am quite quite sure
 That there is one to love me ;
 Then let come what come may
 To a life that has been so sad,
 I shall have had my day.

A. Lord Tennyson

XXXV

Soul's Beauty

Under the arch of Life, where love and death,
 'Terror and mystery, guard her shrine, I saw
 Beauty enthroned ; and though her gaze struck awe,
 I drew it in as simply as my breath.
 Hers are the eyes which, over and beneath,
 The sky and sea bend on thee,—which can draw,
 By sea or sky or woman, to one law,
 The allotted bondman of her palm and wreath.
 This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise
 Thy voice and hand shake still,—long known to thee
 By flying hair and fluttering hem,—the beat
 Following her daily of thy heart and feet,
 How passionately and irretrievably,
 In what fond flight, how many ways and days !

D. G. Rossetti

XXXVI

Amaturus

Somewhere beneath the sun,
 These quivering heart-strings prove it,
 Somewhere there must be one
 Made for this soul to move it ;
 Some one that hides her sweetness
 From neighbours whom she slights,
 Nor can attain completeness,
 Nor give her heart its rights ;
 Some one whom I could court
 With no great change of manner,

Still holding reason's fort,
Though waving fancy's banner ;
A lady, not so queenly
As to disdain my hand,
Yet born to smile serenely
Like those that rule the land ;
Noble, but not too proud ;
With soft hair simply folded,
And bright face crescent-brow'd,
And throat by Muses moulded ;
And eyelids lightly falling
On little glistening seas,
Deep-calm, when gales are brawling,
Though stirr'd by every breeze ;
Swift voice, like flight of dove
Through minster-arches floating,
With sudden turns, when love
Gets overnear to doting ;
Keen lips, that shape soft sayings
Like crystals of the snow,
With pretty half-betrayings
Of things one may not know ;
Fair hand, whose touches thrill,
Like golden rod of wonder,
Which Hermes wields at will
Spirit and flesh to sunder ;
Light foot, to press the stirrup
In fearlessness and glee,
Or dance, till finches chirrup,
And stars sink to the sea.

Forth, Love, and find this maid,
Wherever she be hidden :
Speak, Love, be not afraid,
But plead as thou art bidden ;
And say, that he who taught thee
His yearning want and pain,
Too dearly, dearly, bought thee
To part with thee in vain.

W. Johnson-Cory

XXXVII

Zuleika

Zuleika is fled away,
 Though your bolts and your bars were strong ;
A minstrel came to the gate to-day
 And stole her away with a song.
His song was subtle and sweet,
It made her young heart beat,
 It gave a thrill to her faint heart's will,
And wings to her weary feet.

Zuleika was not for ye,
 Though your laws and your threats were hard ;
The minstrel came from beyond the sea,
 And took her in spite of your guard :
His ladder of song was slight,
But it reach'd to her window height ;
 Each verse so frail was the silken rail
From which her soul took flight.

The minstrel was fair and young ;
 His heart was of love and fire ;
His song was such as you ne'er have sung,
 And only love could inspire :
He sang of the singing trees,
And the passionate sighing seas,
 And the lovely land of his minstrel band ;
And with many a song like these

He drew her forth to the distant wood,
 Where bird and flower were gay,
And in silent joy each green tree stood ;
 And with singing along the way,
He drew her to where each bird
Repeated his magic word,
 And there seem'd a spell she could not tell
In every sound she heard.

And singing and singing still,
 He lured her away so far,
Past so many a wood and valley and hill,
 That now, would you know where they are ?

In a bark on a silver stream,
 As fair as you see in a dream ;
 Lo ! the bark glides along to the minstrel's song,
 While the smooth waves ripple and gleam.

And soon they will reach the shore
 Of that land whereof he sings,
 And love and song will be evermore
 The precious, the only things ;
 They will live and have long delight
 They two in each other's sight,
 In the violet vale of the nightingale,
 And the flower that blooms by night.
A. O'Shaughnessy

XXXVIII

At the Church Gate

Although I enter not,
 Yet round about the spot
 Ofttimes I hover ;
 And near the sacred gate,
 With longing eyes I wait,
 Expectant of her.

The Minster bell tolls out
 Above the city's rout
 And noise and humming ;
 They've hush'd the Minster bell ,
 The organ 'gins to swell :
 She's coming ! she's coming !

My Lady comes at last,
 Timid and stepping fast
 And hastening hither,
 With modest eyes down-cast :
 She comes—she's here—she's pass'd.
 May heaven go with her !

Kneel undisturb'd, fair Saint !
 Pour out your praise or plaint
 Meekly and duly !
 I will not enter there
 To sully your pure prayer
 With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
 Round the forbidden place,
 Lingering a minute !
 Like outcast spirits who wait
 And see through heaven's gate
 Angels within it.

W. M. Thackeray

XXXIX

The Birth-Bond

Have you not noted, in some family
 Where two were born of a first marriage-bed,
 How still they own their gracious bond, though fed
 And nursed on the forgotten breast and knee ?—
 How to their father's children they shall be
 In act and thought of one goodwill ; but each
 Shall for the other have, in silence speech,
 And in a word complete community ?

Even so, when first I saw you, seem'd it, love,
 That among souls allied to mine was yet
 One nearer kindred than life hinted of.
 O born with me somewhere that men forget,
 And though in years of sight and sound unmet,
 Known for my soul's birth-partner well enough !

D. G. Rossetti

XL

Listening

She listen'd like a cushat dove
 That listens to its mate alone :
 She listen'd like a cushat dove
 That loves but only one.

Not fair as men would reckon fair,
 Nor noble as they count the line,
 Only as graceful as a bough,
 And tendrils of the vine :
 Only as noble as sweet Eve
 Your ancestress and mine.

And downcast were her dovelike eyes
 And downcast was her tender cheek ;
 Her pulses flutter'd like a dove
 To hear him speak.

C. G. Rossetti

XL I

Somewhere or Other

Somewhere or other there must surely be
 The face not seen, the voice not heard,
 The heart that not yet—never yet—ah me !
 Made answer to my word.

Somewhere or other, may be near or far ;
 Past land and sea, clean out of sight ;
 Beyond the wandering moon, beyond the star
 That tracks her night by night.

Somewhere or other, may be far or near ;
 With just a wall, a hedge, between ;
 With just the last leaves of the dying year
 Fallen on a turf grown green.

C. G. Rossetti

XL II

Ask me no more : the moon may draw the sea ;
 The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
 With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape ;
 But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee ?
 Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : what answer should I give ?
 I love not hollow cheek or faded eye :
 Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die !
 Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live ;
 Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : thy fate and mine are seal'd :
 I strove against the stream and all in vain :
 Let the great river take me to the main :
 No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield ;
 Ask me no more.
A. Lord Tennyson

XLIII

Zummer and Winter

When I led by zummer streams
 The pride o' Lea, as naighbours thought her,
 While the zun, wi' evenèn beams,
 Did cast our sheädes athirt the water ;
 Winds a-blowèn,
 Streams a-flowèn,
 Skies a-glowèn ;
 Tokens ov my jaÿ zoo fleetèn,
 Heighten'd it, that happy meetèn.

Then, when maïd an' man took pleäces,
 Gaÿ in winter's Chris'mas dances,
 Showèn in their merry feäces
 Kindly smiles an' glisnèn glances ;
 Stars a-winkèn,
 Day a-shrinkèn,
 Sheädes a-zinkèn ;
 Brought anew the happy meetèn,
 That did meäke the night too fleetèn.
W. Barnes

XLIV

Lullaby

The rook's nest do rock on the tree-top
 Where vew foes can stand ;
 The martin's is high, an' is deep
 In the steep cliff o' zand.
 But thou, love, a-sleepèn where vootsteps
 Mid come to thy bed,
 Hast father an' mother to watch thee
 An' shelter thy head.

Lullaby, Lilybrow. Lie asleep ;
 Blest be thy rest.

An' zome birds do keep under ruffèn
 Their young vrom the storm,
 An' zome wi' nest-hoodèns o' moss
 An' o' wool, do lie warm.
 An' we wull look well to the house ruf
 That o'er thee mid leäk,
 An' the blast that mid beät on thy winder
 Shall not smite thy cheäk.

Lullaby, Lilybrow. Lie asleep ;
 Blest be thy rest.

W. Barnes

XLV

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
 Except for love's sake only. Do not say
 'I love her for her smile . . . her look . . . her way
 Of speaking gently, . . . for a trick of thought
 That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a day'—
 For these things in themselves, Belovéd, may
 Be changed, or change for thee,—and love so wrought,
 May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
 Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,
 Since one might well forget to weep who bore
 Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.
 But love me for love's sake, that evermore
 Thou may'st love on through love's eternity.

E. B. Browning

XLVI

If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
 And *be* all to me? Shall I never miss
 Home-talk and blessing, and the common kiss
 That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,
 When I look up, to drop on a new range
 Of walls and floors . . . another home than this?
 Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is
 Fill'd by dead eyes, too tender to know change?
 That's hardest! If to conquer love has tried,
 To conquer grief tries more . . . as all things prove:
 For grief indeed is love, and grief beside.
 Alas, I have grieved so I am hard to love—
 Yet love me—wilt thou? Open thine heart wide,
 And fold within the wet wings of thy dove.

E. B. Browning

XLVII

Willowhood

I sat with Love upon a woodside well,
 Leaning across the water, I and he;
 Nor ever did he speak nor look'd at me,
 But touch'd his lute wherein was audible
 The certain secret thing he had to tell:
 Only our mirror'd eyes met silently
 In the low wave; and that sound came to be
 The passionate voice I knew; and my tears fell.

And at their fall, his eyes beneath grew hers;
 And with his foot and with his wing-feathers
 He swept the spring that water'd my heart's drouth.
 Then the dark ripples spread to waving hair,
 And as I stoop'd, her own lips rising there
 Bubbled with brimming kisses at my mouth.

D. G. Rossetti

XLVIII

Jeäne

We now mid hope vor better cheer,
 My smilèn wife o' twice vive year.
 Let others frown, if thou bist near
 Wi' hope upon thy brow, Jeäne ;
 Vor I vu'st lov'd thee when thy light
 Young sheäpe vu'st grew to woman's height :
 An' I do love thee now, Jeäne.

An' we've a-trod the sheenèn bleäde
 Ov eegrass in the zummer sheäde,
 An' when the leäves begun to feäde
 Wi' zummer in the weäne, Jeäne ;
 An' we've a-wander'd drough the groun'
 O' swayèn wheat a-turnèn brown,
 An' we've a-stroll'd together roun'
 The brook an' drough the leäne, Jeäne.

An' nwone but I can ever tell
 Ov all thy tears that have a-vell
 When trials meäde thy bosom zwell,
 An' nwone but thou o' mine, Jeäne ;
 An' now my heart, that heaved wi' pride
 Back then to have thee at my zide,
 Do love thee mwore as years do slide,
 An' leäve them times behine, Jeäne.
W. Barnes

XLIX

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
 Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
 Alone upon the threshold of my door
 Of individual life, I shall command
 The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
 Serenely in the sunshine as before,
 Without the sense of that which I forbore, . . .

Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
 Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
 With pulses that beat double. What I do
 And what I dream include thee, as the wine
 Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
 God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
 And sees within my eyes, the tears of two.

E. B. Browning

I.

I thought once how Theocritus had sung
 Of the sweet years, the dear and wish'd-for years,
 Who each one in a gracious hand appears
 To bear a gift for mortals, old or young :
 And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
 I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
 The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years, . .
 Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
 A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
 So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
 Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair :
 And a voice said in mastery while I strove, . .
 'Guess now who holds thee?' 'Death!' I said. But,
 there,
 The silver answer rang—'Not Death, but Love.'

E. B. Brownin

II

Keeping a Heart

If one should give me a heart to keep,
 With love for the golden key,
 The giver might live at ease or sleep ;
 It should ne'er know pain, be weary, or weep,
 The heart watch'd over by me.

I would keep that heart as a temple fair,
 No heathen should look therein ;
 Its chaste marmoreal beauty rare
 I only should know, and to enter there
 I must hold myself from sin.

I would keep that heart as a casket hid
Where precious jewels are ranged,
A memory each ; as you raise the lid,
You think you love again as you did
Of old, and nothing seems changed.

How I should tremble day after day,
As I touch'd with the golden key,
Lest aught in that heart were changed, or say
That another had stolen one thought away
And it did not open to me.

But ah, I should know that heart so well,
As a heart so loving and true,
As a heart that I held with a golden spell,
That so long as I changed not I could foretell
That heart would be changeless too.

I would keep that heart as the thought of heaven,
To dwell in a life apart,
My good should be done, my gift be given,
In hope of the recompense there ; yea, even
My life should be led in that heart.

And so on the eve of some blissful day,
From within we should close the door
On glimmering splendours of love, and stay
In that heart shut up from the world away,
Never to open it more.

A. O'Shaughnessy

LII

Home at Last

Now more the bliss of love is felt,
Though felt to be the same ;
'Tis still our lives in one to melt,
Within love's sacred flame :

Each other's joy each to impart,
Each other's grief to share ;
To look into each other's heart,
And find all solace there :

To lay the head upon one breast,
 To press one answering hand,
 To feel through all the soul's unrest,
 One soul to understand;

To go into the teeming world,
 The striving and the heat,
 With knowledge of one tent unfurl'd
 To welcome weary feet :

A shadow in a weary land,
 Where men as wanderers roam :
 A shadow where a rock doth stand—
 The shadow of a Home.

G. J. Romanes

LIII

Sudden Light

I have been here before,
 But when or how I cannot tell :
 I know the grass beyond the door,
 The sweet keen smell,
 The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before,—
 How long ago I may not know :
 But just when at that swallow's soar
 Your neck turn'd so,
 Some veil did fall,—I knew it all of yore.

Has this been thus before ?
 And shall not thus time's eddying flight
 Still with our lives our love restore
 In death's despite,
 And day and night yield one delight once more ?

D. G. Rossetti

LIV

Never the Time and the Place

Never the time and the place
 And the loved one all together !
 This path—how soft to pace !
 This May—what magic weather !
 Where is the loved one's face ?
 In a dream that loved one's face meets mine,
 But the house is narrow, the place is bleak
 Where, outside, rain and wind combine
 With a furtive ear, if I strive to speak,
 With a hostile eye at my flushing cheek,
 With a malice that marks each word, each sign !
 O enemy sly and serpentine,
 Uncoil thee from the waking man !
 Do I hold the Past
 Thus firm and fast
 Yet doubt if the Future hold I can ?
 This path so soft to pace shall lead
 Thro' the magic of May to herself indeed !
 Or narrow if needs the house must be,
 Outside are the storms and strangers : we—
 Oh, close, safe, warm sleep I and she,
 —I and she !

R. Browning

LV

The Brook-Side

I wander'd by the brook-side,
 I wander'd by the mill,—
 I could not hear the brook flow,
 The noisy wheel was still ;
 There was no burr of grasshopper,
 Nor chirp of any bird,
 But ' the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
 I watch'd the long, long shade,
 And as it grew still longer,
 I did not feel afraid ;
 For I listen'd for a footfall,
 I listen'd for a word,—
 But ' the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not,—
 The night came on alone,—
 The little stars sat, one by one,
 Each on his golden throne ;
 The evening air pass'd by my cheek,
 The leaves above were stirr'd,—
 But ' the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
 When something stood behind,—
 A hand was on my shoulder,
 I knew its touch was kind :
 It drew me nearer—nearer,—
 We did not speak one word,
 For ' the beating of our own hearts
 Was all the sound we heard.

R. M. (Milnes) Lord Houghton

LVI

A Pause

They made the chamber sweet with flowers and leaves
 And the bed sweet with flowers on which I lay ;
 While my soul, love-bound, loiter'd on its way.
 I did not hear the birds about the eaves,
 Nor hear the reapers talk among the sheaves :
 Only my soul kept watch from day to day,
 My thirsty soul kept watch for one away :—
 Perhaps he loves, I thought, remembers, grieves.

At length there came the step upon the stair,
Upon the lock the old familiar hand :
Then first my spirit seem'd to scent the air
Of Paradise ; then first the tardy sand
Of time ran golden ; and I felt my hair
Put on a glory, and my soul expand.

C. G. Rossetti

LVII

The mighty ocean rolls and raves,
To part us with its angry waves ;
But arch on arch from shore to shore,
In a vast fabric reaching o'er,

With careful labours daily wrought
By steady hope and tender thought,
The wide and weltering waste above—
Our hearts have bridged it with their love.

There fond anticipations fly
To rear the growing structure high ;
Dear memories upon either side
Combine to make it large and wide.

There, happy fancies day by day,
New courses sedulously lay ;
There soft solitudes, sweet fears,
And doubts accumulate, and tears.

While the pure purpose of the soul,
To form of many parts a whole,
To make them strong and hold them true,
From end to end, is carried through.

Then when the waters war between,
Upon the masonry unseen,
Secure and swift, from shore to shore,
With silent footfall travelling o'er,

Our sunder'd spirits come and go,
Hither and thither, to and fro,
Pass and repass, now linger near,
Now part, anew to reappear.

With motions of a glad surprise,
 We meet each other's wondering eyes,
 At work, at play, when people talk,
 And when we sleep, and when we walk.

Each dawning day my eyelids see
 You come, methinks, across to me,
 And I, at every hour anew
 Could dream I travell'd o'er to you.

A. H. Clough

LVIII

Silent Moon

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,—
 The finger-points look through like rosy blooms :
 Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
 'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.
 All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
 Are golden kingcup-fields with silver edge
 Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn-hedge.
 'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.

Deep in the sun-search'd growths the dragon-fly
 Hangs like a blue thread loosen'd from the sky :—
 So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above.
 Oh ! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
 This close-companion'd inarticulate hour
 When twofold silence was the song of love.

D. G. Rossetti

LIX

Nunc amet qui nunquam amavit . . .

'Twas when the spousal time of May
 Hangs all the hedge with bridal wreaths,
 And air's so sweet, the bosom gay
 Gives thanks for every breath it breathes,
 When like to like is gladly moved,
 And each thing joins in Spring's refrain,
 'Let those love now, who never loved ;
 Let those who have loved love again ;'

That I, in whom the sweet time wrought,
Lay stretch'd within a lonely glade,
Abandon'd to delicious thought
Beneath the softly twinkling shade.
The leaves, all stirring, mimick'd well
A neighbouring rush of rivers cold,
And, as the sun or shadow fell,
So these were green and those were gold ;
In dim recesses hyacinths droop'd
And breadths of primrose lit the air,
Which, wandering through the woodland, stoop'd
And gather'd perfumes here and there ;
Upon the spray the squirrel swung,
And careless songsters, six or seven,
Sang lofty songs the leaves among,
Fit for their only listener, Heaven.

C. Patmore

LX

Birds in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.
Where was Maud ? in our wood ;
And I, who else, was with her,
Gathering woodland lilies,
Myriads blow together.
Birds in our wood sang
Ringing thro' the valleys,
Maud is here, here, here
In among the lilies.
I kiss'd her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately ;
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.
I to cry out on pride
Who have won her favour !
O Maud were sure of Heaven
If lowliness could save her.

I know the way she went
 Home with her maiden posy,
 For her feet have touch'd the meadows
 And left the daisies rosy.

Birds in the high Hall-garden
 Were crying and calling to her,
 Where is Maud, Maud, Maud?
 One is come to woo her.

Look, a horse at the door,
 And little King Charley snarling :
 —Go back, my lord, across the moor,
 You are not her darling.
A. Lord Tennyson

LXI

A Love Symphony

Along the garden ways just now
 I heard the flowers speak ;
 The white rose told me of your brow,
 The red rose of your cheek ;
 The lily of your bended head,
 The bindweed of your hair :
 Each look'd its loveliest and said
 You were more fair.

I went into the wood anon,
 And heard the wild birds sing,
 How sweet you were ; they warbled on,
 Piped, trill'd the self-same thing.
 Thrush, blackbird, linnet, without pause,
 The burden did repeat,
 And still began again because
 You were more sweet.

And then I went down to the sea,
 And heard it murmuring too,
 Part of an ancient mystery,
 All made of me and you .

How many a thousand years ago
 I loved, and you were sweet—
 Longer I could not stay, and so
 I fled back to your feet.

A. O'Shaughnessy

LXII

Far—Far—Away

(FOR MUSIC)

What sight so lured him thro' the fields he knew
 As where earth's green stole into heaven's own hue,
 Far—far—away?

What sound was dearest in his native dells?
 The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells
 Far—far—away.

What vague world-whisper, mystic pain or joy,
 Thro' those three words would haunt him when a boy,
 Far—far—away?

A whisper from his dawn of life? a breath
 From some fair dawn beyond the doors of death
 Far—far—away?

Far, far, how far? from o'er the gates of Birth,
 The faint horizons, all the bounds of earth,
 Far—far—away?

What charm in words, a charm no words could give?
 O dying words, can Music make you live
 Far—far—away?

A. Lord Tennyson

LXIII

The Old, Old Song'

When all the world is young, lad,
 And all the trees are green;
 And every goose a swan, lad,
 And every lass a queen;

Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
 And round the world away ;
 Young blood must have its course, lad,
 And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
 And all the trees are brown ;
 And all the sport is stale, lad,
 And all the wheels run down :
 Creep home, and take your place there,
 The spent and maim'd among :
 God grant you find one face there
 You loved when all was young.

C. Kingsley

LXIV

On a Photograph

Since through the open window of the eye
 The unconscious secret of the soul we trace,
 And character is written on the face,
 In this sun-picture what do we descry ?
 An artless innocence, and purpose high
 To tread the pleasant paths of truth and grace,
 To tend each flower of Duty in its place,
 Smile with the gay and comfort those who sigh.
 Dear maiden, let a poet breathe the prayer
 That God may keep thee still, in all thy ways,
 Spotless in heart as thou in face art fair ;
 And may the gentle current of thy days
 Make music even from the stones of care,
 And murmur with an undersong of praise.

R. Wilton

LXV

Old Jane

I love old women best, I think :
 She knows a friend in me,—
 Old Jane, who totters on the brink
 Of God's Eternity ;

Whose limbs are stiff, whose cheek is lean,
 Whose eyes look up, afraid ;
 Though you may gather she has been
 A little laughing maid.

Once had she with her doll what times,
 And with her skipping-rope !
 Her head was full of lovers' rhymes,
 Once, and her heart of hope ;
 Who, now, with eyes as sad as sweet,—
 I love to look on her,—
 At corner of the gusty street,
 Asks, ' Buy a pencil, Sir ? '

Her smile is as the litten West,
 Nigh-while the sun is gone ;
 She is more fain to be at rest
 Than here to linger on :
 Beneath her lids the pictures flit
 Of memories far-away :
 Her look has not a hint in it
 Of what she sees to-day.

T. Ashe

LXVI

Wages

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
 Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless
 sea—
 Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
 Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she :
 Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death : if the wages of Virtue be dust,
 Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm
 and the fly ?

She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
 To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky :
 Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

A. Lord Tennyson

LXVII

The Men of Old

I know not that the men of old
 Were better than men now,
 Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
 Of more ingenuous brow :
 I heed not those who pine for force
 A ghost of Time to raise,
 As if they thus could check the course,
 Of these appointed days.

To them was life a simple art
 Of duties to be done,
 A game where each man took his part,
 A race where all must run ;
 A battle whose great scheme and scope
 They little cared to know,
 Content, as men at arms, to cope
 Each with his fronting foe.

Man *now* his Virtue's diadem
 Puts on and proudly wears,
 Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,
 Like instincts, unawares :
 Blending their souls' sublimest needs
 With tasks of every day,
 They went about their gravest deeds,
 As noble boys at play.

R. M. (Milnes) Lord Houghton

LXVIII

Magna est Veritas

Here, in this little Bay,
 Full of tumultuous life and great repose,
 Where, twice a day,
 The purposeless, glad ocean comes and goes,
 Under high cliffs, and far from the huge town,
 I sit me down

For want of me the world's course will not fail ;
 When all its work is done, the lie shall rot ;
 The truth is great, and shall prevail,
 When none cares whether it prevail or not.

C. Patmore

LXIX

The Sun's Shame

Beholding youth and hope in mockery caught
 From life ; and mocking pulses that remain
 When the soul's death of bodily death is fain ;
 Honour unknown, and honour known unsought ;
 And penury's sedulous self-torturing thought
 On gold, whose master therewith buys his bane ;
 And long'd-for woman longing all in vain
 For lonely man with love's desire distraught ;
 And wealth, and strength, and power, and pleasantness,
 Given unto bodies of whose souls men say,
 None poor and weak, slavish and foul, as they :—
 Beholding these things, I behold no less
 The blushing morn and blushing eve confess
 The shame that loads the intolerable day.

D. G. Rossetti

LXX

Sic Itur

As, at a railway junction, men
 Who came together, taking then
 One the train up, one down, again

Meet never ! Ah, much more as they
 Who take one street's two sides, and say
 Hard parting words, but walk one way :

Though moving other mates between,
 While carts and coaches intervene,
 Each to the other goes unseen ;

Yet seldom, surely, shall there lack
 Knowledge they walk not back to back,
 But with an unity of track,

Where common dangers each attend,
 And common hopes their guidance lend
 To light them to the self-same end.

Whether he then shall cross to thee,
 Or thou go thither, or it be
 Some midway point, ye yet shall see

Each other, yet again shall meet.
 Ah, joy ! when with the closing street,
 Forgivingly at last ye greet !

A. H. Clough

LXXI

Heart of Kin

The shadows gather round me, while you are in the sun :
 My day is almost ended, but yours is just begun :
 The winds are singing to us both and the streams are
 singing still,
 And they fill your heart with music, but mine they cannot
 fill.

Your home is built in sunlight, mine in another day :
 Your home is close at hand, sweet friend, but mine is far
 away :

Your bark is in the haven where you fain would be :
 I must launch out into the deep, across the unknown sea.

You, white as dove or lily or spirit of the light :
 I, stain'd and cold and glad to hide in the cold dark night :
 You, joy to many a loving heart and light to many eyes :
 I, lonely in the knowledge earth is full of vanities.

Yet when your day is over, as mine is nearly done,
 And when your race is finish'd, as mine is almost run,
 You, like me, shall cross your hands and bow your graceful
 head :

Yea, we twain shall sleep together in an equal bed.

C. G. Rossetti

LXXII

The Spectre of the Past

On the great day of my life—

On the memorable day—

Just as the long inward strife

Of the echoes died away,

Just as on my couch I lay

Thinking thought away ;

Came a Man into my room,

Bringing with him gloom.

Midnight stood upon the clock,

And the street sound ceased to rise ;

Suddenly, and with no knock,

Came that Man before my eyes :

Yet he seem'd not anywise

My heart to surprise,

And he sat down to abide

At my fireside.

But he stirr'd within my heart

Memories of the ancient days ;

And strange vision seem'd to start

Vividly before my gaze,

Yea, from the most distant haze

Of forgotten ways :

And he look'd on me the while

With a most strange smile.

But my heart seem'd well to know

That his face the semblance had

Of my own face long ago

Ere the years had made it sad,

When my youthful looks were clad

In a smile half glad ;

To my heart he seem'd in truth

All my vanish'd youth.

Then he named me by a name

Long since unfamiliar grown,

But remember'd for the same

That my childhood's ears had known ;

And his voice was like my own
In a sadder tone
Coming from the happy years
Choked, alas, with tears.

And, as though he nothing knew
Of that day's fair triumphing,
Or the Present were not true,
Or not worth remembering,
All the Past he seem'd to bring
As a piteous thing
Back upon my heart again,
Yea with a great pain :

'Do you still remember the winding street
In the gray old village?' he seem'd to say :
'And the long school days that the sun made sweet
And the thought of the flowers from far away?
And the faces of friends whom you used to meet
In that village day by day,
—Ay, the face of this one or of that?' he said,
And the names he named were names of the dead
Who all in the churchyard lay.

'And do you remember the far green hills ;
Or the long straight path by the side of the stream ;
Or the road that led to the farm and the mills,
And the fields where you oft used to wander or dream
Or follow each change of your childish wills
Like the dance of some gay sunbeam?'—
Then, alas, from right weeping I could not refrain,
For indeed all those things I remember'd again,—
As of yesterday they did seem.

And I thought of a day in a far lost Spring,
When the sun with a kiss set the wild flowers free ;
When my heart felt the kiss and the shadowy wing
Of some beautiful spirit of things to be,
Who breathed in the song that the wild birds sing
Some deep tender meaning for me,—
Who undid a strange spell in the world as it were.
Who set wide sweet whispers abroad in the air,—
Made a presence I could not see.

'O for what have you wander'd so far—so long ?'
Said the voice that was e'en as my voice of old :
'O for what have you done to the Past such wrong ?
Was there no fair dream on your own threshold ?
In your childhood's home was there no fresh song ?
—Was your heart then all so cold ?
Why, at length, are you weary, and lone and sad,
But for casting away all the good that you had
With the peace that was yours of old ?

'Have you wholly forgotten the words you said,
When you stood by a certain mound of earth,
When you vow'd with your heart that that place you made
The last burial-place for your love and your mirth,
For the pure past blisses you therein laid
Were surely your whole life's worth ?—
O, the angels who deck the lone graves with their tears
Have cared for this, morning and evening, for years,
But of yours there has been long dearth :

'In the pure pale sheen of a hallow'd night,
When the graves are looking their holiest,
You may see it more glistening and more bright
And holier-looking than all the rest ;
You may see that the dews and the stars' strange light
Are loving that grave the best ;
But, perhaps, if you went in the clear noon-day,
After so many years you might scarce find the way
Ere you tired indeed of the quest :

'For the path that leads to it is almost lost ;
And quite tall grass-flowers of sickly blue
Have grown up there and gather'd for years, and tost
Bitter germs all around them to grow up too ;
For indeed all these years not a man has crost
That pathway—not even You ! '—
But alas ! for these words to my heart he sent,
For I knew it was Marguérite's grave that he meant,
And I felt that the words were true.

A. O'Shaughnessy

LXXIII

Locksley Hall

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early
morn :

Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the
bugle-horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley
Hall ;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy
tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to
rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow
shade
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth
sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time ;
When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed ;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it
closed :

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see ;
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would
be.——

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast :
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another
crest ;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove ;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts
of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for
one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance
hung.

And I said, 'My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to
me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee.'

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and a
light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of
sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes—

Saying, 'I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me
wrong ;'

Saying, 'Dost thou love me, cousin?' weeping, 'I have
loved thee long.'

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing
hands ;

Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords
with might ;

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music
out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses
ring,

And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fulness of the
Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately
ships,

And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted ! O my Amy, mine no
more !

O the dreary, dreary moorland ! O the barren, barren
shore !

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have
 sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish
 tongue !

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me—to de-
 cline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than
 mine !

Yet it shall be : thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise with
 clay.

As the husband is, the wife is : thou art mated with a
 clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag
 thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its
 novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his
 horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy : think not they are glazed
 with wine.
Go to him : it is thy duty : kiss him : take his hand in
 thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought :
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter
 thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand—
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my
 hand !

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's
 disgrace,
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of
 youth !
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth !

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's
rule !

Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the
fool !

Well—'tis well that I should bluster !—Hadst thou less un-
worthy proved—

Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever wife
was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but
bitter fruit ?

I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the
root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years
should come

As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging rookery
home.

Where is comfort ? in division of the records of the mind ?

Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her,
kind ?

I remember one that perish'd : sweetly did she speak and
move :

Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she
bore ?

No—she never loved me truly : love is love for evermore.

Comfort ? comfort scorn'd of devils ! this is truth the poet
sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier
things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put
to proof,

In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the
roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the
wall,

Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise
and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken
sleep,
To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou
wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the 'Never, never, whisper'd by the
phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine
ears !

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy
pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow : get thee to thy rest
again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace ; for a tender voice will
cry.
'Tis a purer life than mine ; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down : my latest rival brings thee
rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's
breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his
due.
Half is thine, and half is his : it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's
heart.

'They were dangerous guides the feelings—she herself was
not exempt—
Truly, she herself had suffer'd'—Perish in thy self-contempt !

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy ! wherefore should I care ?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like
these ?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden
keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow.

I have but an angry fancy : what is that which I should do ?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,

When the ranks are roll'd in vapour, and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels,

And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness ? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age !

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life ;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,

Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,

Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn ;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men :

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new :

That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do :

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be ;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly
bales ;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a
ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue ;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing
warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-
storm ;

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags
were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm
in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumph'd ere my passion sweeping thro' me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the
jaundiced eye ;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of
joint :
Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from point to
point :

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying
fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of
the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful
joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's ?
Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the
shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden
breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his
rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-
horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their
scorn :

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd
string ?

I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight a
thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness ! woman's pleasure,
woman's pain—

Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower
brain :

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with
mine,

Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine—

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some
retreat

Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat ;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starr'd ;—
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy
skies,

Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of
Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer
from the crag ;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited
tree—

Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march
of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake
mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope and
breathing space ;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky
race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall
run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the
sun ;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the
brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy ! but I *know* my words are
wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian
child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious
gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower
pains !

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime ?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon
in Ajalon !

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us
range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves
of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger
day :
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life
begun :

Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh
the Sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley
Hall !

Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree
fall.

Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening over heath
and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or
snow ;

For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

A. Lord Tennyson

LXXIV

Strangers Yet

Strangers yet !

After years of life together,
After fair and stormy weather,
After travel in far lands,
After touch of wedded hands,—
Why thus join'd? Why ever met,
If they must be strangers yet ?

Strangers yet !

After childhood's winning ways,
After care and blame and praise,
Counsel ask'd and wisdom given,
After mutual prayers to Heaven,
Child and parent scarce regret
When they part—are strangers yet.

Strangers yet !
 After strife for common ends—
 After title of 'old friends,'
 After passions fierce and tender,
 After cheerful self-surrender,
 Hearts may beat and eyes be met
 And the souls be strangers yet.

Strangers yet !
 Oh ! the bitter thought to scan
 All the loneliness of man :—
 Nature, by magnetic laws,
 Circle unto circle draws,
 But they only touch when met,
 Never mingle—strangers yet.

R. M. (Milnes) Lord Houghton

LXXV

Qua Cursum Ventus

As ships, becalm'd at eve, that lay
 With canvas drooping, side by side,
 Two towers of sail at dawn of day
 Are scarce long leagues apart descried ;
 When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
 And all the darkling hours they plied,
 Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
 By each was cleaving, side by side :
 E'en so—but why the tale reveal
 Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
 Brief absence join'd anew to feel,
 Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?
 At dead of night their sails were fill'd,
 And onward each rejoicing steer'd—
 Ah, neither blame, for neither will'd,
 Or wist, what first with dawn appear'd !
 To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
 Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
 Through winds and tides one compass guides—
 To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last :

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !
At last, at last, unite them there !

A. H. Clough

LXXVI

A Summer Night

In the deserted, moon-blanch'd street,
How lonely rings the echo of my feet !
Those windows, which I gaze at, frown,
Silent and white, unopening down,
Repellent as the world ;—but see,
A break between the housetops shows
The moon ! and, lost behind her, fading dim
Into the dewy dark obscurity
Down at the far horizon's rim,
Doth a whole tract of heaven disclose !

And to my mind the thought
Is on a sudden brought
Of a past night, and a far different scene.
Headlands stood out into the moonlit deep
As clearly as at noon ;
The spring-tide's brimming flow
Heaved dazzlingly between ;
Houses, with long white sweep,
Girdled the glistening bay ;
Behind, through the soft air,
The blue haze-cradled mountains spread away,
The night was far more fair—
But the same restless paces to and fro,
And the same vainly throbbing heart was there,
And the same bright, calm moon.

And the calm moonlight seems to say :
*Hast thou then still the old unquiet breast,
Which neither deadens into rest,
Nor ever feels the fiery glow
That whirls the spirit from itself away,
But fluctuates to and fro,
Never by passion quite possess'd
And never quite benumb'd by the world's sway?—*
And I, I know not if to pray
Still to be what I am, or yield and be
Like all the other men I see.

For most men in a brazen prison live,
Where, in the sun's hot eye,
With heads bent o'er their toil, they languidly
Their lives to some unmeaning taskwork give,
Dreaming of nought beyond their prison-wall.
And as, year after year,
Fresh products of their barren labour fall
From their tired hands, and rest
Never yet comes more near,
Gloom settles slowly down over their breast ;
And while they try to stem
The waves of mournful thought by which they are prest,
Death in their prison reaches them,
Unfreed, having seen nothing, still unblest.

And the rest, a few,
Escape their prison and depart
On the wide ocean of life anew.
There the freed prisoner, where'er his heart
Listeth, will sail ;
Nor doth he know how there prevail,
Despotic on that sea,
Trade-winds which cross it from eternity.
Awhile he holds some false way, undebarr'd
By thwarting signs, and braves
The freshening wind and blackening waves.
And then the tempest strikes him : and between
The lightning-bursts is seen
Only a driving wreck,
And the pale master on his spar-strewn deck

With anguish'd face and flying hair
Grasping the rudder hard,
Still bent to make some port he knows not where,
Still standing for some false, impossible shore.
And sterner comes the roar
Of sea and wind, and through the deepening gloom
Fainter and fainter wreck and helmsman loom,
And he too disappears, and comes no more.

Is there no life, but these alone?
Madman or slave, must man be one?

Plainness and clearness without shadow of stain!
Clearness divine!

Ye heavens, whose pure dark regions have no sign
Of languor, though so calm, and, though so great,
Are yet untroubled and unpassionate;
Who, though so noble, share in the world's toil,
And, though so task'd, keep free from dust and soil!
I will not say that your mild deeps retain
A tinge, it may be, of their silent pain
Who have long'd deeply once, and long'd in vain—
But I will rather say that you remain
A world above man's head, to let him see
How boundless might his soul's horizon be,
How vast, yet of what clear transparency!
How it were good to abide there, and breathe free;
How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still!

M. Arnold

LXXVII

The Silent Voices

When the dumb Hour, clothed in black,
Brings the Dreams about my bed,
Call me not so often back,
Silent Voices of the dead,
Toward the lowland ways behind me,

And the sunlight that is gone !
 Call me rather, silent voices,
 Forward to the starry track
 Glimmering up the heights beyond me
 On, and always on !

A. Lord Tennyson

LXXVIII

The Future

A wanderer is man from his birth.
 He was born in a ship
 On the breast of the river of Time ;
 Brimming with wonder and joy
 He spreads out his arms to the light,
 Rivets his gaze on the banks of the stream.

As what he sees is, so have his thoughts been.
 Whether he wakes,
 Where the snowy mountainous pass,
 Echoing the screams of the eagles,
 Hems in its gorges the bed
 Of the new-born clear-flowing stream ;
 Whether he first sees light
 Where the river in gleaming rings
 Sluggishly winds through the plain ;
 Whether in sound of the swallowing sea —
 As is the world on the banks,
 So is the mind of the man.

Vainly does each, as he glides,
 Fable and dream
 Of the lands which the river of Time
 Had left ere he woke on its breast,
 Or shall reach when his eyes have been closed.
 Only the tract where he sails
 He wots of ; only the thoughts,
 Raised by the objects he passes, are his.

Who can see the green earth any more
 As she was by the sources of Time ?

Who imagines her fields as they lay
In the sunshine, unworn by the plough?
Who thinks as they thought,
The tribes who then roam'd on her breast,
Her vigorous, primitive sons?

What girl
Now reads in her bosom as clear
As Rebekah read, when she sate
At eve by the palm-shaded well?
Who guards in her breast
As deep, as pellucid a spring
Of feeling, as tranquil, as sure?

What bard,
At the height of his vision, can deem
Of God, of the world, of the soul,
With a plainness as near,
As flashing as Moses felt
When he lay in the night by his flock
On the starlit Arabian waste?
Can rise and obey
The beck of the Spirit like him?

This tract which the river of Time
Now flows through with us is the plain.
Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
Border'd by cities and hoarse
With a thousand cries is its stream.
And we on its breast, our minds
Are confused as the cries which we hear,
Changing and shot as the sights which we see.

And we say that repose has fled
For ever the course of the river of Time.
That cities will crowd to its edge
In a blacker, incessanter line;
That the din will be more on its banks,
Denser the trade on its stream,
Flatter the plain where it flows,
Fiercer the sun overhead.
That never will those on its breast
See an ennobling sight,
Drink of the feeling of quiet again.

But what was before us we know not,
And we know not what shall succeed.

Haply, the river of Time—
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider, statelier stream—
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.

And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the gray expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast—
As the pale waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

M. Arnold

LXXIX

Sleep at Sea

Sound the deep waters :—
Who shall sound that deep ?—
Too short the plummet,
And the watchmen sleep.
Some dream of effort
Up a toilsome steep ;
Some dream of pasture grounds
For harmless sheep.

White shapes flit to and fro
From mast to mast ;
They feel the distant tempest
That nears them fast :

Great rocks are straight ahead,
Great shoals not past ;
They shout to one another
Upon the blast.

Oh, soft the streams drop music
Between the hills,
And musical the birds' nests
Beside those rills ;
The nests are types of home
Love hidden from ills,
The nests are types of spirits
Love-music fills.

So dream the sleepers,
Each man in his place ;
The lightning shows the smile
Upon each face ;
The ship is driving,—driving,—
It drives apace ;
And sleepers smile, and spirits
Bewail their case.

The lightning glares and reddens
Across the skies ;
It seems but sunset
To those sleeping eyes.
When did the sun go down
On such a wise ?
From such a sunset
When shall day arise ?

'Wake,' call the spirits :
But to heedless ears :
They have forgotten sorrows
And hopes and fears ;
They have forgotten perils
And smiles and tears ;
Their dream has held them long,
Long years and years.

'Wake,' call the spirits again :
But it would take
A louder summons
To bid them awake.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY

Some dream of pleasure
For another's sake ;
Some dream forgetful
Of a lifelong ache.

One by one slowly,
Ah, how sad and slow !
Wailing and praying
The spirits rise and go :
Clear stainless spirits
White, as white as snow ;
Pale spirits, wailing
For an overthrow.

One by one flitting,
Like a mournful bird
Whose song is tired at last
For no mate heard.
The loving voice is silent,
The useless word ;
One by one flitting
Sick with hope deferr'd.

Driving and driving
The ship drives amain :
While swift from mast to mast
Shapes flit again,
Flit silent as the silence
Where men lie slain ;
Their shadow cast upon the sails
Is like a stain.

No voice to call the sleepers,
No hand to raise :
They sleep to death in dreaming
Of length of days.
Vanity of vanities,
The Preacher says :
Vanity is the end
Of all their ways.

C. G. Rossetti

LXXX

Northern Farmer

OLD STYLE

Wheer 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin' 'ere aloän ?
 Noorse ? thoort nowt o' a noorse : whoy, Doctor's abeän
 an' agoän :

Says that I moänt 'a naw moor aäle : but I beänt a fool :
 Git ma my aäle, fur I beänt a-gawin' to breäk my rule.

Doctors, they knaws nowt, fur a says what's nawways true :
 Naw soort o' koind o' use to saäy the things that a do.
 I've 'ed my point o' aäle ivry noight sin' I beän 'ere.
 An' I've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for foorty year.

Parson's a beän loikewise, an' a sittin' 'ere o' my bed.
 'The amoighty's a taäkin o' you¹ to 'issén, my friend,'
 a said,

An' a tow'd ma my sins, an's toithe were due, an' I gied it
 in hond ;

I done moy duty boy 'um, 'as I 'a done boy the lond.

Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot sa mooch to larn.

But a cast oop, thot a did, 'bout Bessy Marris's barne.

Thaw a knaws I hallus voätet wi' Squire an' choorch an'
 staäte,

An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver agin the raäte.

An' I hallus coom'd to 's choorch afoor moy Sally wur deäd,

An' 'eärd 'um a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock²
 ower my 'eäd,

An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd but I thow't a 'ad summut
 to saäy,

An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I coom'd
 awaäy.

Bessy Marris's barne ! tha knaws she laäid it to meä.

Mowt a beän, mayhap, for she wur a bad un, sheä.

'Siver, I kep 'um, I kep 'um, my lass, tha mun understond ;

I done moy duty boy 'um as I 'a done boy the lond.

¹ ou as in hour.

² Cockchafer.

[For fuller glossary, see Notes.]

But Parson a cooms an' a goäs, an' a says it easy an' freeä,
'The amoighty's a taäkin o' you to 'issén, my friend,' says
'eä.

I weänt saäy men be loiars, thaw summun said it in 'aäste :
But 'e reäds wonn sarmin a weeäk, an' I 'a stubb'd Thurnaby
waäste.

D'ya moind the waäste, my lass? naw, naw, tha was not
born then ;

Theer wur a boggle in it, I often 'eärd 'um mysen ;
Moäst loike a butter-bump,¹ fur I 'eärd 'um about an'
about,

But I stubb'd 'um oop wi' the lot, an' raäved an' rembled
'um out.

Keäper's it wur ; fo' they fun 'um theer a-laäid of 'is faäce
Down i' the woild 'enemies² afoor I coom'd to the plaäce.
Noäks or Thimbleby—toäner³ 'ed shot 'um as deäd as a
naäil.

Noäks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize—but git ma my aäle.

Dubbut looök at the waäste : theer warn't not feeäd for a
cow ;

Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' looök at it now—
Warn't worth nowt a haäcre, an' now theer's lots o' feeäd,
Fourscoor⁴ yows upon it an' some on it down i' seeäd.⁵

Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I mean'd to 'a stubb'd it at
fall,

Done it ta-year I mean'd, an' runn'd plow thruff it an' all,
If godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let ma aloän,
Mea, wi' haäte hoonderd haäcre o' Squire's, an' lond o'
my oan.

Do godamoighty know what a's doing a-taäkin' o' meä ?
I beant wonn as saws 'ere a bean an' yonder a peä ;
An' Squire 'ull be sa mad an' all—a' dear a' dear !
And I 'a managed for Squire coom Michaelmas thutty
year

¹ Bittern.

² Anemones.

³ One or other.

⁴ ou as in hour.

⁵ Clover.

A mowt 'a taäen owd Joänes, as 'ant not a 'aäpoth o' sense,
Or a mowt 'a taäen young Robins—a niver mended a
fence :

But godamoighty a moost taäke meä an' taäke ma now
Wi' aäf the cows to cauve an' Thurnaby hoälms to plow !

Looök 'ow quoloty smoiles when they seeäs ma a passin'
boy,

Says to thessén naw doubt ' what a man a beä sewerloy !'
Fur they knaws what I beän to Squoire sin fust a coom'd to
the 'All ;

I done moy duty by Squoire an' I done moy duty boy hall.

Squoire's i' Lunnon, an' summun I reckons 'ull 'a to wroite,
For whoä's to howd the lond ater meä thot muddles ma
quoit ;

Sartin-sewer I beä, thot a weänt niver give it to Joänes,
Naw, nor a moänt to Robins—a niver rembles the stoäns.

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap wi' 's kittle 'o
steäm

Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds wi' the Divil's oän
teäm.

Sin' I mun doy I mun doy, thaw loife they says is sweet,
But sin' I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn abeär to see it.

What atta stannin' theer fur, an' doesn bring ma the aäle ?

Doctor's a 'toättler, lass, an' a's hallus i' the owd taäle ;

I weänt bräk rules fur Doctor, a knaws naw moor nor a
floy ;

Git ma my aäle I tell tha, an' if I mun doy I mun doy.

A. Lord Tennyson

LXXXI

Northern Farmer

NEW STYLE

Dosn't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they canters awaäy ?

Proputty, proputty, proputty —that's what I 'ears 'em saäy.

Proputty, proputty, proputty—Sam, thou's an ass for thy
paaäns :

Theer's moor sense i' one o' 'is legs nor in all thy braaäns.

Woä—theer's a craw to pluck wi' tha, Sam : yon's parson's
'ouse—

Dosn't thou know that a man mun be eäther a man or a
mouse?

Time to think on it then : for thou'll be twenty to weeäk.¹

Proputty, proputty—woä then woä—let ma 'ear mysén
speak.

Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as beän a-talkin' o' thee ;

Thou's beän talkin' to muther, an' she beän a tellin' it me.

Thou'll not marry for munny—thou's sweet upo' parson's
lass—

Noä—thou'll marry for luvv—an' we boäth on us thinks tha
an ass.

Seeä'd her todaäy goä by—Saäint's daäy—they was ringing
the bells.

She's a beauty thou thinks—an' soä is scoors o' gells,

Them as 'as munny an' all—wot's a beauty?—the flower as
blaws.

But proputty, proputty sticks, an' proputty, proputty graws.

Do'ant be stunt : ² taäke time : I knaws what maäkes tha
sa mad.

Warn't I craäzed fur the lasses mysén when I wur a lad?

But I knaw'd a Quaäker feller as often 'as tow'd ma this :

'Doänt thou marry for munny, but goä wheer munny is !'

An' I went wheer munny war : an' thy muther coom to
'and,

Wi' lots o' munny laaid by, an' a nicetish bit o' land.

Maäybe she warn't a beauty :—I niver giv it a thowt—

But warn't she as good to cuddle an' kiss as a lass as 'ant
nowt?

Parson's lass 'ant nowt, an' she weänt 'a nowt when 'e's
deäd,

Mun be a guvness, lad, or summut, and addle ³ her breäd ;

Why? fur 'e's nobbut a curate, an' weänt niver git hissen
clear,

An' 'e maade the bed as 'e ligs on afoor 'e coom'd to the
shere.

¹ This week.

² Obstinate.

³ Earn.

An' thin 'e coom'd to the parish wi' lots o' Varsity debt,
 Stook to his taail they did, an' 'e 'ant got shut on 'em yet.
 An' 'e ligs on 'is back i' the grip, wi' noän to lend 'im a
 shuvv,

Woorse nor a far-welter'd¹ yowe : fur, Sammy, 'e married
 fur luvv.

Luvv? what's luvv? thou can luvv thy lass an' 'er munny
 too,

Maakin' 'em goä together as they've good right to do.
 Could'n I luvv thy muther by cause o' 'er munny laaid by?
 Naäy—fur I luvv'd 'er a vast sight moor fur it : reäson why.

Ay an' thy muther says thou wants to marry the lass,
 Cooms of a gentleman burn : an' we boäth on us thinks tha
 an ass.

Woä then, propuppy, wiltha?—an ass as near as mays
 nowt²—

Woä then, wiltha? dangtha!—the bees is as fell as owt.³

Breäk me a bit o' the esh for his 'eäd, lad, out o' the fence !
 Gentleman burn ! what's gentleman burn? is it shillins an'
 pence?

Propuppy, propuppy's ivrything 'ere, an', Sammy, I'm blest
 If it isn't the saäme oop yonder, fur them as 'as it's the
 best.

Tis'n them as 'as munny as breäks into 'ouses an' steäls,
 Them as 'as coats to their backs an' taäkes their regular
 meäls.

Noä, but it's them as niver knaws wheer a meäl's to be 'ad.
 Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp is bad.

Them or thir feythurs, tha sees, mun 'a beän a laäzy lot,
 Fur work mun 'a gone to the gittin' whiniver munny was
 got.

Feyther 'ad ammost nowt ; leästways 'is munny was 'id.
 But 'e tued an' moil'd 'issén deäd, an' 'e died a good un,
 'e did.

¹ Or fow-welter'd,—said of a sheep lying on its back.

² Makes nothing. ³ The flies are as fierce as anything.

Loook thou theer wheer Wigglesby beck cooms out by
the 'ill !

Feyther run oop to the farm, an' I runs oop to the mill ;
An' I'll run oop to the brig, an' that thou'll live to see ;
And if thou marries a good un I'll leäve the land to thee.

Thim's my noätions, Sammy, wheerby I means to stick ;
But if thou marries a bad un, I'll leäve the land to Dick.—
Coom oop, proputtty, proputtty—that's what I 'ears 'im
saäy—

Proputtty, proputtty, proputtty—canter an' canter awaay.

Lord Tennyson

LXXXII

St. John Baptist

I think he had not heard of the far towns ,
Nor of the deeds of men, nor of kings' crowns :
Before the thought of God took hold of him,
As he was sitting dreaming in the calm
Of one first noon, upon the desert's rim,
Beneath the tall fair shadows of the palm,
All overcome with some strange inward balm.

He number'd not the changes of the year,
The days, the nights, and he forgot all fear
Of death : each day he thought there should have been
A shining ladder set for him to climb
Athwart some opening in the heavens, e'en
To God's eternity, and see, sublime—
His face whose shadow passing fills all time.

But he walk'd through the ancient wilderness.
O, there the prints of feet were numberless
And holy all about him ! And quite plain
He saw each spot an angel silvershod
Had lit upon ; where Jacob too had lain
The place seem'd fresh,—and, bright and lately trod,
A long track show'd where Enoch walk'd with God.

And often, while the sacred darkness trail'd
 Along the mountains smitten and unveil'd
 By rending lightnings,—over all the noise
 Of thunders and the earth that quaked and bow'd
 From its foundations—he could hear the voice
 Of great Elias prophesying loud
 To Him whose face was cover'd by a cloud.
A. O'Shaughnessy

LXXXIII

Heaven overarches earth and sea,
 Earth-sadness and sea-bitterness.
 Heaven overarches you and me :
 A little while and we shall be—
 Please God—where there is no more sea
 Nor barren wilderness.

Heaven overarches you and me,
 And all earth's gardens and her graves.
 Look up with me, until we see
 The day break and the shadows flee.
 What though to-night wrecks you and me
 If so to-morrow saves ?

C. G. Rossetti

LXXXIV

The Trance of Time

In childhood, when with eager eyes
 The season-measured years I view'd,
 All, garb'd in fairy guise,
 Pledged constancy of good.

Spring sang of heaven ; the summer flowers
 Bade me gaze on, and did not fade ;
 Even suns o'er autumn's bowers
 Heard my strong wish, and stay'd.

They came and went, the short-lived four ;
 Yet, as their varying dance they wove,
 To my young heart each bore
 Its own sure claim of love.

Far different now ;—the whirling year
 Vainly my dizzy eyes pursue ;
 And its fair tints appear
 All blent in one dusk hue.

Then what this world to thee, my heart ?
 Its gifts nor feed thee nor can bless.
 Thou hast no owner's part
 In all its fleetingness.

J. H. Card. Newman

LXXXV

Our Dead

Sometimes I think that those we've lost,
 Safe lying on th' Eternal Breast,
 Can hear no sounds from earth that mar
 The perfect sweetness of their rest ;
 But when one thought of holy love
 Is stirr'd in hearts they love below,
 Through some fine waves of ambient air,
 They feel, they see it, and they know.
 As rays unseen—abysmal light—
 Are caught by films of silver salt
 When these are set to watch by night
 The wheelings of the starry vault,—
 So may the souls that live and dwell
 In one great soul, the Fount of all,
 Feel faintest tremblings in the sphere
 On which such footsteps gently fall.
 No evil seen, no murmurs heard,
 No fear of sin, or coming loss,
 They wait in light, imperfect yet,
 The final triumphs of the Cross.

Duke of Argyll

LXXXVI

‘Retro Me, Satbana!’

Get thee behind me. Even as, heavy-curl'd,
 Stooping against the wind, a charioteer
 Is snatch'd from out his chariot by the hair,
 So shall Time be ; and as the void car, hurl'd
 Abroad by reinless steeds, even so the world :
 Yea even as chariot-dust upon the air,
 It shall be sought and not found anywhere.
 Get thee behind me, Satan. Oft unfurl'd,
 Thy perilous wings can beat and break like lath
 Much mightiness of men to win thee praise.
 Leave these weak feet to tread in narrow ways.
 Thou still, upon the broad vine-shelter'd path,
 Mayst wait the turning of the phials of wrath
 For certain years, for certain months and days.
D. G. Rossetti

LXXXVII

Up=hill

Does the road wind up-hill all the way ?
 Yes, to the very end.
 Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?
 From morn to night, my friend.
 But is there for the night a resting-place ?
 A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
 May not the darkness hide it from my face ?
 You cannot miss that inn.
 Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?
 Those who have gone before.
 Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?
 They will not keep you standing at the door.
 Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?
 Of labour you shall find the sum.
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?
 Yea, beds for all who come.
C. G. Rossetti

LXXXVIII

Mother Country

Oh what is that country
And where can it be,
Not mine own country,
But dearer far to me?
Yet mine own country,
If I one day may see
Its spices and cedars,
Its gold and ivory.

Oh what is a king here,
Or what is a boor?
Here all starve together
All dwarf'd and poor;
Here Death's hand knocketh
At door after door,
He thins the dancers
From the festal floor.

Oh what is a handmaid,
Or what is a queen?
All must lie down together
Where the turf is green,
The foulest face hidden,
The fairest not seen;
Gone as if never
They had breathed or been.

Gone from sweet sunshine
Underneath the sod,
Turn'd from warm flesh and blood
To senseless clod,
Gone as if never
They had toil'd or trod,
Gone out of sight of all
Except our God.

And if that life is life,
This is but a breath,
The passage of a dream
And the shadow of death:

But a vain shadow
If one considereth ;
Vanity of vanities,
As the Preacher saith.
C. G. Rossetti

LXXXIX

St. Agnes' Eve

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon :
My breath to heaven like vapour goes :
May my soul follow soon !
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord :
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark
To yonder shining ground !
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round ;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee ;
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,
Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, Thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
The flashes come and go ;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up ! the gates
Roll back, and far within

For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
 To make me pure of sin.
 The sabbaths of Eternity,
 One sabbath deep and wide—
 A light upon the shining sea—
 The Bridegroom with his bride !

A. Lord Tennyson

XC

The Blessed Damsel

The blesséd damozel lean'd out
 From the gold bar of Heaven ;
 Her eyes were deeper than the depth
 Of waters still'd at even ;
 She had three lilies in her hand,
 And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
 No wrought flowers did adorn,
 But a white rose of Mary's gift,
 For service meetly worn ;
 Her hair that lay along her back
 Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseem'd she scarce had been a day
 One of God's choristers !
 The wonder was not yet quite gone
 From that still look of hers ;
 Albeit, to them she left, her day
 Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
 . . . Yet now, and in this place,
 Surely she lean'd o'er me—her hair
 Fell all about my face. . . .
 Nothing : the autumn fall of leaves.
 The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on ;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun ;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
In joy no sorrow claims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their rapturous new names ;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bow'd herself and stoop'd
Out of the circling charm ;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she lean'd on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fix'd place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Though all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path ; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now ; the curl'd moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf ; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet ! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearken'd ? When those bells
Possess'd the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair ?)

'I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come,' she said.
'Have I not pray'd in Heaven ?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd ?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength ?
And shall I feel afraid ?

'When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light ;
We will step down as to a stream,
And bathe there in God's sight.

'We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirr'd continually
With prayer sent up to God ;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

'We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith his Name audibly.

'And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here ; which his voice
Shall pause in, hush'd and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know.'

(Alas ! We two, we two, thou say'st !
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee ?)

‘We two,’ she said, ‘will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

‘Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded ;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robcs for them
Who are just born, being dead.

‘He shall fear, haply, and be dumb :
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abash'd or weak :
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

‘Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumber'd heads
Bow'd with their aureoles :
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

‘There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me :—
Only to live as once on earth
With Love, only to be,
As then awhile, for ever now
Together, I and he.’

She gazed and listen'd and then said,
 Less sad of speech than mild,—
 'All this is when he comes.' She ceased.
 The light thrill'd towards her, fill'd
 With angels in strong level flight.
 Her eyes pray'd, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
 Was vague in distant spheres :
 And then she cast her arms along
 The golden barriers,
 And laid her face between her hands,
 And wept. (I heard her tears.)

D. G. Rossetti

XCI

Song of an Angel

At noon a shower had fallen, and the clime
 Breathed sweetly, and upon a cloud there lay
 One more sublime in beauty than the Day,
 Or all the Sons of Time ;

A gold harp had he, and was singing there
 Songs that I yearn'd to hear ; a glory shone
 Of rosy twilights on his cheeks—a zone
 Of amaranth on his hair.

He sang of joys to which the earthly heart
 Hath never beat ; he sang of deathless Youth,
 And by the throne of Love, Beauty and Truth
 Meeting, no more to part ;

He sang lost Hope, faint Faith, and vain Desire
 Crown'd there ; great works, that on the earth began,
 Accomplish'd ; towers impregnable to man
 Scaled with the speed of fire ;

Of Power, and Life, and wingéd Victory
 He sang—of bridges strown 'twixt star and star—
 And hosts all arm'd in light for bloodless war
 Pass, and repass on high ;

Lo ! in the pauses of his jubilant voice
He leans to listen : answers from the spheres,
And mighty paeans thundering he hears
Down the empyreal skies :

Then suddenly he ceased—and seem'd to rest
His godly-fashion'd arm upon a slope
Of that fair cloud, and with soft eyes of hope
He pointed towards the West ;

And shed on me a smile of beams, that told
Of a bright World beyond the thunder-piles,
With blessed fields, and hills, and happy isles,
And citadels of gold.

F. Tennyson

XCII

A Christmas Hymn, 1837

It was the calm and silent night !—
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was Queen of land and sea !
No sound was heard of clashing wars ;
Peace brooded o'er the hush'd domain ;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars,
Held undisturb'd their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago !

'Twas in the calm and silent night !
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home ;
Triumphal arches gleaming swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway
What reck'd the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago !

Within that province far away
 Went plodding home a weary boor :
 A streak of light before him lay,
 Fall'n through a half-shut stable door
 Across his path. He pass'd—for nought
 Told what was going on within ;
 How keen the stars ! his only thought ;
 The air how calm and cold and thin,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago !

O strange indifference !—low and high
 Drowsed over common joys and cares :
 The earth was still—but knew not why ;
 The world was listening—unawares ;
 How calm a moment may precede
 One that shall thrill the world for ever !
 To that still moment none would heed,
 Man's doom was link'd no more to sever
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago !

It is the calm and solemn night !
 A thousand bells ring out, and throw
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness, charm'd and holy *now* !
 The night that erst no name had worn,
 To it a happy name is given ;
 For in that stable lay new-born
 The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago.

A. Domett

XCHH

The Loss of the 'Birkenhead'

SUPPOSED TO BE TOLD BY A SOLDIER WHO SURVIVED

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down ;
 The deep sea roll'd around in dark repose ;
 When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
 A cry of women rose.

The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock ;
Her timbers thrill'd as nerves, when through them pass'd
The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away disorderly the planks
From underneath her keel.

So calm the air, so calm and still the flood,
That low down in its blue translucent glass
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,
Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried, for their prey :
The sea turn'd one clear smile ! Like things asleep
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,
As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,
Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck
Form'd us in line to die.

To die !—'twas hard, whilst the sleek ocean glow'd
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers :—
All to the boats ! cried one :—he was, thank God,
No officer of ours !

Our English hearts beat true :—we would not stir :
That base appeal we heard, but heeded not :
On land, on sea, we had our Colours, sir,
To keep without a spot !

They shall not say in England, that we fought
With shameful strength, unhonour'd life to seek ;
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back again, and yet again ;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

—What follows, why recall?—The brave who died,
 Died without flinching in the bloody surf,
 They sleep as well beneath that purple tide,
 As others under turf:—

They sleep as well : and, roused from their wild grave,
 Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,
 Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
 His weak ones, not in vain.

F. H. Doyle

XCIV

The British Soldier in China

Last night among his fellow-roughs
 He jested, quaff'd and swore :
 A drunken private of the Buffs,
 Who never look'd before.
 To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
 He stands in Elgin's place,
 Ambassador from Britain's crown,
 And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
 Bewilder'd, and alone,
 A heart, with English instinct fraught,
 He yet can call his own.
 Ay ! tear his body limb from limb ;
 Bring cord, or axe, or flame !—
 He only knows, that not through him
 Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hopfields round him seem'd
 Like dreams to come and go ;
 Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,
 One sheet of living snow :
 The smoke above his father's door
 In gray soft eddyings hung :—
 Must he then watch it rise no more,
 Doom'd by himself, so young ?

Yes, Honour calls !—with strength like steel
He put the vision by :
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel ;
An English lad must die !
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unflinching on its dreadful brink
To his red grave he went.

—Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed ;
Vain, those all-shattering guns ;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons !
So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

F. H. Doyle

XCV

The Sands of Dee

‘O Mary, go and call the cattle home,—
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o’ Dee !’
The western wind was wild and dank wi’ foam,
And all alone went she.
The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o’er and o’er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see ;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she.
‘Oh, is it weed or fish or floating hair—
A tress o’ golden hair,
O’ drownéd maiden’s hair,
Above the nets, at sea ?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Across the stakes on Dee.’

They row'd her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel crawling foam,
 The cruel hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea :
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
 Across the sands o' Dee.

C. Kingsley

XCVI

Lost on Schiballion

Shepherd

Oh wherefore cam ye here, Ailie?
 What has brocht you here?
 Late and lane on this bleak muir and eerie,
 A wild place this to be
 For a body frail as ye,
 Wi' the nicht and yon storm-clouds sae near ye.

Ailie

Oh dinna drive me back,
 I canna leave my track,
 Though nicht and the tempest should close o'er me.
 The warld I've left behind,
 And there's nocht I care to find
 Save Schiballion and high heaven that are afore me.

Shepherd

Oh speak nae word o' driving,
 But wherefore art thou striving
 For the thing that canna be, puir Ailie !
 Ye had better far return,
 Where the peat-fires bienly burn,
 And your friends wait ye down at Bohalie.

Ailie

The warld below is cauld and bare,
 Up yonder's the place for prayer ;
 There the vision on my soul will break clearer,
 My friends will little miss me,
 And there's only One can bless me,
 To Him on the hill-top I'll be nearer.

Shepherd

Schihallion's sides sae solid and steep,
 And his snow-drifts heap on heap,
 What mortal would dream the night o' scaling ?
 Gin the heart pray below,
 From nae mountain-top will go
 Your prayer to heaven with cry more prevailing.

Ailie

Weak am I and frail, I ken,
 But there's might that's not of men
 To bear me up—sae na mair entreat me ;
 Be the snow-drifts ne'er sae deep,
 I have got a tryst to keep
 Wi' the angels that up yonder wait to meet me.

* * * * *

The Shepherd home is gone,
 And she went on alone ;
 Night cam, but she cam not to Bohalie ;
 They socht her west and east
 Neist day and then the neist
 On Schihallion's head they found pair Ailie.

Stiff with ice her limbs and hair,
 And her hands fast closed in prayer,
 And her white face to heaven meekly turning ;
 Down they bore her to her grave,
 And they knew her soul was safe
 In the home for which sae lang she had been yearning.
J. C. Shairp

XCVII

The Ballad of Keith of Ravelston

The murmur of the mourning ghost
 That keeps the shadowy kine ;—
 Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
 The sorrows of thy line !

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The merry path that leads
Down the golden morning hill
And through the silver meads ;

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The stile beneath the tree,
The maid that kept her mother's kine,
The song that sang she !

She sang her song, she kept her kine,
She sat beneath the thorn,
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston
Rode thro' the Monday morn.

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,
His belted jewels shine !—
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

Year after year, where Andrew came,
Comes evening down the glade ;
And still there sits a moonshine ghost
Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair,
She keeps the shadowy kine ;—
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

I lay my hand upon the stile,
The stile is lone and cold,
The burnie that goes babbling by
Says nought that can be told.

Yet, stranger ! here, from year to year, .
She keeps her shadowy kine ;—
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

She makes her immemorial moan,
She keeps her shadowy kine ;—
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

S. Dobell

XCVIII

Mary Queen of Scots

When the young hand of Darnley lock'd in hers
 Had knit her to her northern doom—amid
 The spousal pomp of flags and trumpeters,
 Her fate look'd forth and was no longer hid ;
 A jealous brain beneath a southern crown
 Wrought spells upon her ; from afar she felt
 The waxen image of her fortunes melt
 Beneath the Tudor's eye, while the grim frown
 Of her own lords o'ermaster'd her sweet smiles—
 And nipt her growing gladness, till she mourn'd,
 And sank, at last, beneath their cruel wiles ;
 But, ever since, all generous hearts have burn'd
 To clear her fame, yea, very babes have yearn'd
 Over this saddest story of the Isles.

C. Tennyson-Turner

XCIX

The Forsaken Mermaid

Come, dear children, let us away ;
 Down and away below !
 Now my brothers call from the bay,
 Now the great winds shoreward blow,
 Now the salt tides seaward flow ;
 Now the wild white horses play,
 Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
 Children dear, let us away
 This way, this way !

Call her once before you go—
 Call once yet !
 In a voice that she will know :
 'Margaret ! Margaret !'
 Children's voices should be dear
 (Call once more) to a mother's ear ;
 Children's voices, wild with pain—
 Surely she will come again !

Call her once and come away ;
This way, this way !
' Mother dear, we cannot stay !
The wild white horses foam and fret.'
Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down ;
Call no more !
One last look at the white-wall'd town,
And the little gray church on the windy shore ;
Then come down !
She will not come though you call all day ;
Come away, come away !

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep ;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye ?
When did music come this way ?
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away ?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea ;
She said : ' I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little gray church on the shore to-day.

'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !
And I lose my poor soul, Merman ! here with thee '
I said : ' Go up, dear heart, through the waves ;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves ! '
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?
' The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan ;
Long prayers,' I said, ' in the world they say ;
Come ! ' I said : and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town ;
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
To the little gray church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar ; we saw her clear :
' Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are here !
Dear heart,' I said, ' we are long alone ;
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.'
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book !
Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more !
Come away, come down, call no more !

Down, down, down !
Down to the depths of the sea !
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings : ' O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy !
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well ;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun ! '
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.

She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea,
And her eyes are set in a stare ;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh ;
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children ;
Come, children, come down !
The hoarse wind blows coldly ;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.

We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing : ' Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she !
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea.'

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low ;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom ;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed,
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town ;

At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down,
Singing : ' There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she !
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea.'

M. Arnold

C

The 'Revenge'

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from away :
' Spanish ships of war at sea ! we have sighted fifty-three !'
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard : ' Fore God I am no
coward ;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line ; can we fight with fifty-three ?'

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville : ' I know you are no
coward ;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord
Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain.'

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that
day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven ;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below ;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to
Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the
Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to
fight,
And he sail'd away from Flores till the Spaniard came in
sight.
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
'Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time the sun be set.'
And Sir Richard said again: 'We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet.'

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah,
and so
The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick
below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were
seen,
And the little *Revenge* ran on thro' the long sea-lane
between.

'Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks
and laugh'd.
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little
craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of fifteen hundred
tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of
guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us like a
cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought herself and
went
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content ;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand
to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and
musqueteers
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his
ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over
the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the
fifty-three,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built
galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder
and flame ;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her
dead and her shame,
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could
fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world be-
fore ?

For he said 'Fight on ! fight on !'
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck ;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night
was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead.
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said 'Fight on ! fight on !'

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over
the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in
a ring :
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we
still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.

And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife :
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them
stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was
all of it spent ;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side ;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
' We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again !
We have won great glory, my men !
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when ?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in
twain !
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain !'

And the gunner said ' Ay, ay,' but the seamen made
reply :
' We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us
go :
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.'
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the
foe.
And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him
then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at
last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign
grace ;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried :
' I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and
true ;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do :
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die !'
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few ;
Was he devil or man ? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,
And they mann'd the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own ;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

A. Lord Tennyson

CI

The Charge of the Light Brigade

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Forward, the Light Brigade !
Charge for the guns !' he said :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

'Forward, the Light Brigade !
Was there a man dismay'd ?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd :

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die :
Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd :
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
 O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wonder'd.
 Honour the charge they made
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

A. Lord Tennyson

CII

Hervé Riel

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two.
 Did the English fight the French,—woe to France;
 And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
 Like a crowd of frighten'd porpoises a shoal of sharks
 pursue,
 Came crowding ship on ship to Saint-Malo on the Rance,
 With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full
 chase;
 First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Dam-
 freville;
 Close on him fled, great and small,
 Twenty-two good ships in all;
 And they signall'd to the place
 'Help the winners of a race!
 Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—or,
 quicker still,
 Here's the English can and will!'

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on
 board;
 'Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?'
 laugh'd they:
 'Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarr'd
 and scored,—
 Shall the *Formidable* here, with her twelve and eighty guns,
 Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
 Trust to enter—where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
 And with flow at full beside?
 Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.

Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay !'

Then was call'd a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate :
' Here's the English at our heels ; would you have them
take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, link'd together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound ?
Better run the ships aground !'
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
' Not a minute more to wait !
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the
beach !
France must undergo her fate.

' Give the word ! ' But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard ;
For up stood, for out stepp'd, for in struck amid all these
— A Captain ? A Lieutenant ? A Mate—first, second, third ?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete !
But a simple Breton sailor press'd by Tourville for the
fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And ' What mockery or malice have we here ? ' cries
Hervé Riel :
' Are you mad, you Malouins ? Are you cowards, fools, or
rogues ?
' Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings,
tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
' Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disem-
bogues ?
Are you bought by English gold ? Is it love the lying's for ?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Enter'd free and anchor'd fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than
fifty Hogues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me
there's a way!

Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,—
—Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!' cries
Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait,
'Steer us in, then, small and great!
'Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!' cried
its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.
Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were the wide seas
profound!
See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past.
All are harbour'd to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas 'Anchor!'—sure as fate,
Up the English come,—too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm,
'Just our rapture to enhance,

Let the English rake the bay,
 Gnash their teeth and glare askance
 As they cannonade away !'
 'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance !
 How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance !
 Out burst all with one accord,
 'This is Paradise for Hell !
 Let France, let France's King
 Thank the man that did the thing !'
 What a shout, and all one word,
 'Hervé Riel !'
 As he stepp'd in front once more,
 Not a symptom of surprise
 In the frank blue Breton eyes,
 Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, 'My friend,
 I must speak out at the end,
 Though I find the speaking hard.
 Praise is deeper than the lips :
 You have saved the King his ships,
 You must name your own reward.
 'Faith, our sun was near eclipse !
 Demand whate'er you will,
 France remains your debtor still.
 Ask to heart's content and have ! or my name's not
 Damfreville.'

Then a beam of fun outbroke
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laugh'd through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue :
 'Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a
 run ?—
 Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
 Since the others go ashore—
 Come ! A good whole holiday !
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
 Aurore !'
 That he ask'd and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost :
 Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
 Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing-smack,
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight whence England
 bore the bell :
 Go to Paris : rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
 On the Louvre, face and flank !
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
 So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse !
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
 Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife the Belle
 Aurore !

R. Browning

CHH

The Laboratory

ANCIEN RÉGIME

Now that I, tying thy glass mask tightly,
 May gaze thro' these faint smokes curling whitely,
 As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's-smithy—
 Which is the poison to poison her, prithee ?

 He is with her, and they know that I know
 Where they are, what they do : they believe my tears flow
 While they laugh, laugh at me, at me fled to the drear
 Empty church, to pray God in, for them !—I am here.

 Grind away, moisten and mash up thy paste,
 Pound at thy powder,—I am not in haste !
 Better sit thus, and observe thy strange things,
 Than go where men wait me and dance at the King's.

 That in the mortar—you call it a gum ?
 Ah, the brave tree whence such gold oozings come !
 And yonder soft phial, the exquisite blue,
 Sure to taste sweetly,—is that poison too ?

Had I but all of them, thee and thy treasures,
What a wild crowd of invisible pleasures !
To carry pure death in an earring, a casket,
A signet, a fan-mount, a filigree basket !

Soon, at the King's, a mere lozenge to give,
And Pauline should have just thirty minutes to live !
But to light a pastile, and Elise, with her head
And her breast and her arms and her hands, should drop
dead !

Quick—is it finish'd ? The colour's too grim !
Why not soft like the phial's, enticing and dim ?
Let it brighten her drink, let her turn it and stir,
And try it and taste, ere she fix and prefer ?

What a drop ! She's not little, no minion like me :
That's why she ensnared him : this never will free
The soul from those masculine eyes,—say, ' No !'
To that pulse's magnificent come-and-go.

For only last night, as they whisper'd, I brought
My own eyes to bear on her so, that I thought
Could I keep them one half minute fix'd, she would fall
Shrivell'd ; she fell not ; yet this does it all !

Not that I bid you spare her the pain ;
Let death be felt and the proof remain :
Brand, burn up, bite into its grace—
He is sure to remember her dying face :

Is it done ? Take my mask off ! Nay, be not morose ;
It kills her, and this prevents seeing it close :
The delicate droplet, my whole fortune's fee !
If it hurts her, beside, can it ever hurt me ?

Now, take all my jewels, gorge gold to your fill,
You may kiss me, old man, on my mouth if you will !
But brush this dust off me, lest horror it brings
Ere I know it—next moment I dance at the King's !

R. Browning

CIV

The Red Thread of Honour

Eleven men of England
A breast-work charged in vain ;
Eleven men of England
Lie stripp'd, and gash'd, and slain.
Slain ; but of foes that guarded
Their rock-built fortress well,
Some twenty had been master'd,
When the last soldier fell.

The robber-chief mused deeply,
Above those daring dead ;
'Bring here,' at length he shouted,
'Bring quick, the battle thread.
Let Eblis blast for ever
Their souls, if Allah will :
But WE must keep unbroken
The old rules of the Hill.

'Before the Ghiznee tiger
Leapt forth to burn and slay ;
Before the holy Prophet
Taught our grim tribes to pray ;
Before Secunder's lances
Pierced through each Indian glen ;
The mountain laws of honour
Were framed for fearless men.

'Still, when a chief dies bravely,
We bind with green *one* wrist—
Green for the brave, for heroes
ONE crimson thread we twist.
Say ye, oh gallant Hillmen,
For these, whose life has fled,
Which is the fitting colour,
The green one, or the red ?'

‘ Our brethren, laid in honoured graves, may wear
Their green reward,’ each noble savage said ;
‘ To these, whom hawks and hungry wolves shall tear,
Who dares deny the red ? ’

Thus conquering hate, and stedfast to the right,
Fresh from the heart that haughty verdict came :
Beneath a waning moon, each spectral height
Roll’d back its loud acclaim.

Once more the chief gazed keenly
Down on those daring dead ;
From his good sword their heart’s blood
Crept to that crimson thread.
Once more he cried, ‘ The judgment,
Good friends, is wise and true,
But though the red *be* given,
Have we not more to do ?

‘ These were not stirr’d by anger,
Nor yet by lust made bold ;
Renown they thought above them,
Nor did they look for gold.
To them their leader’s signal
Was as the voice of God :
Unmoved, and uncomplaining,
The path it show’d they trod.

‘ As, without sound or struggle,
The stars unhurrying march,
Where Allah’s finger guides them,
Through yonder purple arch,
These Franks, sublimely silent,
Without a quicken’d breath,
Went, in the strength of duty,
Straight to their goal of death.

‘ If I were now to ask you,
To name our bravest man,
Ye all at once would answer,
They call’d him Mehrab Khan.

He sleeps among his fathers,
Dear to our native land,
With the bright mark he bled for
Firm round his faithful hand.

'The songs they sing of Roostum
Fill all the past with light ;
If truth be in their music,
He was a noble knight.
But were those heroes living,
And strong for battle still,
Would Mehrab Khan or Roostum
Have climb'd, like these, the Hill ?'

And they replied, 'Though Mehrab Khan was brave,
As chief, he chose himself what risks to run ;
Prince Roostum lied, his forfeit life to save,
Which these had never done.'

'Enough !' he shouted fiercely ;
'Doom'd though they be to hell,
Bind fast the crimson trophy
Round BOTH wrists—bind it well.
Who knows but that great Allah
May grudge such matchless men,
With none so deck'd in heaven,
To the fiends' flaming den ?'

Then all those gallant robbers
Shouted a stern 'Amen !'
They raised the slaughter'd sergeant,
They raised his mangled ten.
And when we found their bodies
Left bleaching in the wind,
Around BOTH wrists in glory
That crimson thread was twined.

F. H. Doyle

The Forging of the Anchor

Come, see the *Dolphin's* anchor forged—'tis at a white
heat now ;
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased—though on the
forge's brow,
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound,
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking
round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare ;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass
there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound
heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every
throe :
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O, Vulcan, what a glow !
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright—the high sun shines
not so ;
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful
show ;
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid
row
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the
foe :
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster,
slow
Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow ;
'Hurrah !' they shout, 'leap out—leap out' ; bang, bang
the sledges go ;
Hurrah ! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low—
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow,
The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling cinders
strow
The ground around : at every bound the sweltering fountains
flow,
And thick and loud, the shrinking crowd at every stroke
pant, 'Ho !'

Leap out, leap out, my masters ; leap out, and lay on load !

Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and broad ;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road—
The low reef roaring on her lee—the roar of ocean pour'd
From stem to stern, sea after sea ; the mainmast by the
board ;

The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the
chains !

But courage still, brave mariners—the bower yet remains,
And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky
high ;

Then moves his head, as though he said, ' Fear nothing—
here am I.'

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep
time ;

Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime :
But while you sling your sledges, sing—and let the burthen
be,

The anchor is the anvil-king, and royal craftsmen we !
Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their rustling
red :

Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be
sped.

Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of
clay ;

Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen
here,

For the yeo-heave-o' and the heave-away, and the sighing
seamen's cheer ;

When, weighing slow, at eve they go—far, far from love and
home ;

And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean
foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last ;
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.
O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward, beneath the deep
green sea !

O deep Sea-diver, [who might then behold such sights as thou ?

The hoary monster's palaces ! methinks what joy 'twere now
To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their
scourging tails !

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn
And send him foil'd and bellowing back, for all his ivory
horn ;

To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn ;
And for the ghastly-grinning shark to laugh his jaws to scorn :
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian
isles,

He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallow'd miles ;
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls ;
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far-astonish'd shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean-calves ; or, haply in a cove,
Shell-strewn, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love,
To find the long-hair'd mermaidens ; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the Sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-arm'd Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal
thine ?

The *Dolphin* weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable
line !

And night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to
play—

But shamer of our little sports ! forgive the name I gave—
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-kings' halls, couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping
band,

Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee
bend,

With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient
friend ?

Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps
round thee,

Thine iron side would swell with pride ; thou'dst leap within
the sea !

S. Ferguson

CVI

Herodias

Her long black hair danced round her like a snake
Allured to each charm'd movement she did make ;

Her voice came strangely sweet ;

She sang, ' O, Herod, wilt thou look on me—

Have I no beauty thy heart cares to see ? '

And what her voice did sing her dancing feet

Seem'd ever to repeat.

She sang, ' O, Herod, wilt thou look on me ?

What sweet I have, I have it all for thee ' ;

And through the dance and song

She freed and floated on the air her arms

Above dim veils that hid her bosom's charms :

The passion of her singing was so strong

It drew all hearts along.

Her sweet arms were unfolded on the air,

They seem'd like floating flowers the most fair—

White lilies the most choice ;

And in the gradual bending of her hand

There lurk'd a grace that no man could withstand ;

Yea, none knew whether hands, or feet, or voice,

Most made his heart rejoice.

A. O'Shaughnessy

CVII

'Italia, io ti saluto!'

To come back from the sweet South, to the North

Where I was born, bred, look to die ;

Come back to do my day's work in its day,

Play out my play—

Amen, amen, say I.

To see no more the country half my own,

Nor hear the half familiar speech,

Amen, I say ; I turn to that bleak North

Whence I came forth—

The South lies out of reach.

But when our swallows fly back to the South,
 To the sweet South, to the sweet South,
 The tears may come again into my eyes
 On the old wise,
 And the sweet name to my mouth.

C. G. Rossetti

CVIII

Home=Thoughts, from Abroad

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !
 Hark, where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture !
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

R. Browning

CIX

Love among the Ruins

Where the quiet-colour'd end of evening smiles
 Miles and miles
 On the solitary pastures where our sheep
 Half-asleep
 Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop
 As they crop—

Was the site once of a city great and gay,
 (So they say)
Of our country's very capital, its prince
 Ages since
Held his court in, gather'd councils, wielding far
 Peace or war.

Now—the country does not even boast a tree,
 As you see
To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills
 From the hills
Intersect and give a name to, (else they run
 Into one)

Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires
 Up like fires
O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall
 Bounding all,
Made of marble, men might march on nor be prest,
 Twelve abreast.

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass
 Never was !
Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'erspreads
 And embeds
Every vestige of the city, guess'd alone,
 Stock or stone—

Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe
 Long ago ;
Lust of glory prick'd their hearts up, dread of shame
 Struck them tame ;
And that glory and that shame alike, the gold
 Bought and sold.

Now,—the single little turret that remains
 On the plains,
By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
 Overscored,
While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks
 Through the chinks—

Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time
 Sprang sublime,
And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced
 As they raced,
And the monarch and his minions and his dames
 View'd the games.

And I know, while thus the quiet-colour'd eve
 Smiles to leave
To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece
 In such peace,
And the slopes and rills in undistinguish'd gray
 Melt away—

That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair
 Waits me there
In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul
 For the goal,
When the king look'd, where she looks now, breathless, dumb
 Till I come.

But he look'd upon the city, every side,
 Far and wide,
All the mountains topp'd with temples, all the glades'
 Colonnades,
All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts,—and then,
 All the men !

When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand,
 Either hand
On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace
 Of my face,
Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech
 Each on each.

In one year they sent a million fighters forth
 South and North,
And they built their gods a brazen pillar high
 As the sky,
Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force—
 Gold, of course.

O, heart ! oh, blood that freezes, blood that burns !
Earth's returns
For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin !
Shut them in,
With their triumphs and their glories and the rest.
Love is best !

R. Browning

CX

The Skylark

How the blithe Lark runs up the golden stair
That leans thro' cloudy gates from Heaven to Earth
And all alone in the empyreal air
Fills it with jubilant sweet songs of mirth ;
How far he seems, how far
With the light upon his wings,
Is it a bird, or star
That shines, and sings ?

What matter if the days be dark and frore,
That sunbeam tells of other days to be,
And singing in the light that floods him o'er
In joy he overtakes Futurity ;
Under cloud-arches vast
He peeps, and sees behind
Great Summer coming fast
Adown the wind !

And now he dives into a rainbow's rivers,
In streams of gold and purple he is drown'd,
Shrilly the arrows of his song he shivers,
As tho' the stormy drops were turn'd to sound ;
And now he issues thro',
He scales a cloudy tower,
Faintly, like falling dew,
His fast notes shower.

Let every wind be hush'd, that I may hear
The wondrous things he tells the World below,

Things that we dream of he is watching near,
Hopes that we never dream'd he would bestow ;
Alas ! the storm hath roll'd
Back the gold gates again,
Or surely he had told
All Heaven to men !

So the victorious Poet sings alone,
And fills with light his solitary home,
And thro' that glory sees new worlds foreshown,
And hears high songs, and triumphs yet to come ;
He waves the air of Time
With thrills of golden chords,
And makes the world to climb
On link'd words.

What if his hair be gray, his eyes be dim,
If wealth forsake him, and if friends be cold.
Wonder unbars her thousand gates to him,
Truth never fails, nor beauty waxes old ;
More than he tells his eyes
Behold, his spirit hears,
Of grief, and joy, and sighs
'Twixt joy and tears.

Blest is the man who with the sound of song
Can charm away the heartache and forget
The frost of Penury, and the stings of Wrong,
And drown the fatal whisper of Regret !
Darker are the abodes
Of Kings, tho' his be poor,
While Fancies, like the Gods
Pass thro' his door.

Singing thou scalest Heaven upon thy wings,
Thou liftest a glad heart into the skies ;
He maketh his own sunrise, while he sings,
And turns the dusty Earth to Paradise ;
I see thee sail along
Far up the sunny streams
Unseen, I hear his song
I see his dreams.

F. Tennyson

CXI

The Girt Woak Tree that's in the Dell

The girt woak tree that's in the dell !
 There's noo tree I do love so well ;
 Vor times an' times when I wer young,
 I there've a-climb'd, an' there've a-zwung,
 An' pick'd the eäcorns green, a-shed
 In wrestlèn storms vrom his broad head.
 An' down below's the cloty brook
 Where I did vish with line an' hook,
 An' beät, in playsome dips and zwims,
 The foamy stream, wi' white-skinnd lim's.
 An' there my mother nimble shot
 Her knittèn-needles, as she zot
 At evenèn down below the wide
 Woak's head, wi' father at her zide.
 An' I've a played wi' many a bwoy,
 That's now a man an' gone away ;
 Zoo I do like noo tree so well
 'S the girt woak tree that's in the dell.

An' there, in leäter years, I roved
 Wi' thik poor maïd I fondly lov'd,—
 The maïd too feäir to die so soon,—
 When evenèn twilight, or the moon,
 Cast light enough 'ithin the pleäce
 To show the smiles upon her feäce,
 Wi' eyes so clear's the glassy pool,
 An' lips an' cheäks so soft as wool.
 There han' in han', wi' bosoms warm,
 Wi' love that burn'd but thought noo harm,
 Below the wide-bough'd tree we past
 The happy hours, that went too vast ;
 An' though she'll never be my wife,
 She's still my leäden star o' life.
 She's gone : an' she've a-left to me
 Her mem'ry in the girt woak tree ;
 Zoo I do love noo tree so well
 'S the girt woak tree that's in the dell.

An' oh ! mid never ax nor hook
 Be brought to spweil his steately look ;
 Nor ever roun' his ribby zides
 Mid cattle rub ther heairy hides ;
 Nor pigs rout up his turf, but keep
 His lwonesome sheade vor harmless sheep ;
 An' let en grow, an' let en spread,
 An' let en live when I be dead.
 But oh ! if men should come an' vell
 The girt woak tree that's in the dell,
 An' build his planks 'ithin the zide
 O' zome girt ship to plough the tide,
 Then, life or death ! I'd goo to sea,
 A sailèn wi' the girt woak tree :
 An' I upon his planks would stand,
 An' die a-fightèn vor the land,—
 The land so dear,—the land so free,—
 The land that bore the girt woak tree ;
 Vor I do love noo tree so well
 'S the girt woak tree that's in the dell.
W. Barnes

CXII

Tell-tale Flowers

And has the Spring's all glorious eye
 No lesson to the mind ?
 The birds that cleave the golden sky—
 Things to the earth resign'd—
 Wild flowers that dance to every wind—
 Do they no memory leave behind ?

Aye, flowers ! The very name of flowers
 That bloom in wood and glen,
 Brings Spring to me in Winter's hours,
 And childhood's dreams again.
 The primrose on the woodland lea
 Was more than gold and lands to me.

The violets by the woodland side
Are thick as they could thrive ;
I've talk'd to them with childish pride
As things that were alive :
I find them now in my distress—
They seem as sweet, yet valueless.

The cowslips on the meadow lea,
How have I run for them !
I look'd with wild and childish glee
Upon each golden gem :
And when they bow'd their heads so shy
I laugh'd, and thought they danced for joy.

And when a man in early years,
How sweet they used to come,
And give me tales of smiles and tears,
And thoughts more dear than home ;
Secrets which words would then reprove—
They told the names of early love.

The primrose turn'd a babbling flower
Within its sweet recess :
I blush'd to see its secret bower,
And turn'd her name to bless.
The violets said the eyes were blue :
I loved, and did they tell me true ?

J. Clare

CXIII

Ode on a Fair Spring Morning

Oh, see how glorious show,
On this fair morn in May, the clear-cut hills,
The dewy lawns, the hawthorns white,
Argent on plains of gold, the growing light
Pure as when first on the young earth
The faint warm sunlight came to birth.

There is a nameless air
 Of sweet renewal over all which fills
 The earth and sky with life, and everywhere,
 Before the scarce seen sun begins to glow,
 The birds awake which slumber'd all night long,
 And with a gush of song,
 First doubting of their strain, then full and wide
 Raise their fresh hymns thro' all the country side ;
 Already, above the dewy clover,
 The soaring lark begins to hover
 Over his mate's low nest ;
 And soon, from childhood's early rest
 In hall and cottage, to the casement rise
 The little ones with their fresh morning eyes.
L. Morris

CXIV

An Evening Scene

The sheep-bell tolleth curfew-time ;
 The gnats, a busy rout,
 Fleck the warm air ; the dismal owl
 Shouteth a sleepy shout ;
 The voiceless bat, more felt than seen,
 Is flitting round about.

The aspen leaflets scarcely stir ;
 The river seems to think ;
 Athwart the dusk, broad primroses
 Look coldly from the brink,
 Where, listening to the freshet's noise,
 The quiet cattle drink.

The bees boom past ; the white moths rise
 Like spirits from the ground ;
 The gray flies hum their weary tune,
 A distant, dream-like sound ;
 And far, far off, to the slumb'rous eve,
 Bayeth an old guardhound.

C. Patmore

CXV

Night

An hour, and this majestic day is gone ;
Another messenger flown in fleet quest
Of Time. Behold ! one wingéd cloud alone,
Like a spread dragon overhangs the west,
Bathing the splendour of his crimson crest
In the sun's last suffusion,—he hath roll'd
His vast length o'er the dewy sky, imprest
With the warm dyes of many-colour'd gold,
Which, now the sun is sunk, wax faint, and gray, and cold.

And now the Moon, bursting her watery prison,
Heaves her full orb into the azure clear,
Pale witness, from the slumbering sea new-risen,
To glorify the landscape far and near,
All beauteous things more beautiful appear ;
The sky-crown'd summit of the mountain gleams
(Smote by the star-point of her glittering spear)
More steadfastly, and all the valley seems
Strown with a softer light, the atmosphere of dreams.

How still ! as though Silence herself were dead,
And her wan ghost were floating in the air ;
The Moon glides o'er the heaven with printless tread,
And to her far-off frontier doth repair ;
O'er-wearied lids are closing everywhere ;—
All living things that own the touch of sleep
Are beckon'd, as the wasting moments wear,
Till, one by one, in valley, or from steep,
Unto their several homes they, and their shadows, creep.

C. Whitehead

CXVI

After Many Years

The song that once I dream'd about,
The tender, touching thing,
As radiant as the rose without—
The love of wind and wing ;

The perfect verses to the tune
Of woodland music set,
As beautiful as afternoon,
Remain unwritten yet.

It is too late to write them now—
The ancient fire is cold ;
No ardent lights illumine the brow,
As in the days of old.
I cannot dream the dream again ;
But, when the happy birds
Are singing in the sunny rain,
I think I hear its words.

I think I hear the echo still
Of long forgotten tones,
When evening winds are on the hills,
And sunset fires the cones.
But only in the hours supreme,
With songs of land and sea,
The lyrics of the leaf and stream,
This echo comes to me.

No longer doth the earth reveal
Her gracious green and gold ;
I sit where youth was once, and feel
That I am growing old.
The lustre from the face of things
Is wearing all away ;
Like one who halts with tired wings,
I rest and muse to-day.

There is a river in the range
I love to think about ;
Perhaps the searching feet of change
Have never found it out.
Ah ! oftentimes I used to look
Upon its banks, and long
To steal the beauty of that brook
And put it in a song.

I wonder if the slopes of moss,
In dreams so dear to me—

The falls of flower and flower-like floss—
Are as they used to be !
I wonder if the waterfalls,
The singers far and fair,
That gleam'd between the wet, green walls,
Are still the marvels there !

Ah ! let me hope that in that place
The old familiar things
To which I turn a wistful face
Have never taken wings.
Let me retain the fancy still,
That, past the lordly range,
There always shines, in folds of hill,
One spot secure from change !

I trust that yet the tender screen
That shades a certain nook
Remains, with all its gold and green,
The glory of the brook.
It hides a secret to the birds
And waters only known—
The letters of two lovely words—
A poem on a stone.

Perhaps the lady of the past,
Upon these lines may light,
The purest verses and the last
That I may ever write.
She need not fear a word of blame ;
Her tale the flowers keep ;—
The wind that heard me breathe her name
Has been for years asleep.

But in the night, and when the rain
The troubled torrents fills,
I often think I see again
The river in the hills :
And when the day is very near,
And birds are on the wing,
My spirit fancies it can hear
The song I cannot sing.

H. C. Kendall

CXVII

The Girt Wold House o' Mossy Stwone

Don't talk ov housen all o' brick,
 Wi' rockèn wall nine inches thick,
 A-trigg'd together zide by zide
 In streets, wi' fronts a straddle wide,
 Wi' yards a-sprinkled wi' a mop,
 Too little vor a vrog to hop ;
 But let me live an' die where I
 Can zee the ground, an' trees, an' sky.
 The girt wold house o' mossy stwone
 Had wings vor either sheäde or zun :
 An' there the timber'd copse rose high,
 Where birds did build an' heäres did lie,
 An' beds o' greygles in the lew,
 Did deck in Maj the ground wi' blue.
 An' there by leänes a-windèn deep,
 Wer mossy banks a-risèn steep ;
 An' stwonèn steps, so smooth an' wide,
 To stiles an' vootpaths at the zide.
 An' there, so big's a little ground,
 The geärden wer a-wall'd all round :
 An' up upon the wall wer bars
 A-sheäped all out in wheels an' stars,
 Vor vo'k to walk, an' look out drough
 Vrom trees o' green to hills o' blue.
 An' there wer walks o' peävement, broad
 Enough to meäke a carriage-road,
 Where steätely leädies woonce did use
 To walk wi' hoops an' high-heel shoes,
 When yonder hollow woak wer sound,
 Avore the walls wer ivy-bound,
 Avore the elems met above
 The road between em, where they drove
 Their coach all up or down the road
 A-comèn hwome or gwaïn abroad.
 The zummer aïr o' theäse green hill
 'V a-heav'd in bosoms now all still,
 An' all their hopes an' all their tears
 Be unknown things ov other years.

W. Barnes

CXVIII

A Vanished Village

Is this the ground where generations lie
Mourn'd by the drooping birch and dewy fern,
And by the faithful, alder-shaded burn,
Which seems to breathe an everlasting sigh?

No sign of habitation meets the eye ;
Only some ancient furrows I discern,
And verdant mounds, and from them sadly learn
That hereabout men used to live and die.

Once the blue vapour of the smouldering peat
From half a hundred homes would curl on high,
While round the doors rang children's voices sweet ;
Where now the timid deer goes wandering by,
Or a lost lamb sends forth a plaintive bleat,
And the lone glen looks up to the lone sky.

R. Wilton

CXIX

Return to Nature

On the braes around Glenfinnan
Fast the human homes are thinning,
And the wilderness is winning
To itself these graves again.
Names or dates here no man knoweth,
O'er gray headstones heather groweth,
Up Loch-Shiel the sea-wind bloweth
Over sleep of nameless men.

Who were those forgotten sleepers?
Herdsmen strong, fleet forest-keepers,
Aged men, or widow'd weepers
For their foray-fallen ones?
Babes cut off 'mid childhood's prattle,
Men who lived with herds and cattle,
Clansmen from Culloden battle,
Camerons, or Clandonald's sons?

Blow ye winds, and rains effacing !
 Blur the words of love's fond tracing !
 Nature to herself embracing
 All that human hearts would keep :
 What they knew of good or evil
 Faded, like the dim primæval
 Day that saw the vast upheaval
 Of these hills that hold their sleep.

J. C. Shairp

CXX

The Two Deserts

Not greatly moved with awe am I
 To learn that we may spy
 Five thousand firmaments beyond our own.
 The best that's known
 Of the heavenly bodies does them credit small.
 View'd close, the Moon's fair ball
 Is of ill objects worst,
 A corpse in Night's highway, naked, fire-scarr'd, accurst ;
 And now they tell
 That the Sun is plainly seen to boil and burst
 Too horribly for hell.
 So, judging from these two,
 As we must do,
 The Universe, outside our living Earth,
 Was all conceived in the Creator's mirth,
 Forecasting at the time Man's spirit deep,
 To make dirt cheap.
 Put by the Telescope !
 Better without it man may see,
 Stretch'd awful in the hush'd midnight,
 The ghost of his eternity.
 Give me the nobler glass that swells to the eye
 The things which near us lie,
 Till Science rapturously hails,
 In the minutest water-drop,
 A torment of innumerable tails.
 These at the least do live.

But rather give
 A mind not much to pry
 Beyond our royal-fair estate
 Betwixt these deserts blank of small and great.
 Wonder and beauty our own courtiers are,
 Pressing to catch our gaze,
 And out of obvious ways
 Ne'er wandering far.

C. Patmore

CXXI

Philomela

Hark ! ah, the nightingale—
 The tawny-throated !
 Hark, from that moonlit cedar what a burst !
 What triumph ! hark !—what pain !

O wanderer from a Grecian shore,
 Still, after many years, in distant lands,
 Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
 That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world pain—
 Say, will it never heal ?
 And can this fragrant lawn
 With its cool trees, and night,
 And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
 And moonshine, and the dew,
 To thy rack'd heart and brain
 Afford no balm ?

Dost thou to-night behold,
 Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,
 The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild ?
 Dost thou again peruse
 With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes
 The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame ?
 Dost thou once more assay
 Thy flight, and feel come over thee,
 Poor fugitive, the feathery change
 Once more, and once more seem to make resound

With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale?
Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!
Again—thou hearest?
Eternal passion!
Eternal pain!

M. Arnold

CXXII

Evening Melody

O that the pines which crown yon steep
Their fires might ne'er surrender!
O that yon fervid knoll might keep,
While lasts the world, its splendour!

Pale poplars on the breeze that lean,
And in the sunset shiver,
O that your golden stems might screen
For aye yon glassy river!

That yon white bird on homeward wing
Soft-sliding without motion,
And now in blue air vanishing
Like snow-flake lost in ocean,

Beyond our sight might never flee,
Yet forward still be flying;
And all the dying day might be
Immortal in its dying!

Pellucid thus in saintly trance,
Thus mute in expectation,
What waits the earth? Deliverance?
Ah no! Transfiguration!

She dreams of that 'New Earth' divine,
Conceived of seed immortal;
She sings 'Not mine the holier shrine,
Yet mine the steps and portal!'

A. de Vere

CXXIII

A Farewell

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver :
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
A rivulet then a river :
No where by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver ;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver ;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

A. Lord Tennyson

CXXIV

A Dirge

Naiad, hid beneath the bank
By the willowy river-side,
Where Narcissus gently sank,
Where unmarried Echo died,
Unto thy serene repose
Waft the stricken Anterôs.

Where the tranquil swan is borne,
Imaged in a watery glass,
Where the sprays of fresh pink thorn
Stoop to catch the boats that pass,
Where the earliest orchis grows,
Bury thou fair Anterôs.

Glide we by, with prow and oar :
 Ripple shadows off the wave,
 And reflected on the shore
 Haply play about his grave.
 Folds of summer-light enclose
 All that once was Anterôs.

On a flickering wave we gaze,
 Not upon his answering eyes :
 Flower and bird we scarce can praise, \,
 Having lost his sweet replies :
 Cold and mute the river flows
 With our tears for Anterôs.

W. Johnson-Cory

CXXV

To a Friend

Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days, my mind?—
 He much, the old man, who, clearest-soul'd of men,
 Saw The Wide Prospect, and the Asian Fen,
 And Tmolus hill, and Smyrna bay, though blind.

Much he, whose friendship I not long since won,
 That halting slave, who in Nicopolis
 Taught Arrian, when Vespasian's brutal son
 Clear'd Rome of what most shamed him. But be his

My special thanks, whose even-balanced soul,
 From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
 Business could not make dull, nor passion wild ;

Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole ;
 The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
 Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child.

M. Arnold

CXXVI

An Invocation

I never pray'd for Dryads, to haunt the woods again ;
More welcome were the presence of hungering, thirsting
men,
Whose doubts we could unravel, whose hopes we could
fulfil,
Our wisdom tracing backward, the river to the rill ;
Were such beloved forerunners one summer day restored,
Then, then we might discover the Muse's mystic hoard.

Oh, dear divine Comatas, I would that thou and I
Beneath this broken sunlight this leisure day might lie ;
Where trees from distant forests, whose names were strange
to thee,
Should bend their amorous branches within thy reach to be,
And flowers thine Hellas knew not, which art hath made
more fair,
Should shed their shining petals upon thy fragrant hair.

Then thou shouldst calmly listen with ever-changing looks
To songs of younger minstrels and plots of modern books,
And wonder at the daring of poets later born,
Whose thoughts are unto thy thoughts as noon-tide is to
morn ;
And little shouldst thou grudge them their greater strength
of soul,
Thy partners in the torch-race, though nearer to the goal.

As when ancestral portraits look gravely from the walls
Upon the youthful baron who treads their echoing halls ;
And while he builds new turrets, the thrice ennobled heir
Would gladly wake his grandsire his home and feast to
share ;
So from Aegaeon laurels that hide thine ancient urn
I fain would call thee hither, my sweeter lore to learn.

Or in thy cedarn prison thou waitest for the bee :
Ah, leave that simple honey, and take thy food from me.

My sun is stooping westward. Entrancéd dreamer, haste :
There's fruitage in my garden, that I would have thee taste.
Now lift the lid a moment : now, Dorian shepherd, speak :
Two minds shall flow together, the English and the Greek.

W. Johnson-Cory

CXXVII

Song of Callicles in Sicily

Far, far from here,
The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay
Among the green Illyrian hills ; and there
The sunshine in the happy glens is fair,
And by the sea, and in the brakes,
The grass is cool, the sea-side air
Buoyant and fresh, the mountain flowers
More virginal and sweet than ours.
And there, they say, two bright and aged snakes,
Who once were Cadmus and Harmonia,
Bask in the glens or on the warm sea-shore,
In breathless quiet, after all their ills ;
Nor do they see their country, nor the place
Where the Sphinx lived among the frowning hills,
Nor the unhappy palace of their race,
Nor Thebes, nor the Ismenus, any more.

There those two live, far in the Illyrian brakes !
They had stay'd long enough to see,
In Thebes, the billow of calamity
Over their own dear children roll'd,
Curse upon curse, pang upon pang,
For years, they sitting helpless in their home,
A gray old man and woman ; yet of old
The Gods had to their marriage come,
And at the banquet all the Muses sang.

Therefore they did not end their days
In sight of blood ; but were rapt, far away,
To where the west-wind plays,

And murmurs of the Adriatic come
To those untrodden mountain-lawns ; and there
Placed safely in changed forms, the pair
Wholly forget their first sad life, and home,
And all that Theban woe, and stray
For ever through the glens, placid and dumb.

M. Arnold

CXXVIII

Callicles Beneath Etna

Through the black, rushing smoke-bursts,
Thick breaks the red flame ;
All Etna heaves fiercely
Her forest-clothed frame.

Not here, O Apollo !
Are haunts meet for thee.
But, where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea ;

Where the moon-silver'd inlets
Send far their light voice
Up the still vale of Thisbe,
O speed, and rejoice !

On the sward at the cliff-top
Lie strewn the white flocks,
On the cliff-side the pigeons
Roost deep in the rocks.

In the moonlight the shepherds,
Soft lull'd by the rills,
Lie wrapt in their blankets
Asleep on the hills.

—What forms are these coming
So white through the gloom ?
What garments out-glistening
The gold-flower'd broom ?

What sweet breathing presence
Out-perfumes the thyme ?
What voices enrapture
The night's balmy prime ?—

'Tis Apollo comes leading
 His choir, the Nine.
 —The leader is fairest,
 But all are divine.

They are lost in the hollows !
 They stream up again !
 What seeks on this mountain,
 The glorified train?—

They bathe on this mountain,
 In the spring by their road ;
 Then on to Olympus,
 Their endless abode.

—Whose praise do they mention ?
 Of what is it told?—
 What will be for ever ;
 What was from of old.

First hymn they the Father
 Of all things ; and then,
 The rest of immortals,
 The action of men.

The day in his hotness,
 The strife with the palm ;
 The night in her silence,
 The stars in their calm.

M. Arnold

CXXIX

'Frater Ave atque Vale'

Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row !
 So they row'd, and there we landed—' O venusta Sirmio !'
 There to me thro' all the groves of olive in the summer
 glow,
 There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers
 grow,

Came that 'Ave atque Vale' of the Poet's hopeless woe,
 Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen-hundred years ago,
 'Frater Ave atque Vale'—as we wander'd to and fro
 Gazing at the Lydian-laughter of the Garda Lake below
 Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmio!

A. Lord Tennyson

CXXX

Thyrsis

A MONODY, *to commemorate the author's friend,*
 ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, *who died at Florence, 1861*

How changed is here each spot man makes or fills!
 In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same;
 The village street its haunted mansion lacks,
 And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name,
 And from the roofs the twisted chimney-stacks—
 Are ye too changed, ye hills?
 See, 'tis no foot of unfamiliar men
 To-night from Oxford up your pathway strays!
 Here came I often, often, in old days—
 Thyrsis and I; we still had Thyrsis then.

Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth Farm,
 Past the high wood, to where the elm-tree crowns
 The hill behind whose ridge the sunset flames?
 The signal-elm, that looks on Ilsley Downs,
 The Vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful Thames?—
 This winter-eve is warm,
 Humid the air! leafless, yet soft as spring,
 The tender purple spray on copse and briers!
 And that sweet city with her dreaming spires,
 She needs not June for beauty's heightening,

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-night!—
 Only, methinks, some loss of habit's power
 Befalls me wandering through this upland dim.

Once pass'd I blindfold here, at any hour ;
Now seldom come I, since I came with him.
That single elm-tree bright
Against the west—I miss it ! is it gone ?
We prized it dearly ; while it stood, we said,
Our friend, the Gipsy-Scholar, was not dead ;
While the tree lived, he in these fields lived on.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here,
But once I knew each field, each flower, each stick :
And with the country-folk acquaintance made
By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.
Here, too, our shepherd pipes we first assay'd.
Ah me ! this many a year
My pipe is lost, my shepherd's holiday !
Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart
Into the world and wave of men depart ;
But Thyrsis of his own will went away.

It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.
He loved each simple joy the country yields,
He loved his mates ; but yet he could not keep,
For that a shadow lour'd on the fields,
Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.
Some life of men unblest
He knew, which made him droop, and fill'd his head.
He went ; his piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground :
He could not wait their passing, he is dead.

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day—
When garden-walks and all the grassy floor
With blossoms red and white of fallen May
And chestnut-flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze :
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I !

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go ?
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow ;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

He hearkens not ! light comer, he is flown !
What matters it ? next year he will return,
And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,
And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,
And scent of hay new-mown.
But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see ;
See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,
And blow a strain the world at last shall heed—
For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd thee !

Alack, for Corydon no rival now !—
But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,
Some good survivor with his flute would go,
Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate ;
And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,
And relax Pluto's brow,
And make leap up with joy the beauteous head
Of Proserpine, among whose crown'd hair
Are flowers first open'd on Sicilian air,
And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead.

O easy access to the hearer's grace
When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine !
For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,
She knew the Dorian water's gush divine,
She knew each lily white which Enna yields.
Each rose with blushing face ;
She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain.
But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard !
Her foot the Cumner cowslips never stirr'd :
And we should tease her with our plaint in vain !

Well ! wind-dispersed and vain the words will be,
 Yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its hour
 In the old haunt, and find our tree-topp'd hill !
 Who, if not I, for questing here hath power ?
 I know the wood which hides the daffodil,
 I know the Fyfield tree,
 I know what white, what purple fritillaries
 The grassy harvest of the river-fields,
 Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,
 And what sedged brooks are Thames's tributaries ;

I know these slopes ; who knows them if not I ?—
 But many a dingle on the loved hill-side,
 With thorns once studded, old, white-blossom'd trees,
 Where thick the cowslips grew, and far descried
 High tower'd the spikes of purple orchises,
 Hath since our day put by
 The coronals of that forgotten time ,
 Down each green bank hath gone the ploughboy's team,
 And only in the hidden brookside gleam
 Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime.

Where is the girl, who by the boatman's door,
 Above the locks, above the boating throng,
 Unmoor'd our skiff when through the Wytham flats,
 Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet among,
 And darting swallows and light water-gnats,
 We track'd the shy Thames shore ?
 Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell
 Of our boat passing heaved the river-grass,
 Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass ?—
 They all are gone, and thou art gone as well !

Yes, thou art gone ! and round me too the night
 In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.
 I see her veil draw soft across the day,
 I feel her slowly chilling breath invade
 The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with gray ;
 I feel her finger light
 Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train ;—
 The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
 The heart less bounding at emotion new,
 And hope once crush'd, less quick to spring again.

And long the way appears, which seem'd so short
To the less practised eye of sanguine youth ;
And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,
The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth,
Tops in life's morning-sun so bright and bare !
Unbreachable the fort
Of the long-batter'd world uplifts its wall :
And strange and vain the earthly turmoil grows,
And near and real the charm of thy repose,
And night as welcome as a friend would fall.

But hush ! the upland hath a sudden loss
Of quiet !—Look, adown the dusk hill-side,
A troop of Oxford hunters going home,
As in old days, jovial and talking, ride !
From hunting with the Berkshire hounds they come.
Quick ! let me fly, and cross
Into yon farther field !—'Tis done ; and see,
Back'd by the sunset, which doth glorify
The orange and pale violet evening-sky,
Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree ! the Tree !

I take the omen ! Eve lets down her veil,
The white fog creeps from bush to bush about,
The west unflushes, the high stars grow bright,
And in the scatter'd farms the lights come out.
I cannot reach the signal-tree to-night,
Yet, happy omen, hail !
Hear it from thy broad lucent Arno-vale
(For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep
The morningless and unawakening sleep
Under the flowery oleanders pale),

Hear it, O Thyrsis, still our tree is there !—
Ah, vain ! These English fields, this upland dim,
These brambles pale with mist engarlanded,
That lone, sky-pointing tree, are not for him ;
To a boon southern country he is fled,
And now in happier air,
Wandering with the great Mother's train divine
(And purer or more subtle soul than thee,
I trow, the mighty Mother doth not see)
Within a folding of the Apennine,

Thou hearest the immortal chants of old !—
Putting his sickle to the perilous grain
In the hot cornfield of the Phrygian king,
For thee the Lityerses-song again
Young Daphnis with his silver voice doth sing ;
Sings his Sicilian fold,
His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded eyes—
And how a call celestial round him rang,
And heavenward from the fountain-brink he sprang,
And all the marvel of the golden skies.

There thou art gone, and me thou leavest here
Sole in these fields ! yet will I not despair.
Despair I will not, while I yet descry
'Neath the mild canopy of English air
That lonely tree against the western sky.
Still, still these slopes, 'tis clear,
Our Gipsy-Scholar haunts, outliving thee !
Fields where soft sheep from cages pull the hay,
Woods with anemonies in flower till May,
Know him a wanderer still ; then why not me ?

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,
Shy to illumine ; and I seek it too.
This does not come with houses or with gold,
With place, with honour, and a flattering crew ;
'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold—
But the smooth-slipping weeks
Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired ;
Out of the heed of mortals he is gone,
He wends unfollow'd, he must house alone ;
Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.

Thou too, O Thyr sis, on like quest wast bound ;
Thou wanderedst with me for a little hour !
Men gave thee nothing ; but this happy quest,
If men esteem'd thee feeble, gave thee power,
If men procured thee trouble, gave thee rest.
And this rude Cumner ground,
Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet fields,
Here cam'st thou in thy jocund youthful time,
Here was thine height of strength, thy golden prime !
And still the haunt beloved a virtue yields.

What though the music of thy rustic flute
 Kept not for long its happy, country tone ;
 Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note
 Of men contention-tost, of men who groan,
 Which task'd thy pipe too sore, and tired thy throat—
 It fail'd, and thou wast mute !
 Yet hadst thou alway visions of our light,
 And long with men of care thou couldst not stay,
 And soon thy foot resumed its wandering way,
 Left human haunt, and on alone till night.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here !
 'Mid city-noise, not, as with thee of yore,
 Thyrsis ! in reach of sheep-bells is my home.
 —Then through the great town's harsh, heart-wearying
 roar,
 Let in thy voice a whisper often come,
 To chase fatigue and fear :
Why faintest thou ? I wander'd till I died.
Roam on ! The light we sought is shining still.
Dost thou ask proof ? Our tree yet crowns the hill,
Our Scholar travels yet the loved hill-side.

M. Arnold

CXXXI

Amphibian

The fancy I had to-day,
 Fancy which turn'd a fear !
 I swam far out in the bay,
 Since waves laugh'd warm and clear.

I lay and look'd at the sun,
 The noon-sun look'd at me :
 Between us two, no one
 Live creature, that I could see.

Yes ! There came floating by
 Me, who lay floating too,
 Such a strange butterfly !
 Creature as dear as new :

Because the membraned wings
So wonderful, so wide,
So sun-suffused, were things
Like soul and nought beside.

A handbreadth over head !
All of the sea my own,
It own'd the sky instead ;
Both of us were alone.

I never shall join its flight,
For, nought buoys flesh in air.
If it touch the sea—good-night !
Death sure and swift waits there.

Can the insect feel the better
For watching the uncouth play
Of limbs that slip the fetter,
Pretend as they were not clay ?

Undoubtedly I rejoice
That the air comports so well
With a creature which had the choice
Of the land once. Who can tell ?

What if a certain soul
Which early slipp'd its sheath,
And has for its home the whole
Of heaven, thus look beneath,

Thus watch one who, in the world,
Both lives and likes life's way,
Nor wishes the wings unfurl'd
That sleep in the worm, they say ?

But sometimes when the weather
Is blue, and warm waves tempt
To free oneself of tether,
And try a life exempt

From worldly noise and dust,
In the sphere which overbrims
With passion and thought,—why, just
Unable to fly, one swims !

By passion and thought upborne,
One smiles to oneself—‘ They fare
Scarce better, they need not scorn
Our sea, who live in the air !’

Emancipate through passion
And thought, with sea for sky,
We substitute, in a fashion,
For heaven—poetry :

Which sea, to all intent,
Gives flesh such noon-disport
As a finer element
Affords the spirit-sort.

Whatever they are, we seem :
Imagine the thing they know ;
All deeds they do, we dream ;
Can heaven be else but so ?

And meantime, yonder streak
Meets the horizon’s verge ;
That is the land, to seek
If we tire or dread the surge :

Land the solid and safe—
To welcome again (confess !)
When, high and dry, we chafe
The body, and don the dress.

Does she look, pity, wonder
At one who mimics flight,
Swims—heaven above, sea under,
Yet always earth in sight ?

R. Browning

CXXXII

O life, O death, O world, O time,
O grave, where all things flow,
’Tis yours to make our lot sublime
With your great weight of woe.

Though sharpest anguish hearts may wring,
Though bosoms torn may be,
Yet suffering is a holy thing ;
Without it what were we ?

R. C. Archbishop Trench

CXXXIII

Consolation

Mist clogs the sunshine.
Smoky dwarf houses
Hem me round everywhere ;
A vague dejection
Weighs down my soul.

Yet, while I languish,
Everywhere countless
Prospects unroll themselves,
And countless beings
Pass countless moods.

Far hence, in Asia,
On the smooth convent-roofs,
On the gilt terraces,
Of holy Lassa,
Bright shines the sun.

Gray time-worn marbles
Hold the pure Muses ;
In their cool gallery,
By yellow Tiber,
They still look fair.

Strange unloved uproar
Shrills round their portal ;
Yet not on Helicon
Kept they more cloudless
Their noble calm.

Through sun-proof alleys
In a lone, sand-hemm'd
City of Africa,
A blind, led beggar,
Age-bow'd, asks alms.

No bolder robber
Erst abode ambush'd
Deep in the sandy waste ;
No clearer eyesight
Spied prey afar.

Saharan sand-winds
Sear'd his keen eyeballs ;
Spent is the spoil he won.
For him the present
Holds only pain.

Two young, fair lovers,
Where the warm June-wind,
Fresh from the summer fields,
Plays fondly round them,
Stand, tranced in joy.

With sweet, join'd voices,
And with eyes brimming :
'Ah,' they cry, 'Destiny,
Prolong the present !
Time, stand still here !'

The prompt stern Goddess
Shakes her head, frowning ;
Time gives his hour-glass
Its due reversal ;
Their hour is gone.

With weak indulgence
Did the just Goddess
Lengthen their happiness,
She lengthen'd also
Distress elsewhere.

The hour, whose happy
Unalloy'd moments
I would eternalize,
Ten thousand mourners
Well pleased see end.

The bleak, stern hour,
Whose severe moments
I would annihilate,
Is pass'd by others
In warmth, light, joy.

Time, so complain'd of,
Who to no one man
Shows partiality,
Brings round to all men
Some undimm'd hours.

M. Arnold

CXXXIV

Rabbi Ben Ezra

Grow old along with me !
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made :
Our times are in His hand
Who saith 'A whole I plann'd,
Youth shows but half ; trust God : see all nor be afraid !'

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sigh'd 'Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall ?'
Not that, admiring stars,
It yearn'd 'Nor Jove, nor Mars ;
Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them
all !'

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate : folly wide the mark !
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finish'd and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but form'd to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men ;
Irks care the crop-full bird ? Frets doubt the maw-cramm'd
beast ?

Rejoice we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive !
A spark disturbs our clod ;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go !
Be our joys three-parts pain !
Strive, and hold cheap the strain ;
Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never grudge the throe !

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail :
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me :
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh has soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play ?
To man, propose this test—
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way ?

Yet gifts should prove their use :
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn :
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole :
Should not the heart beat once 'How good to live and
learn ?'

Not once beat 'Praise be Thine !
I see the whole design,
I, who saw power, see now love perfect too :
Perfect I call Thy plan :
Thanks that I was a man !
Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what Thou shalt do !'

For pleasant is this flesh ,
Our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pull'd ever to the earth, still yearns for rest :
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did best !

Let us not always say
'Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gain'd ground upon the whole !'
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry 'All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps
soul !'

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reach'd its term :
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the develop'd brute ; a god though in the germ.

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new :
Fearless and unperplex'd,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour to indue.

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby ;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold :
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame :
Young, all lay in dispute ; I shall know, being old.

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray :
A whisper from the west
Shoots—‘ Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth : here dies another day.’

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o’er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
‘ This rage was right i’ the main,
That acquiescence vain :
The Future I may face now I have proved the Past.

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day :
Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool’s true play.

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found made :
So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedest age : wait death nor be afraid !

Enough now, if the Right
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone.

Be there, for once and all,
Sever’d great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the Past !
Was I, the world arraign’d,
Were they, my soul disdain’d,
Right ? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at last !

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me: we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that: whom shall my soul believe?

Not on the vulgar mass
Call'd 'work,' must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger fail'd to plumb,
So pass'd in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weigh'd not as his work, yet swell'd the man's
amount:

Thoughts hardly to be pack'd
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor! and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,—
Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
'Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize to-day!'

Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What enter'd into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure.

He fix'd thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest :
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impress'd.

What though the earlier grooves
Which ran the laughing loves
Around thy base, no longer pause and press ?
What though, about thy rim,
Scully-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress ?

Look not thou down but up !
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips a-glow !
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou with
earth's wheel ?

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who moulded men ;
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I,—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colours rife,
Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst :

So, take and use Thy work :
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim !
My times be in Thy hand !
Perfect the cup as plann'd !
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same !
R. Browning

CXXXV

The Guardian-Angel :

A PICTURE AT FANO

Dear and great Angel, wouldst thou only leave
That child, when thou hast done with him, for me !
Let me sit all the day here, that when eve
Shall find perform'd thy special ministry,
And time come for departure, thou, suspending
Thy flight, mayst see another child for tending,
Another still, to quiet and retrieve.

Then I shall feel thee step one step, no more,
From where thou standest now, to where I gaze,
—And suddenly my head is cover'd o'er
With those wings, white above the child who prays
Now on that tomb—and I shall feel thee guarding
Me, out of all the world ; for me, discarding
Yon heaven thy home, that waits and opes its door.

I would not look up thither past thy head
Because the door opes, like that child, I know,
For I should have thy gracious face instead,
Thou bird of God ! And wilt thou bend me low
Like him, and lay, like his, my hands together,
And lift them up to pray, and gently tether
Me, as thy lamb there, with thy garment's spread ?

If this was ever granted, I would rest
My head beneath thine, while thy healing hands
Close-cover'd both my eyes beside thy breast,
Pressing the brain, which too much thought expands,
Back to its proper size again, and smoothing
Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,
And all lay quiet, happy and suppress'd.

How soon all worldly wrong would be repair'd !
I think how I should view the earth and skies
And sea, when once again my brow was bared
After thy healing, with such different eyes.
O world, as God has made it ! All is beauty :
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.

What further may be sought for or declared ?

R. Browning

CXXXVI

Prospice

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe ;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go :
For the journey is done and the summit attain'd,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gain'd,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last !
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest !

R. Browning

CXXXVII

Say not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been, things remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
 It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the light :
 In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
 But westward, look, the land is bright.
A. H. Clough

CXXXVIII

Epilogue

TO ASOLANDO

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
 When you set your fancies free,
 Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, im-
 prison'd—
 Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
 —Pity me ?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken !
 What had I on earth to do
 With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly ?
 Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivell
 —Being—who ?

One who never turn'd his back but march'd breast
 forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dream'd, though right were worsted, wrong would
 triumph,
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
 Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer !
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
'Strive and thrive !' cry 'Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here !'

R. Browning

CXXXIX

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark ;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

A. Lord Tennyson

CXL

In Love's Eternity

My body was part of the sun and the dew,
Not a trace of my death to me clave,
There was scarce a man left on the earth whom I knew,
And another was laid in my grave.
I was changed and in heaven, the great sea of blue
Had long wash'd my soul pure in its wave.

My sorrow was turn'd to a beautiful dress,
Very fair for my weeping was I ;
And my heart was renew'd, but it bore none the less
The great wound that had brought me to die,
The deep wound that She gave who wrought all my distress ;
Ah, my heart loved her still in the sky !

My soul had forgiven each separate tear
She had bitterly wrung from my eyes ;
But I thought of her lightness,—ah ! sore was my fear
She would fall somewhere never to rise,
And that no one would love her, to bring her soul near
To the heavens, where love never dies.

She had drawn me with feigning, and held me a day ;
She had taken the passionate price
That my heart gave for love, with no doubt or delay,
For I thought that her smile would suffice ;
She had play'd with and wasted and then cast away
The true heart that could never love twice.

And false must she be ; she had follow'd the cheat
That ends loveless and hopeless below :
I remember'd her words' cruel worldly deceit
When she bade me forget her and go.
She could ne'er have believed after death we might meet,
Or she would not have let me die so.

I thought, and was sad : the blue fathomless seas
Bore the white clouds in luminous throng ;
And the souls that had love were in each one of these ;
They pass'd by with a great upward song :
They were going to wander beneath the fair trees,
In high Eden—their joy would be long.

How sweet to look back to that desolate space
When the heaven scarce *my* heaven seem'd !
She came suddenly, swiftly,—a great healing grace
Fill'd her features, and forth from her stream'd.
With a cry our lips met, and a long close embrace
Made the past like a thing I had dream'd.

Ah Love ! she began, when I found you were dead,
I was changed, and the world was changed too ;
On a sudden I felt that the sunshine had fled,
And the flowers and summer gone too ;
Life but mock'd me ; I found there was nothing instead,
But to turn back and weep all in you.

When you were not there to fall down at my feet,
And pour out the whole passionate store
Of the heart that was made to make my heart complete,
In true words that my memory bore,—
'Then I found that those words were the only words sweet,
And I knew I should hear them no more.

Ah, yes ! but your love was a fair magic toy,
'That you gave to a child, who scarce deign'd
To glance at it—forsook it for some passing joy,
Never guessing the charm it contain'd ;
But you gave it and left it, and none could destroy
The fair talisman where it remain'd.

And surely, no child, but a woman at last
Found your gift where the child let it lie,
Understood the whole secret it held, sweet and vast,
The fair treasure a world could not buy ;
And believed not the meaning could ever have past,
Any more than the giver could die.

She ceased. To my soul's deepest sources the sense
Of her words with a full healing crept,
And my heart was deliver'd with rapture intense
From the wound and the void it had kept ;
Then I saw that her heart was a heaven immense
As my love ; and together we wept.

A. O'Shaughnessy

CXLI

Three Seasons

'A cup for hope !' she said,
In springtime ere the bloom was old :
The crimson wine was poor and cold
By her mouth's richer red.

‘A cup for love!’ how low,
 How soft the words; and all the while
 Her blush was rippling with a smile
 Like summer after snow.

‘A cup for memory!’
 Cold cup that one must drain alone:
 While autumn winds are up and moan
 Across the barren sea.

Hope, memory, love:
 Hope for fair morn, and love for day,
 And memory for the evening gray
 And solitary dove.

C. G. Rossetti

CXLII

Half Truth

The words that trembled on your lips
 Were utter'd not—I know it well;
 The tears that would your eyes eclipse
 Were check'd and smother'd, ere they fell:
 The looks and smiles I gain'd from you
 Were little more than others won,
 And yet you are not wholly true,
 Nor wholly just what you have done.

You know, at least you might have known,
 That every little grace you gave,—
 Your voice's somewhat lower'd tone,—
 Your hand's faint shake or parting wave,—
 Your every sympathetic look
 At words that chanced your soul to touch,
 While reading from some favourite book,
 Were much to me—alas, how much!

You might have seen—perhaps you saw—
 How all of these were steps of hope
 On which I rose, in joy and awe,
 Up to my passion's lofty scope;

How after each, a firmer tread
I planted on the slippery ground,
And higher raised my venturous head,
And ever new assurance found.

Maybe, without a further thought,
It only pleased you thus to please,
And thus to kindly feelings wrought
You measured not the sweet degrees ;
Yet, though you hardly understood
Where I was following at your call,
You might—I dare to say you should—
Have thought how far I had to fall.

And thus when fallen, faint, and bruised,
I see another's glad success,
I may have wrongfully accused
Your heart of vulgar fickleness :
But even now, in calm review
Of all I lost and all I won,
I cannot deem you wholly true,
Nor wholly just what you have done.

R. M. (Milnes) Lord Houghton

CXLIII

Nessun Maggior Dolore . . .

They seem'd to those who saw them meet
The worldly friends of every day,
Her smile was undisturb'd and sweet,
His courtesy was free and gay.

But yet if one the other's name
In some unguarded moment heard,
The heart, you thought so calm and tame,
Would struggle like a captured bird :

And letters of mere formal phrase
Were blister'd with repeated tears,—
And this was not the work of days,
But had gone on for years and years !

Alas, that Love was not too strong
 For maiden shame and manly pride !
 Alas, that they delay'd so long
 The goal of mutual bliss beside !

Yet what no chance could then reveal,
 And neither would be first to own,
 Let fate and courage now conceal,
 When truth could bring remorse alone.

R. M. (Milnes) Lord Houghton

CXLIV

A Toccata of Galuppi's

O, Galuppi, Baldassaro, this is very sad to find !
 I can hardly misconceive you ; it would prove me deaf and
 blind ;
 But although I take your meaning, 'tis with such a heavy
 mind !

Here you come with your old music, and here's all the
 good it brings.
 What, they lived once thus at Venice where the merchants
 were the kings,
 Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea
 with rings ?

Ay, because the sea's the street there ; and 'tis arch'd by
 . . . what you call
 . . . Shylock's bridge with houses on it, where they kept the
 carnival :
 I was never out of England—it's as if I saw it all !

Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was
 warm in May ?
 Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning ever to mid-
 day
 When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do
 you say ?

Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red,—
On her neck the small face buoyant, like a bell-flower on
its bed,
O'er the breast's superb abundance where a man might
base his head?

Well, (and it was graceful of them) they'd break talk off and
afford

—She, to bite her mask's black velvet, he, to finger on his
sword,

While you sat and play'd 'Toccatas, stately at the clavichord?

What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminish'd,
sigh on sigh,

Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions
—'Must we die?'

Those commiserating sevenths—'Life might last! we can
but try!'

'Were you happy?'—'Yes.'—'And are you still as happy?'
—'Yes. And you?'

—'Then, more kisses!'—'Did *I* stop them, when a million
seem'd so few?'

Hark! the dominant's persistence, till it must be answer'd to!

So an octave struck the answer. O, they praised you, I
dare say!

'Brave Galuppi! that was music! good alike at grave and
gay!

I can always leave off talking, when I hear a master play.'

Then they left you for their pleasure: till in due time, one
by one,

Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as
well undone,

Death came tacitly and took them where they never see the
sun.

But when I sit down to reason, think to take my stand nor
swerve,

While I triumph o'er a secret wrung from nature's close
reserve,

In you come with your cold music, till I creep through
every nerve.

Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house was
burn'd—

'Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what
Venice earn'd !

The soul, doubtless, is immortal—where a soul can be dis-
cern'd.

'Yours for instance, you know physics, something of geology,
Mathematics are your pastime ; souls shall rise in their
degree ;

Butterflies may dread extinction,—you'll not die, it cannot
be !

'As for Venice and its people, merely born to bloom and
drop,

Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth and folly were
the crop :

What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to
stop ?

'Dust and ashes !' So you creak it, and I want the heart
to scold.

Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's become of
all the gold

Used to hang and brush their bosoms ? I feel chilly and
grown old.

R. Browning

CXLV

If She but Knew

If she but knew that I am weeping

Still for her sake,

That love and sorrow grow with keeping

Till they must break,

My heart that breaking will adore her,

Be hers and die ;

If she might hear me once implore her,

Would she not sigh ?

If she but knew that it would save me
Her voice to hear,
Saying she pitied me, forgave me,
Must she forbear?
If she were told that I was dying,
Would she be dumb?
Could she content herself with sighing?
Would she not come?

A. O'Shaughnessy

CXLVI

Song

Has summer come without the rose,
Or left the bird behind?
Is the blue changed above thee,
O world! or am I blind?
Will you change every flower that grows,
Or only change this spot,
Where she who said, I love thee,
Now says, I love thee not?

The skies seem'd true above thee,
The rose true on the tree;
The bird seem'd true the summer through
But all proved false to me.
World! is there one good thing in you,
Life, love, or death—or what?
Since lips that sang, I love thee,
Have said, I love thee not?

I think the sun's kiss will scarce fall
Into one flower's gold cup;
I think the bird will miss me,
And give the summer up.
O sweet place! desolate in tall
Wild grass, have you forgot
How her lips loved to kiss me,
Now that they kiss me not?

Be false or fair above me,
 Come back with any face,
 Summer!—do I care what you do?
 You cannot change one place—
 The grass, the leaves, the earth, the dew,
 The grave I make the spot—
 Here, where she used to love me,
 Here, where she loves me not.
A. O'Shaughnessy

CXLVII

Departure

It was not like your great and gracious ways :
 Do you, that have nought other to lament,
 Never, my Love, repent
 Of how, that July afternoon,
 You went,
 With sudden, unintelligible phrase,
 And frighten'd eye,
 Upon your journey of so many days
 Without a single kiss, or a good-bye ?
 I knew, indeed, that you were parting soon :
 And so we sate, within the low sun's rays,
 You whispering to me, for your voice was weak,
 Your harrowing praise.
 Well, it was well,
 To hear you such things speak,
 And I could tell
 What made your eyes a growing gloom of love,
 As a warm South-wind sombres a March grove.
 And it was like your great and gracious ways
 To turn your talk on daily things, my Dear,
 Lifting the luminous, pathetic lash
 To let the laughter flash,
 Whilst I drew near,
 Because you spoke so low that I could scarcely hear.
 But all at once to leave me at the last,
 More at the wonder than the loss aghast,

With huddled, unintelligible phrase,
And frighten'd eye,
And go your journey of all days
With not one kiss, or a good-bye,
And the only loveless look the look with which you pass'd :
'Twas all unlike your great and gracious ways.

C. Patmore

CXLVIII

Song

I made another garden, yea,
For my new love ;
I left the dead rose where it lay,
And set the new above.
Why did the summer not begin ?
Why did my heart not haste ?
My old love came and walk'd therein,
And laid the garden waste.

She enter'd with her weary smile,
Just as of old ;
She look'd around a little while,
And shiver'd at the cold.
Her passing touch was death to all,
Her passing look a blight :
She made the white rose-petals fall,
And turn'd the red rose white.

Her pale robe, clinging to the grass,
Seem'd like a snake
That bit the grass and ground, alas !
And a sad trail did make.
She went up slowly to the gate ;
And there, just as of yore,
She turn'd back at the last to wait,
And say farewell once more.

A. O'Shaughnessy

CXLIX

The Lost Mistress

All's over, then : does truth sound bitter
As one at first believes ?
Hark, 'tis the sparrows' good-night twitter
About your cottage eaves !

And the leaf-buds on the vine are woolly,
I noticed that, to-day ;
One day more bursts them open fully
—You know the red turns gray.

To-morrow we meet the same then, dearest ?
May I take your hand in mine ?
Mere friends are we,—well, friends the merest
Keep much that I resign :

For each glance of the eye so bright and black,
Though I keep with heart's endeavour,—
Your voice, when you wish the snowdrops back,
Though it stay in my soul for ever !—

Yet I will but say what mere friends say,
Or only a thought stronger ;
I will hold your hand but as long as all may,
Or so very little longer !

R. Browning

CL

Echo

Come to me in the silence of the night ;
Come in the speaking silence of a dream ;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream ;
Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finish'd years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
 Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
 Where souls brimful of love abide and meet ;
 Where thirsting longing eyes
 Watch the slow door
 That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
 My very life again though cold in death :
 Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
 Pulse for pulse, breath for breath :
 Speak low, lean low,
 As long ago, my love, how long ago.
C. G. Rossetti

CLI

Greater Memory

In the heart there lay buried for years
 Love's story of passion and tears ;
 Of the heaven that two had begun,
 And the horror that tore them apart,
 When one was love's slayer, but one
 Made a grave for the love in his heart.

The long years pass'd weary and lone,
 And it lay there and changed there unknown ;
 Then one day from its innermost place,
 In the shamed and the ruin'd love's stead,
 Love arose with a glorified face,
 Like an angel that comes from the dead.

It uplifted the stone that was set
 On that tomb which the heart held yet :
 But the sorrow had moulder'd within,
 And there came from the long closed door
 A clear image, that was not the sin
 Or the grief that lay buried before.

The grief it was long wash'd away
In the weeping of many a day ;
And the terrible past lay afar,
Like a dream left behind in the night ;
And the memory that woke was a star
Shining pure in the soul's pure light.

There was never the stain of a tear
On the face that was ever so dear ;
'Twas the same in each lovelier way ;
'Twas the old love's holier part,
And the dream of the earliest day
Brought back to the desolate heart.

It was knowledge of all that had been
In the thought, in the soul unseen ;
'Twas the word which the lips could not say
To redeem and recover the past ;
It was more than was taken away
Which the heart got back at the last.

The passion that lost its spell,
The rose that died where it fell,
The look that was look'd in vain,
The prayer that seem'd lost evermore,
They were found in the heart again,
With all that the heart would restore.

And thenceforward the heart was a shrine
For that memory to dwell in divine,
Till from life, as from love, the dull leaven
Of grief-stain'd earthliness fell ;
And thenceforth in the infinite heaven
That heart and that memory dwell.

A. O'Shaughnessy

CLII

I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless—
That only men incredulous of despair,
Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air,
Beat upward to God' throne in loud access
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness

In souls, as countries, lieth silent, bare,
 Under the blenching, vertical eye-glare
 Of the absolute Heavens. Deep-hearted man, express
 Grief for thy Dead in silence like to death ;
 Most like a monumental statue set
 In everlasting watch and moveless woe,
 Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.
 Touch it : the marble eyelids are not wet—
 If it could weep, it could arise and go.

E. B. Browning

CLIII

The Broken Heart

News o' grief had overteäken
 Dark-ey'd Fanny, now vorseäken ;
 There she zot, wi' breast a-heavèn,
 While vrom zide to zide, wi' grievèn,
 Vell her head, wi' tears a-creepèn
 Down her cheäks, in bitter weepèn.
 There wer still the ribbon-bow
 She tied avore her hour ov woe,
 An' there wer still the han's that tied it
 Hangèn white,
 Or wringèn tight,
 In ceäre that drown'd all ceäre beside it.

When a man, wi' heartless slightèn,
 Mid become a maïden's blightèn,
 He mid ceärelessly vorseäke her,
 But must answer to her Meäker ;
 He mid slight, wi' selfish blindness,
 All her deeds o' lovèn-kindness,
 God wull waigh 'em wi' the slightèn
 That mid be her love's requitèn ;
 He do look on each deceiver,
 He do know
 What weight o' woe
 Do breäk the heart ov ev'ry griever.

W. Barnes

CLIV

Parting

Too fair, I may not call thee mine :
Too dear, I may not see
Those eyes with bridal beacons shine ;
Yet, Darling, keep for me—
Empty and hush'd, and safe apart,
One little corner of thy heart.

Thou wilt be happy, dear ! and bless
Thee : happy mayst thou be.
I would not make thy pleasure less ;
Yet, Darling, keep for me—
My life to light, my lot to leaven,
One little corner of thy Heaven.

Good-bye, dear heart ! I go to dwell
A weary way from thee ;
Our first kiss is our last farewell ;
Yet, Darling, keep for me—
Who wander outside in the night,
One little corner of thy light.

G. Massey

CLV

The Maid's Lament

I loved him not ; and yet now he is gone
I feel I am alone.
I check'd him while he spoke ; yet could he speak,
Alas ! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him : I now would give
My love, could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground

He hid his face amid the shades of death.
 I waste for him my breath
 Who wasted his for me : but mine returns,
 And this lorn bosom burns
 With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
 And waking me to weep
 Tears that had melted his soft heart : for years
 Wept he as bitter tears.
Merciful God ! Such was his latest prayer,
These may she never share !
 Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold,
 Than daisies in the mould,
 Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
 His name and life's brief date.
 Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,
 And, O, pray too for me !

W. S. Landor

CLVI

Lovesight

When do I see thee most, belovéd one ?
 When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
 Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
 The worship of that Love through thee made known ?

Or when in the dusk hours (we two alone),
 Close-kiss'd and eloquent of still replies
 Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
 And my soul only sees thy soul its own ?

O love, my love ! if I no more should see
 Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
 Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—
 How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
 The ground-whirl of the perish'd leaves of Hope,
 The wind of Death's imperishable wing ?

D. G. Rossetti

CLVII

A Farewell

With all my will, but much against my heart,
We two now part.
My Very Dear,
Our solace is, the sad road lies so clear.
It needs no art,
With faint, averted feet
And many a tear,
In our opposéd paths to persevere.
Go thou to East, I West.
We will not say
There's any hope, it is so far away.
But, O, my Best,
When the one darling of our widowhead,
The nursling Grief,
Is dead,
And no dew's blur our eyes
To see the peach-bloom come in evening skies,
Perchance we may,
Where now this night is day,
And even through faith of still averted feet,
Making full circle of our banishment,
Amazéd meet ;
The bitter journey to the bourne so sweet
Seasoning the termless feast of our content
With tears of recognition never dry.

C. Patmore

CLVIII

Song of the Old Love

When sparrows build, and the leaves break forth,
My old sorrow wakes and cries,
For I know there is dawn in the far, far north,
And a scarlet sun doth rise ;
Like a scarlet fleece the snow-field spreads,
And the icy founts run free,
And the bergs begin to bow their heads,
And plunge, and sail in the sea.

O my lost love, and my own, own love,
And my love that loved me so !
Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below ?
Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore,
I remember all that I said,
And now thou wilt hear me no more — no more
Till the sea gives up her dead.

Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail
To the ice-fields and the snow ;
Thou wert sad, for thy love did nought avail,
And the end I could not know ;
How could I tell I should love thee to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear ?
How could I know I should love thee away
When I did not love thee anear ?

We shall walk no more through the sodden plain
With the faded bents o'erspread,
We shall stand no more by the seething main
While the dark wrack drives o'erhead ;
We shall part no more in the wind and the rain,
Where thy last farewell was said ;
But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again
When the sea gives up her dead.

J. Ingelow

CLIX

A Dream of Autumn

I heard a man of many winters say,
‘ Sometimes a sweet dream comes to me by night,
Fluttering my heart with pulses of delight,
In glory bright as day ;

‘ ’Tis not the stir of manhood, nor the pain,
The flood of passions, and the pomp of life,
The toils, the care, the triumphs, and the strife,
That move my soul again ;

‘ Ah ! no, my prison-gates are open thrown,
There is a brighter earth, a lovelier sun,
One face I see, I hear one voice, but one,
’Tis She, and She alone !

‘ It is a golden morning of the spring,
My cheek is pale, and hers is warm with bloom,
And we are left in that old carven room,
And she begins to sing ;

‘ The open casement quivers in the breeze,
And one large muskrose leans its dewy grace
Into the chamber, like a happy face,
And round it swim the bees ;

‘ Sometimes her sunny brow she loves to lean
Over her harp-strings ; sometimes her blue eyes
Are diving into the blue morning skies,
Or woodland shadows green ;

‘ Sometimes she looks adown a garden walk
Whence echoes of blithe converse come and go,
And two or three fair sisters, laughing low,
Go hand in hand, and talk.

‘ And once or twice all fearfully she gazed
Up to her gray fore-fathers, grim and tall,
With faded brows that frown’d along the wall,
And steadfast eyes amazed.

‘ She stays her song ; I linger idly by ;
She lifts her head, and then she casts it down,
One small, fair hand is o’er the other thrown,
With a low, broken sigh ;

‘ I know not what I said ; what she replied
Lives, like eternal sunshine, in my heart ;
And then I murmur’d, Oh ! we never part,
My love, my life, my bride !

‘ And then, as if to crown that first of hours,
That hour that ne’er was mated by another,
Into the open casement her young brother
Threw a fresh wreath of flowers.

‘ And silence o’er us, after that great bliss,
Fell, like a welcome shadow ; and I heard
The far woods sighing, and a summer bird
Singing amid the trees ;

‘ The sweet bird’s happy song, that stream’d around,
The murmur of the woods, the azure skies,
Were graven on my heart, though ears and eyes
Mark’d neither sight nor sound.

‘ She sleeps in peace beneath the chancel stone,
But ah ! so clearly is the vision seen,
The dead seem raised, or Death hath never been,
Were I not here alone.

‘ Oft, as I wake at morn, I seem to see
A moment, the sweet shadow of that shade,
Her blesséd face, as it were loth to fade,
Turn’d back to look on me.’

F. Tennyson

CLX

Silences

’Tis a world of silences. I gave a cry
In the first sorrow my heart could not withstand
I saw men pause, and listen, and look sad,
As though an answer in their hearts they had ;
Some turn’d away, some came and took my hand,
For all reply.

I stood beside a grave. Years had pass’d by ;
Sick with unanswer’d life I turn’d to death,
And whisper’d all my question to the grave,
And watch’d the flowers desolately wave,
And grass stir on it with a fitful breath,
For all reply.

I raised my eyes to heaven : my prayer went high
 Into the luminous mystery of the blue ;
 My thought of God was purer than a flame,
 And God it seem'd a little nearer came,
 Then pass'd : and greater still the silence grew,
 For all reply.

—But you ! If I can speak before I die,
 I spoke to you with all my soul, and when
 I look at you 'tis still my soul you see.
 Oh, in your heart was there no word for me ?
 All would have answer'd had you answer'd then
 With even a sigh.

A. O'Shaughnessy

CLXI

Amelia

Whene'er mine eyes do my Amelia greet
 It is with such emotion
 As when, in childhood, turning a dim street,
 I first beheld the ocean.
 There, where the little, bright, surf-breathing town,
 That show'd me first her beauty and the sea,
 Gathers its skirts against the gorse lit down
 And scatters gardens o'er the southern lea,
 Abides this Maid
 Within a kind, yet sombre Mother's shade,
 Who of her daughter's graces seems almost afraid,
 Viewing them oft-times with a scared forecast,
 Caught, haply, from obscure love-peril past.
 Howe'er that be,
 She scants me of my right,
 Is cunning careful evermore to balk
 Sweet separate talk,
 And fevers my delight
 By frets, if, on Amelia's cheek of peach,
 I touch the notes which music cannot reach,
 Bidding ' Good-night ! '
 Wherefore it came that, till to-day's dear date,
 I cursed the weary months which yet I have to wait
 Ere I find heaven, one-nested with my mate.

To-day, the Mother gave,
To urgent pleas and promise to behave
As she were there, her long-besought consent
To trust Amelia with me to the grave
Where lay my once betrothéd, Millicent :
'For,' said she, hiding ill a moistening eye,
'Though, Sir, the word sounds hard,
God makes as if He least knew how to guard
The treasure He loves best, simplicity.'

And there Amelia stood, for fairness shown
Like a young apple-tree, in flush'd array
Of white and ruddy flower, auroral, gay,
With chilly blue the maiden branch between ;
And yet to look on her moved less the mind
To say 'How beauteous !' than 'How good and kind !'

And so we went alone
By walls o'er which the lilac's numerous plume
Shook down perfume ;
Trim plots close blown
With daisies, in conspicuous myriads seen,
Engross'd each one
With single ardour for her spouse, the sun ;
Garths in their glad array
Of white and ruddy branch, auroral, gay,
With azure chill the maiden flower between ;
Meadows of fervid green,
With sometime sudden prospect of untold
Cowslips, like chance-found gold ;
And broadcast buttercups at joyful gaze,
Rending the air with praise,
Like the six-hundred-thousand-voicéd shout
Of Jacob camp'd in Midian put to rout ;
Then through the Park,
Where Spring to livelier gloom
Quicken'd the cedars dark,
And, 'gainst the clear sky cold,
Which shone afar
Crowded with sunny alps oracular,
Great chestnuts raised themselves abroad like cliffs of bloom :
And everywhere,
Amid the ceaseless rapture of the lark,
With wonder new

We caught the solemn voice of single air,
'Cuckoo !'

And when Amelia, 'bolder'd, saw and heard
How bravely sang the bird,
And all things in God's bounty did rejoice,
She who, her Mother by, spake seldom word,
Did her charm'd silence doff,
And, to my happy marvel, her dear voice
Went as a clock does, when the pendulum's off.
Ill Monarch of man's heart the Maiden who
Does not aspire to be High-Pontiff too !
So she repeated soft her Poet's line,
'By grace divine,
Not otherwise, O Nature, are we thine !'
And I, up the bright steep she led me. trod,
And the like thought pursued
With, 'What is gladness without gratitude,
And where is gratitude without a God ?'
And of delight, the guerdon of His laws,
She spake, in learned mood ;
And I, of Him loved reverently, as Cause,
Her sweetly, as Occasion of all good.
Nor were we shy,
For souls in heaven that be
May talk of heaven without hypocrisy.

And now, when we drew near
The low, gray Church, in its sequester'd dell,
A shade upon me fell,
Dead Millicent indeed had been most sweet,
But I how little meet
To call such graces in a Maiden mine !
A boy's proud passion free affection blunts :
His well-meant flatteries oft are blind affronts ;
And many a tear
Was Millicent's before I, manlier, knew
That maiden's shine
As diamonds do,
Which, though most clear,
Are not to be seen through ;
And, if she put her virgin self aside
And sate her, crownless, at my conquering feet,
It should have bred in me humility, not pride.

Amelia had more luck than Millicent,
Secure she smiled and warm from all mischance
Or from my knowledge or my ignorance,
And glow'd content
With my—some might have thought too much—superior
age,

Which seem'd the gage
Of steady kindness all on her intent.
Thus nought forbade us to be fully blent.

While, therefore, now
Her pensive footstep stirr'd
The darnell'd garden of unheedful death,
She ask'd what Millicent was like, and heard
Of eyes like hers, and honeysuckle breath,
And of a wiser than a woman's brow,
Yet fill'd with only woman's love, and how
An incidental greatness character'd
Her unconsider'd ways.

But all my praise
Amelia thought too slight for Millicent,
And on my lovelier-freighted arm she leant,
For more attent ;
And the tea-rose I gave,
'To deck her breast, she dropp'd upon the grave.
'And this was hers,' said I, decorating with a band
Of mildest pearls Amelia's milder hand.
'Nay, I will wear it for *her* sake,' she said :
For dear to maidens are their rivals dead.

And so,
She seated on the black yew's tortured root,
I on the carpet of sere shreds below,
And nigh the little mound where lay that other,
I kiss'd her lips three times without dispute,
And, with bold worship suddenly aglow,
I lifted to my lips a sandall'd foot,
And kiss'd it three times thrice without dispute.
Upon my head her fingers fell like snow,
Her lamb-like hands about my neck she wreathed,
Her arms like slumber o'er my shoulders crept
And with her bosom, whence the azalea breathed,
She did my face full favourably smother,
To hide the heaving secret that she wept !

Now would I keep my promise to her Mother ;
Now I arose, and raised her to her feet,
My best Amelia, fresh-born from a kiss,
Moth-like, full-blown in birthdew shuddering sweet,
With great, kind eyes, in whose brown shade
Bright Venus and her Baby play'd !

At inmost heart well pleased with one another,
What time the slant sun low
Through the plough'd field does each clod sharply show,
And softly fills
With shade the dimples of our homeward hills,
With little said,
We left the 'wilder'd garden of the dead,
And gain'd the gorse-lit shoulder of the down
That keeps the north-wind from the nestling town,
And caught, once more, the vision of the wave,
Where, on the horizon's dip,
A many-sail'd ship
Pursued alone her distant purpose grave ;
And, by steep steps rock-hewn, to the dim street
I led her sacred feet ;
And so the Daughter gave,
Soft, moth-like, sweet,
Showy as damask-rose and shy as musk,
Back to her Mother, anxious in the dusk.
And now 'Good-night !'
Me shall the phantom months no more affright.
For heaven's gates to open, well waits he
Who keeps himself the key.

C. Patmore

CLXII

O that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again !

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
By the home that gave me birth,

We stood tranced in long embraces
Mixt with kisses sweeter sweeter
Than anything on earth.

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee :
Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies ;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendour falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls ;
'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet ;
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings ;
In a moment we shall meet ;
She is singing in the meadow
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye?
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry,
There is some one dying or dead,
And a sullen thunder is roll'd ;
For a tumult shakes the city,
And I wake, my dream is fled ;
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold.

Get thee hence, nor come again,
Mix not memory with doubt,
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about !
'Tis the blot upon the brain
That *will* show itself without.

Then I rise, the eavedrops fall,
And the yellow vapours choke
The great city sounding wide ;
The day comes, a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty river-tide.

Thro' the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame,
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Thro' all that crowd confused and loud,
The shadow still the same ;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering thro' the laurels
At the quiet evenfall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall.

Would the happy spirit descend,
From the realms of light and song,
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest,
Should I fear to greet my friend
Or to say 'Forgive the wrong,'
Or to ask her, 'Take me, sweet
To the regions of thy rest'?

But the broad light glares and beats,
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be ;
And I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me :
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee.

A. Lord Tennyson.

CLXIII

To the End

I wonder if the Angels
Love with such love as ours,
If for each other's sake they pluck
And keep eternal flowers.
Alone I am and weary,
Alone yet not alone :
Her soul talks with me by the way
From tedious stone to stone,
A blessed Angel treads with me
The awful paths unknown.

If her spirit went before me
Up from night to day,
It would pass me like the lightning
That kindles on its way.

I should feel it like the lightning
 Flashing fresh from Heaven :
 I should long for Heaven sevenfold more,
 Yea and sevenfold seven :
 Should pray as I have not pray'd before,
 And strive as I have not striven.

She will learn new love in Heaven,
 Who is so full of love ;
 She will learn new depths of tenderness
 Who is tender like a dove.
 Her heart will no more sorrow,
 Her eyes will weep no more :
 Yet it may be she will yearn
 And look back from far before :
 Lingering on the golden threshold
 And leaning from the door.

C. G. Rossetti

CLXIV

The One Hope

When vain desire at last and vain regret
 Go hand in hand to death, and all is vain,
 What shall assuage the unforgotten pain
 And teach the unforgetful to forget ?
 Shall Peace be still a sunk stream long unmet,—
 Or may the soul at once in a green plain
 Stoop through the spray of some sweet life-fountain
 And cull the dew-drench'd flowering amulet ?

Ah ! when the wan soul in that golden air
 Between the scripted petals softly blown
 Peers breathless for the gift of grace unknown,—
 Ah ! let none other alien spell so'er
 But only the one Hope's one name be there,—
 Not less nor more, but even that word alone.

D. G. Rossetti

CLXV

A Dead Rose

O Rose ! who dares to name thee ?
No longer roseate now, nor soft, nor sweet ;
But pale, and hard, and dry, as stubble-wheat,—
Kept seven years in a drawer—thy titles shame thee.

The breeze that used to blow thee
Between the hedge-row thorns, and take away
An odour up the lane to last all day,—
If breathing now,—unsweeten'd would forgo thee.

The sun that used to smite thee,
And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn,
Till beam appear'd to bloom, and flower to burn,—
If shining now,—with not a hue would light thee.

The dew that used to wet thee,
And, white first, grow incarnadined, because
It lay upon thee where the crimson was,—
If dropping now,—would darken where it met thee.

The fly that lit upon thee,
To stretch the tendrils of its tiny feet,
Along thy leaf's pure edges, after heat,—
If lighting now,—would coldly overrun thee.

The bee that once did suck thee,
And build thy perfumed ambers up his hive,
And swoon in thee for joy, till scarce alive,—
If passing now,—would blindly overlook thee.

The heart doth recognize thee,
Alone, alone ! The heart doth smell thee sweet,
Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most complete—
Though seeing now those changes that disguise thee.

E. B. Browning

CLXVI

Lost Days

The lost days of my life until to-day,
 What were they, could I see them on the street
 Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
 Sown once for food but trodden into clay?
 Or golden coins squander'd and still to pay?
 Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?
 Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
 The undying throats of Hell, athirst alway?

I do not see them here ; but after death
 God knows I know the faces I shall see,
 Each one a murder'd self, with low last breath.
 ' I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me? '
 ' And I—and I—thyself,' (lo ! each one saith,)
 ' And thou thyself to all eternity ! '

D. G. Rossetti

CLXVII

The Summer is Ended

Wreathe no more lilies in my hair,
 For I am dying, Sister sweet :
 Or, if you will for the last time
 Indeed, why make me fair
 Once for my winding-sheet.

Pluck no more roses for my breast,
 For I like them fade in my prime :
 Or, if you will, why pluck them still,
 That they may share my rest
 Once more for the last time.

Weep not for me when I am gone,
 Dear tender one, but hope and smile :
 Or, if you cannot choose but weep,
 A little while weep on,
 Only a little while.

C. G. Rossetti

CLXVIII

Returning Home

To leave unseen so many a glorious sight,
To leave so many lands unvisited,
To leave so many worthiest books unread,
Unrealized so many visions bright ;—

Oh ! wretched yet inevitable spite
Of our brief span, that we must yield our breath,
And wrap us in the unfeeling coil of death,
So much remaining of unproved delight.

But hush, my soul, and vain regrets, be still'd ;
Find rest in Him who is the complement
Of whatsoe'er transcends our mortal doom
Of baffled hope and unfulfill'd intent :
In the clear vision and aspect of whom
All longings and all hopes shall be fulfill'd.

R. C. Archbishop Trench

CLXIX

In a London Square

Put forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane,
East wind and frost are safely gone ;
With zephyr mild and balmy rain
The summer comes serenely on ;
Earth, air, and sun and skies combine
To promise all that's kind and fair :—
But thou, O human heart of mine,
Be still, contain thyself, and bear.

December days were brief and chill,
The winds of March were wild and drear,
And, nearing and receding still,
Spring never would, we thought, be here.
The leaves that burst, the suns that shine,
Had, not the less, their certain date :—
And thou, O human heart of mine,
Be still, refrain thyself and wait.

A. H. Clough

CLXX

Lasciate Ogni Speranza . . .

I am ! yet what I am who cares, or knows ?
 My friends forsake me, like a memory lost.
 I am the self-consumer of my woes,
 They rise and vanish, an oblivious host,
 Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost.
 And yet I am—I live—though I am toss'd

Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
 Into the living sea of waking dream,
 Where there is neither sense of life, nor joys,
 But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem
 And all that's dear. Even those I loved the best
 Are strange—nay, they are stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes where man has never trod—
 For scenes where woman never smiled or wept—
 There to abide with my Creator, God,
 And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
 Full of high thoughts, unborn. So let me lie,
 The grass below ; above, the vaulted sky.

J. Clare

CLXXI

The Bourne

Underneath the growing grass,
 Underneath the living flowers,
 Deeper than the sound of showers :
 There we shall not count the hours
 By the shadows as they pass.

Youth and health will be but vain,
 Beauty reckon'd of no worth :
 There a very little girth
 Can hold round what once the earth
 Seem'd too narrow to contain.

C. G. Rossetti

CLXXII

Song

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me ;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree :
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet ;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain ;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain :
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

C. G. Rossetti

CLXXIII

The Fountain of Tears

If you go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
And maybe for months and for years ;
You shall come, with a heart that is bursting
For trouble and toiling and thirsting,
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length,—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying
Alike from their hopes and their fears ;
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces :
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows and it flows with a motion
So gentle and lovely and listless,
And murmurs a tune so resistless
To him who hath suffer'd and hears—
You shall surely—without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know your heart broken,
And yield to the long curb'd emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

For it grows and it grows, as though leaping
Up higher the more one is thinking ;
And ever its tunes go on sinking
More poignantly into the ears :
Yea, so blessed and good seems that fountain,
Reach'd after dry desert and mountain,
You shall fall down at length in your weeping
And bathe your sad face in the tears.

Then, alas ! while you lie there a season,
And sob between living and dying,
And give up the land you were trying
To find 'mid your hopes and your fears ;
—O the world shall come up and pass o'er you ;
Strong men shall not stay to care for you,
Nor wonder indeed for what reason
Your way should seem harder than theirs.

But perhaps, while you lie, never lifting
Your cheek from the wet leaves it presses,
Nor caring to raise your wet tresses
And look how the cold world appears,—
O perhaps the mere silences round you—
All things in that place grief hath found you,
Yea, e'en to the clouds o'er you drifting,
May soothe you somewhat through your tears.

You may feel, when a falling leaf brushes
Your face, as though some one had kiss'd you,
Or think at least some one who miss'd you
Hath sent you a thought,—if that cheers ;
Or a bird's little song, faint and broken,
May pass for a tender word spoken :
—Enough, while around you there rushes
That life-drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,
 Brim over, and baffle resistance,
 And roll down blear'd roads to each distance
 Of past desolation and years ;
 Till they cover the place of each sorrow,
 And leave you no Past and no morrow :
 For what man is able to master
 And stem the great Fountain of Tears ?

But the floods of the tears meet and gather ;
 The sound of them all grows like thunder :
 —O into what bosom I wonder,
 Is pour'd the whole sorrow of years ?
 For Eternity only seems keeping
 Account of the great human weeping :
 May God, then, the Maker and Father—
 May He find a place for the tears !
A. O'Shaughnessy

CLXXIV

The Wreck

Hide me, Mother ! my Fathers belong'd to the church of
 old,
 I am driven by storm and sin and death to the ancient
 fold,
 I cling to the Catholic Cross once more, to the Faith that
 saves,
 My brain is full of the crash of wrecks, and the roar of
 waves,
 My life itself is a wreck, I have sullied a noble name,
 I am flung from the rushing tide of the world as a waif of
 shame,
 I am roused by the wail of a child, and awake to a livid
 light,
 And a ghastlier face than ever has haunted a grave by
 night,
 I would hide from the storm without, I would flee from the
 storm within,
 I would make my life one prayer for a soul that died in his
 sin,

I was the tempter, Mother, and mine was the deeper
fall ;
I will sit at your feet, I will hide my face, I will tell you
all.

He that they gave me to, Mother, a heedless and innocent
bride—

I never have wrong'd his heart, I have only wounded his
pride—

Spain in his blood and the Jew——dark-visaged, stately
and tall—

A princelier-looking man never stept thro' a Prince's hall.

And who, when his anger was kindled, would venture
to give him the nay?

And a man men fear is a man to be loved by the women
they say.

And I could have loved him too, if the blossom can doat
on the blight,

Or the young green leaf rejoice in the frost that sears it at
night ;

He would open the books that I prized, and toss them
away with a yawn,

Repell'd by the magnet of Art to the which my nature was
drawn,

The word of the Poet by whom the deeps of the world are
stirr'd,

The music that robes it in language beneath and beyond
the word !

My Shelley would fall from my hands when he cast a con-
temptuous glance

From where he was poring over his Tables of Trade and
Finance ;

My hands, when I heard him coming, would drop from the
chords or the keys,

But ever I fail'd to please him, however I strove to
please—

All day long far-off in the cloud of the city, and there
Lost, head and heart, in the chances of dividend, consol,
and share—

And at home if I sought for a kindly caress, being woman
and weak,

His formal kiss fell chill as a flake of snow on the cheek :

And so, when I bore him a girl, when I held it aloft in my
joy,
He look'd at it coldly, and said to me 'Pity it isn't a boy.'
The one thing given me, to love and to live for, glanced at
in scorn!
The child that I felt I could die for—as if she were basely
born!
I had lived a wild-flower life, I was planted now in a
tomb;
The daisy will shut to the shadow, I closed my heart to the
gloom;
I threw myself all abroad—I would play my part with the
young
By the low foot-lights of the world—and I caught the
wreath that was flung.

Mother, I have not—however their tongues may have
babbled of me—
Sinn'd thro' an animal vileness, for all but a dwarf was he,
And all but a hunchback, too; and I look'd at him, first,
askance,
With pity—not he the knight for an amorous girl's
romance!
Tho' wealthy enough to have bask'd in the light of a
dowerless smile,
Having lands at home and abroad in a rich West-Indian
isle;
But I came on him once at a ball, the heart of a listening
crowd—
Why, what a brow was there! he was seated—speaking
aloud
To women, the flower of the time, and men at the helm of
state—
Flowing with easy greatness and touching on all things
great,
Science, philosophy, song—till I felt myself ready to weep
For I knew not what, when I heard that voice,—as mellow
and deep
As a psalm by a mighty master and peal'd from an organ,—
roll
Rising and falling—for, Mother, the voice was the voice of
the soul;

And the sun of the soul made day in the dark of his
wonderful eyes.

Here was the hand that would help me, would heal me --
the heart that was wise !

And he, poor man, when he learnt that I hated the ring I
wore,

He helpt me with death, and he heal'd me with sorrow for
evermore.

For I broke the bond. That day my nurse had brought me
the child.

The small sweet face was flush'd, but it coo'd to the Mother
and smiled.

'Anything ailing,' I ask'd her, 'with baby?' She shook
her head,

And the Motherless Mother kiss'd it, and turn'd in her
haste and fled.

Low warm winds had gently breathed us away from the
land—

Ten long sweet summer days upon deck, sitting hand in
hand—

When he clothed a naked mind with the wisdom and
wealth of his own,

And I bow'd myself down as a slave to his intellectual
throne,

When he coin'd into English gold some treasure of classical
song,

When he flouted a statesman's error, or flamed at a public
wrong,

When he rose as it were on the wings of an eagle beyond
me, and past

Over the range and the change of the world from the first
to the last,

When he spoke of his tropical home in the canes by the
purple tide,

And the high star-crowns of his palms on the deep-wooded
mountain-side,

And cliffs all robed in lianas that dropt to the brink of his
bay,

And trees like the towers of a minster, the sons of a winter-
less day.

‘Paradise there!’ so he said, but I seem’d in Paradise then
With the first great love I had felt for the first and greatest
of men ;

Ten long days of summer and sin—if it must be so—
But days of a larger light than I ever again shall know—
Days that will glimmer, I fear, thro’ life to my latest breath :
‘No frost there,’ so he said, ‘as in truest Love no Death.’

Mother, one morning a bird with a warble plaintively sweet
Perch’d on the shrouds, and then fell fluttering down at my
feet ;

I took it, he made it a cage, we fondled it, Stephen and I,
But it died, and I thought of the child for a moment, I
scarce know why.

But if sin be sin, not inherited fate, as many will say,
My sin to my desolate little one found me at sea on a day,
When her orphan wail came borne in the shriek of a grow-
ing wind,

And a voice rang out in the thunders of Ocean and Heaven
‘Thou hast sinn’d.’

And down in the cabin were we, for the towering crest of
the tides

Plunged on the vessel and swept in a cataract off from
her sides,

And ever the great storm grew with a howl and a hoot of
the blast

In the rigging, voices of hell—then came the crash of the
mast.

‘The wages of sin is death,’ and there I began to weep,
‘I am the Jonah, the crew should cast me into the deep,
For ah God, what a heart was mine to forsake her even for
you.’

‘Never the heart among women,’ he said, ‘more tender and
true.’

‘The heart! not a mother’s heart, when I left my darling
alone.’

‘Comfort yourself, for the heart of the father will care for
his own.’

‘The heart of the father will spurn her,’ I cried, ‘for the sin
of the wife,

The cloud of the mother’s shame will enfold her and darken
her life.’

Then his pale face twitch'd ; ' O Stephen, I love you, I love
you, and yet '—
As I lean'd away from his arms—' would God, we had never
met ! '—
And he spoke not—only the storm ; till after a little, I
yearn'd
For his voice again, and he call'd to me ' Kiss me ! ' and
there—as I turn'd—
' The heart, the heart ! ' I kiss'd him, I clung to the sinking
form,
And the storm went roaring above us, and he—was out of
the storm.

And then, then, Mother, the ship stagger'd under a thunder-
ous shock,
That shook us asunder, as if she had struck and crash'd on
a rock ;
For a huge sea smote every soul from the decks of *The
Falcon* but one ;
All of them, all but the man that was lash'd to the helm had
gone !
And I fell—and the storm and the days went by, but I
knew no more—
Lost myself—lay like the dead by the dead on the cabin
floor,
Dead to the death beside me, and lost to the loss that was
mine,
With a dim dream, now and then, of a hand giving bread
and wine,
Till I woke from the trance, and the ship stood still, and
the skies were blue,
But the face I had known, O Mother, was not the face that
I knew.

The strange misfeaturing mask that I saw so amazed me,
that I
Stumbled on deck, half mad. I would fling myself over
and die !
But one—he was waving a flag—the one man left on the
wreck—
' Woman '—he graspt at my arm—' stay there '—I crouch'd
upon deck—

'We are sinking, and yet there's hope : look yonder,' he
cried, 'a sail'

In a tone so rough that I broke into passionate tears, and
the wail

Of a beaten babe, till I saw that a boat was nearing us—
then

All on a sudden I thought, I shall look on the child again.

They lower'd me down the side, and there in the boat I
lay

With sad eyes fixt on the lost sea-home, as we glided away,
And I sigh'd, as the low dark hull dipt under the smiling
main,

'Had I stay'd with *him*, I had now—with *him*—been out
of my pain.'

They took us aboard : the crew were gentle, the captain
kind ;

But *I* was the only slave of an often-wandering mind ;
For whenever a rougher gust might tumble a stormier wave,
'O Stephen,' I moan'd, 'I am coming to thee in thine
Ocean-grave.'

And again, when a balmier breeze curl'd over a peacefuller
sea,

I found myself moaning again 'O child, I am coming to
thee.'

The broad white brow of the Isle—that bay with the
colour'd sand—

Rich was the rose of sunset there, as we drew to the land ;
All so quiet the ripple would hardly blanch into spray
At the feet of the cliff ; and I pray'd—'my child'—for I
still could pray—

'May her life be as blissfully calm, be never gloom'd by
the curse

Of a sin, not hers !'

Was it well with the child ?

I wrote to the nurse
Who had borne my flower on her hireling heart ; and
an answer came

Not from the nurse—nor yet to the wife—to her maiden
name !

I shook as I open'd the letter—I knew that hand too
 well—
 And from it a scrap, clipt out of the 'deaths' in a paper,
 fell.
 'Ten long sweet summer days' of fever, and want of
 care!
 And gone—that day of the storm—O Mother, she came to
 me there.

A. Lord Tennyson

CLXXV

Ellen Brine of Allenburn

Noo soul did hear her lips compläin,
 An' she's a-gone vrom all her päin,
 An' others' loss to her is gäin,
 For she do live in heaven's love ;
 Vull many a longsöme day an' week
 She bore her äilèn, still, an' meek ;
 A-workèn while her strangth held on
 An' guidèn housework, when 'twèr gone.
 Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn
 Oh ! there be souls to murn.

The last time I'd a-cast my zight
 Upon her feäce, a-feäded white,
 Wer in a zummer's mornèn light
 In hall avore the smwold'rèn vier,
 The while the childern beät the vloqr,
 In pläy, wi' tiny shoes they wore,
 An' call'd their mother's eyes to view
 The feäts their little limbs could do.
 Oh ! Ellen Brine ov Allenburn,
 They childern now mus' murn.

Then woone, a-stoppèn vrom his reäce,
 Went up, an' on her knee did pleäce
 His hand, a-lookèn in her feäce,
 An' wi' a smilèn mouth so small,

He said, 'You promised us to goo
 To Shroton feäir, an' teäke us two !'
 She heärd it wi' her two white ears,
 An' in her eyes there sprung two tears
 Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn
 Did veel that they mus' murn.

September come, wi' Shroton feäir,
 But Ellen Brine wer never there !
 A heavy heart wer on the meäre,
 Their father rod his hwomeward road.
 'Tis true he brought zome feärèns back,
 Vor them two childern all in black ;
 But they had now, wi' playthings new,
 Noo mother vor to shew em to,
 Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn
 Would never mwore return.

W. Barnes

CLXXVI

Going Home

The ancient river glimmer'd in its bed,
 High overhead the stars of Egypt burn'd,
 When our slow-dying Edith join'd the dead ;
 She whom the Arab and the Nubian mourn'd :
 How in the shadow of old Thebes we wept,
 And down the long-drawn Nile from day to day !
 Her sweet face gone—her bright hair hid away—
 Save what the ring or gleaming locket kept ;
 And, when we felt the Midland waters rise
 Beneath our keel, and England nearer come—
 'Mid our forecasting questions and replies,
 Back came the sorrow like a sad surprise ;
 Those dear white cliffs would never greet her eyes,
 Nor her cheek flush, to find herself at home.

C. Tennyson-Turner

CLXXVII

In Memoriam

'Tis right for her to sleep between
 Some of those old Cathedral walls,
 And right too that her grave is green
 With all the dew and rain that falls.

'Tis well the organ's solemn sighs
 Should soar and sink around her rest;
 And almost in her ear should rise
 The prayers of those she loved the best.

'Tis also well this air is stirr'd
 By Nature's voices loud and low,
 By thunder and the chirping bird,
 And grasses whispering as they grow.

For all her spirit's earthly course
 Was as a lesson and a sign
 How to o'errule the hard divorce
 That parts things natural and divine.

Undaunted by the clouds of fear,
 Undazzled by a happy day,
 She made a Heaven about her here,
 And took how much ! with her away.

R. M. (Milnes) Lord Houghton

CLXXVIII

To —, on her Sister's Death .

O Thou, whose dim and tearful gaze
 Dwells on the shade of blessings gone !
 Whose fancy some lost form surveys,
 Half-deeming it once more thine own ;

O check that shuddering sob, control
 That lip all quivering with despair ;
 The thrillings of the startled soul
 That wakes and finds no loved one there.

Yet though no more she share, her love
Thy way of woe still guides and cheers ;
And from her cup of bliss above
One drop she mingles with thy tears.
J. Keble

CLXXIX

Consolations in Bereavement

Death was full urgent with thee, Sister dear,
And startling in his speed ;—
Brief pain, then languor till thy end came near—
Such was the path decreed,
The hurried road
To lead thy soul from earth to thine own God's abode.

Death wrought with thee, sweet maid, impatiently :—
Yet merciful the haste
That baffles sickness ;—dearest, thou didst die,
Thou wast not made to taste
Death's bitterness,
Decline's slow-wasting charm, or fever's fierce distress.

Death came unheralded :—but it was well :
For so thy Saviour bore
Kind witness, thou wast meet at once to dwell
On His eternal shore ;
All warning spared,
For none He gives where hearts are for prompt change
prepared.

Death wrought in mystery ; both complaint and cure
To human skill unknown :—
God put aside all means, to make us sure
It was His deed alone ;
Lest we should lay
Reproach on our poor selves, that thou wast caught away.

Death urged as scant of time :—lest, Sister dear,
 We many a lingering day
 Had sicken'd with alternate hope and fear,
 The ague of delay ;
 Watching each spark
 Of promise quench'd in turn, till all our sky was dark.

Death came and went :—that so thy image might
 Our yearning hearts possess,
 Associate with all pleasant thoughts and bright,
 With youth and loveliness ;
 Sorrow can claim,
 Mary, nor lot nor part in thy soft soothing name.

Joy of sad hearts, and light of downcast eyes !
 Dearest, thou art enshrined
 In all thy fragrance in our memories ;
 For we must ever find
 Bare thought of thee
 Freshen this weary life, while weary life shall be.
J. H. Card. Newman

CLXXX

Ri3pab

!7—

Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and sea—
 And Willy's voice in the wind, 'O mother, come out to
 me.'
 Why should he call me to-night, when he knows that I
 cannot go ?
 For the downs are as bright as day, and the full moon stares
 at the snow.

We should be seen, my dear : they would spy us out of the
 town.
 The loud black nights for us, and the storm rushing over
 the down,

When I cannot see my own hand, but am led by the creak
of the chain,
And grovel and grope for my son till I find myself drench'd
with the rain.

Anything fallen again? nay—what was there left to fall?
I have taken them home, I have number'd the bones, I
have hidden them all.

What am I saying? and what are *you*? do you come as a
spy?

Falls? what falls? who knows? As the tree falls so must
it lie.

Who let her in? how long has she been? you—what have
you heard?

Why did you sit so quiet? you never have spoken a word.

O—to pray with me—yes—a lady—none of their spies—
But the night has crept into my heart, and begun to darken
my eyes.

Ah—you, that have lived so soft, what should *you* know of
the night,

The blast and the burning shame and the bitter frost and
the fright?

I have done it, while you were asleep—you were only made
for the day.

I have gather'd my baby together—and now you may go
your way.

Nay,—for it's kind of you, Madam, to sit by an old dying
wife.

But say nothing hard of my boy, I have only an hour of life.
I kiss'd my boy in the prison, before he went out to die.

'They dared me to do it,' he said, and he never has told
me a lie.

I whipt him for robbing an orchard once when he was but
a child—

'The farmer dared me to do it,' he said; he was always so
wild—

And idle—and couldn't be idle—my Willy—he never could
rest.

The King should have made him a soldier, he would have
been one of his best.

But he lived with a lot of wild mates, and they never would
let him be good ;
They swore that he dare not rob the mail, and he swore
that he would ;
And he took no life, but he took one purse, and when all
was done

He flung it among his fellows—I'll none of it, said my son.

I came into court to the Judge and the lawyers. I told
them my tale,
God's own truth—but they kill'd him, they kill'd him for
robbing the mail.
They hang'd him in chains for a show—we had always
borne a good name—
To be hang'd for a thief—and then put away— isn't that
enough shame ?

Dust to dust—low down—let us hide ! but they set him so
high
That all the ships of the world could stare at him, passing
by.
God 'ill pardon the hell-black raven and horrible fowls of
the air,
But not the black heart of the lawyer who kill'd him and
hang'd him there.

And the jailer forced me away. I had bid him my last
good-bye ;
They had fasten'd the door of his cell. 'O mother !' I
heard him cry.
I couldn't get back tho' I tried, he had something further to
say,
And now I never shall know it. The jailer forced me
away.

Then since I couldn't but hear that cry of my boy that was
dead,
They seized me and shut me up : they fasten'd me down on
my bed.
'Mother, O mother !'—he call'd in the dark to me year
after year—
They beat me for that, they beat me—you know that I
couldn't but hear ;

And then at the last they found I had grown so stupid and
still
They let me abroad again—but the creatures had worked
their will.

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my bone was
left—
I stole them all from the lawyers—and you, will you call it
a theft?—
My baby, the bones that had suck'd me, the bones that had
laugh'd and had cried—
Theirs? O no! they are mine—not theirs—they had
moved in my side.

Do you think I was scared by the bones? I kiss'd 'em, I
buried 'em all—
I can't dig deep, I am old—in the night by the churchyard
wall.
My Willy 'ill rise up whole when the trumpet of judgment
'ill sound,
But I charge you never to say that I laid him in holy
ground.

They would scratch him up—they would hang him again
on the cursed tree.
Sin? O yes—we are sinners, I know—let all that be,
And read me a Bible verse of the Lord's good will toward
men—
'Full of compassion and mercy, the Lord'—let me hear it
again;
'Full of compassion and mercy—long-suffering.' Yes,
O yes!
For the lawyer is born but to murder—the Saviour lives
but to bless.
He'll never put on the black cap except for the worst of
the worst,
And the first may be last—I have heard it in church—and
the last may be first.
Suffering—O long-suffering—yes, as the Lord must know,
Year after year in the mist and the wind and the shower
and the snow.

Heard, have you? what? they have told you he never
repented his sin.

How do they know it? are *they* his mother? are *you* of his
kin?

Heard! have you ever heard, when the storm on the downs
began,

The wind that 'ill wail like a child and the sea that 'ill moan
like a man?

Election, Election and Reprobation—it's all very well.

But I go to-night to my boy, and I shall not find him
in Hell.

For I cared so much for my boy that the Lord has look'd
into my care,

And he means me I'm sure to be happy, with Willy, I know
not where.

And if *he* be lost—but to save *my* soul, that is all your
desire:

Do you think that I care for *my* soul if my boy be gone to
the fire?

I have been with God in the dark—go, go, you may leave
me alone—

You never have borne a child—you are just as hard as a
stone.

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think that you mean to be
kind,

But I cannot hear what you say for my Willy's voice in the
wind—

The snow and the sky so bright—he used but to call in the
dark,

And he calls to me now from the church and not from the
gibbet—for hark!

Nay—you can hear it yourself—it is coming—shaking the
walls—

Willy—the moon's in a cloud——Good-night. I am going.
He calls.

A. Lord Tennyson

CLXXXI

Anastasis

Tho' death met love upon thy dying smile,
And staid him there for hours, yet the orbs of sight
So speedily resign'd their aspect bright,
That Christian hope fell earthward for awhile,
Appall'd by dissolution ; but on high
A record lives of thine identity !
Thou shalt not lose one charm of lip or eye ;
The hues and liquid lights shall wait for thee,
And the fair tissues, wheresoe'er they be !
Daughter of heaven ! our grieving hearts repose
On the dear thought that we once more shall see
Thy beauty—like Himself our Master rose—
So shall that beauty its old rights maintain,
And thy sweet spirit own those eyes again.

C. Tennyson-Turner

CLXXXII

The Afternote of the Hour

The hour had struck, but still the air was fill'd
With the long sequence of that mighty tone :
A wild Aeolian afternote, that thrill'd
My spirit, as I kiss'd that dear headstone ;
A voice that seem'd through all the Past to go—
From the bell's mouth the lonely cadence swept,
Like the faint cry of unassisted woe,
Till, in my profitless despair, I wept ;
My hope seem'd wreck'd ! but soon I ceased to mourn ;
A nobler meaning in that voice I found,
Whose scope lay far beyond that burial-ground :
'Twas grief, but grief to distant glory bound !
Faith took the helm of that sweet wandering sound,
And turn'd it heavenwards, to its proper bourne.

C. Tennyson-Turner

CLXXXIII

Mary—a Reminiscence

She died in June, while yet the woodbine sprays
 Waved o'er the outlet of this garden-dell ;
 Before the advent of these Autumn days
 And dark unblossom'd verdure. As befel,
 I from my window gazed, yearning to forge
 Some comfort out of anguish so forlorn ;
 The dull rain stream'd before the bloomless gorge,
 By which, erewhile, on each less genial morn,
 Our Mary pass'd, to gain her shelter'd lawn,
 With Death's disastrous rose upon her cheek.
 How often had I watch'd her, pale and meek,
 Pacing the sward ! and now I daily seek
 The track, by those slow pausing footsteps worn,
 How faintly worn ! though trodden week by week.

C. Tennyson-Turner

CLXXXIV

Mary

CONTINUED

And when I seek the chamber where she dwelt,
 Near one loved chair a well-worn spot I see,
 Worn by the shifting of a feeble knee
 While the poor head bow'd lowly—it would melt
 The worldling's heart with instant sympathy :
 The match-box and the manual, lying there,
 Those sad sweet signs of wakefulness and prayer,
 Are darling tokens of the Past to me :
 The little rasping sound of taper lit
 At midnight, which aroused her slumbering bird :
 The motion of her languid frame that stirr'd
 For ease in some new posture—tho' a word
 Perchance, of sudden anguish, follow'd it ;
 All this how often had I seen and heard !

C. Tennyson-Turner

CLXXXV

'If I were Dead'

'If I were dead, you'd sometimes say, Poor Child !'
The dear lips quiver'd as they spake,
And the tears brake
From eyes which, not to grieve me, brightly smiled.
Poor Child, poor Child !
I seem to hear your laugh, your talk, your song.
It is not true that Love will do no wrong.
Poor Child !
And did you think, when you so cried and smiled,
How I, in lonely nights, should lie awake,
And of those words your full avengers make ?
Poor Child, poor Child !
And now unless it be
That sweet amends thrice told are come to thee,
O God, have Thou *no* mercy upon me !
Poor Child !

C. Patmore

CLXXXVI

Love After Death

There is an earthly glimmer in the Tomb :
And, heal'd in their own tears and with long sleep,
My eyes uncloze and feel no need to weep ;
But, in the corner of the narrow room,
Behold Love's spirit standeth, with the bloom
That things made deathless by Death's self may keep.
O what a change ! for now his looks are deep,
And a long patient smile he can assume :
While Memory, in some soft low monotone,
Is pouring like an oil into mine ear
The tale of a most short and hollow bliss,
That I once throb'd indeed to call my own,
Holding it hardly between joy and fear,—
And how that broke, and how it came to this.

A. O'Shaughnessy

CLXXXVII

Readen ov a Head=Stwone

As I wer readèn ov a stwone
 In Grenley church-yard all alwone,
 A little maïd ran up, wi' pride
 To zee me there, an' push'd a-zide
 A bunch o' bennets that did hide
 A verse her father, as she zaid,
 Put up above her mother's head,
 To tell how much he loved her.

The verse wer short, but very good,
 I stood an' larn'd en where I stood :—
 'Mid God, dear Meäry, gi'e me greäce
 To vind, lik' thee, a better pleäce,
 Where I woonce mwore mid zee thy feäce ;
 An' bring thy childern up to know
 His word, that they mid come an' show
 Thy soul how much I lov'd thee.'

'Where's father, then,' I zaid, 'my chile ?'
 'Dead too,' she answer'd wi' a smile ;
 'An' I an' brother Jim do bide
 At Betty White's, o' t'other side
 O' road.' 'Mid He, my chile,' I cried,
 'That's father to the fatherless,
 Become thy father now, an' bless,
 An' keep, an' leäd, an' love thee.'

Though she've a-lost, I thought, so much,
 Still He don't let the thoughts o't touch
 Her litsome heart by day or night ;
 An' zoo, if we could teäke it right,
 Do show He'll meäke His burdens light
 To weaker souls, an' that His smile
 Is sweet upon a harmless chile,
 When they be dead that lov'd it.

W. Barnes

CLXXXVIII

Plorata veris Lachrymis

O now, my true and dearest bride,
Since thou hast left my lonely side,
My life has lost its hope and zest.
The sun rolls on from east to west,
But brings no more that evening rest,
Thy loving-kindness made so sweet,
And time is slow that once was fleet,
As day by day was waning.

The last sad day that show'd thee lain
Before me, smiling in thy pain,
The sun soar'd high along his way
To mark the longest summer day,
And show to me the latest play
Of thy sweet smile, and thence, as all
The days' lengths shrunk from small to small,
My joy began its waning.

And now 'tis keenest pain to see
Whate'er I saw in bliss with thee.
The softest airs that ever blow,
The fairest days that ever glow,
Unfelt by thee, but bring me woe ;
And sorrowful I kneel in pray'r,
Which thou no longer, now, canst share,
As day by day is waning.

How can I live my lonesome days ?
How can I tread my lonesome ways ?
How can I take my lonesome meal ?
Or how outlive the grief I feel ?
Or how again look on to weal ?
Or sit, at rest, before the heat
Of winter fires, to miss thy feet,
When evening light is waning.

Thy voice is still I loved to hear,
Thy voice is lost I held so dear.
Since death unlocks thy hand from mine,
No love awaits me such as thine ;
Oh ! boon the hardest to resign !

But if we meet again at last
 In heav'n, I little care how fast
 My life may now be waning.
W. Barnes

CLXXXIX

In the Valley of Caunteretz

All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
 Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
 All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
 I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty years ago.
 All along the valley, while I walk'd to-day,
 The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away ;
 For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
 Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
 And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
 The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.
A. Lord Tennyson

CXC

'Break, Break, Break'

Break, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.
 O well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play !
 O well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay !
 And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill !
 But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still !
 Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.
A. Lord Tennyson

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NOTES

FIRST SERIES

(1861-1891)

Summary of Book First

THE Elizabethan Poetry, as it is rather vaguely termed, forms the substance of this Book, which contains pieces from Wyat under Henry VIII to Shakespeare midway through the reign of James I. and Drummond who carried on the early manner to a still later period. There is here a wide range of style;—from simplicity expressed in a language hardly yet broken-in to verse,—through the pastoral fancies and Italian conceits of the strictly Elizabethan time,—to the passionate reality of Shakespeare: yet a general uniformity of tone prevails. Few readers can fail to observe the natural sweetness of the verse, the single-hearted straightforwardness of the thoughts:—nor less, the limitation of subject to the many phases of one passion, which then characterised our lyrical poetry,—unless when, as in especial with Shakespeare, the “purple light of Love” is tempered by a spirit of sterner reflection. For the didactic verse of the century, although lyrical in form, yet very rarely rises to the pervading emotion, the golden cadence, proper to the lyric.

It should be observed that this and the following Summaries apply in the main to the Collection here presented, in which (besides its restriction to Lyrical Poetry) a strictly representative or historical Anthology has not been aimed at. Great excellence, in human art as in human character, has from the beginning of things been even more uniform than mediocrity, by virtue of the closeness of its approach to Nature:—and so far as the standard of Excellence kept in view has been attained in this volume, a comparative absence of extreme or temporary phases in style, a similarity of tone and manner, will be found throughout:—something neither modern nor ancient, but true and speaking to the heart of man alike throughout all ages.

PAGE NO.

2 3 *whist*: hushed, quieted.

4 *Rouse Memnon's mother*: Awaken the Dawn from the dark Earth and the clouds where she is resting. This is one of that limited class of early myths which may be reasonably interpreted as representations of natural phenomena. Aurora in the old mythology is mother of Memnon (the East), and wife of Tithonus (the appearances of Earth and Sky during the last hours of Night). She leaves him every morning in

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- renewed youth, to prepare the way for Phoebus (the Sun), whilst Tithonus remains in perpetual old age and grayness.
- 3 4 1. *8 by Peneüs' streams*: Phoebus loved the Nymph Daphne whom he met by the river Peneüs in the vale of Tempe. L. 12 *Amphion's lyre*: He was said to have built the walls of Thebes to the sound of his music. L. 20 *Night like a drunkard reels*: Compare Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Scene 3: 'The grey-eyed morn smiles,' &c.—It should be added that three lines, which appeared hopelessly misprinted, have been omitted in this Poem.
- 4 6 *Time's chest*: in which he is figuratively supposed to lay up past treasures. So in Troilus, Act III, Scene 3, 'Time hath a wallet at his back,' &c. In the *Arcadia*, *chest* is used to signify *tomb*.
- 7 A fine example of the highwrought and conventional Elizabethan Pastoralism, which it would be unreasonable to criticize on the ground of the unshepherdlike or unreal character of some images suggested. Stanza 6 was perhaps inserted by Izaak Walton.
- 5 8 This beautiful lyric is one of several recovered from the very rare Elizabethan Song-books, for the publication of which our thanks are due to Mr. A. H. Bullen (1887, 1888).
- 8 12 One stanza has been here omitted, in accordance with the principle noticed in the Preface. Similar omissions occur in a few other poems. The more serious abbreviation by which it has been attempted to bring Crashaw's 'Wishes' and Shelley's 'Euganean Hills,' with one or two more, within the scheme of this selection, is commended with much diffidence to the judgment of readers acquainted with the original pieces.
- 13 Sidney's poetry is singularly unequal: his short life, his frequent absorption in public employment, hindered doubtless the development of his genius. His great contemporary fame, second only, it appears, to Spenser's, has been hence obscured. At times he is heavy and even prosaic; his simplicity is rude and bare; his verse unmelodious. These, however, are the 'defects of his merits.' In a certain depth and chivalry of feeling,—in the rare and noble quality of disinterestedness (to put it in one word),—he has no superior, hardly perhaps an equal, amongst our Poets; and after or beside Shakespeare's Sonnets, his *Astrophel and Stella*, in the Editor's judgment, offers the most intense and powerful picture of the passion of love in the whole range of our poetry.—*Hundreds of years*: 'The very rapture of love,' says Mr. Ruskin; 'A lover like this does not believe his mistress can grow old or die.'
- 11 19 Readers who have visited Italy will be reminded of more than one picture by this gorgeous Vision of Beauty, equally sublime and pure in its Paradisaical naturalness. Lodge wrote it on a voyage to 'the Islands of Terceras and the Canaries;' and he seems to have caught, in those southern seas, no small portion of the qualities which marked the

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almost contemporary Art of Venice,—the glory and the glow of Veronese, Titian, or Tintoret.—From the same romance is No. 71 : a charming picture in the purest style of the later Italian Renaissance.

The clear (l. 1) is the crystalline or outermost heaven of the old cosmography. *For a fair there's fairer none*: If you desire a Beauty, there is none more beautiful than Rosaline.

- 14 22 Another gracious lyric from an Elizabethan Song-book, first reprinted (it is believed) in Mr. W. J. Linton's 'Rare Poems,' in 1883.

— 23 *that fair thou owest*: that beauty thou ownest.

- 15 25 From one of the three Song-books of T. Campion, who appears to have been author of the words which he set to music. His merit as a lyrical poet (recognized in his own time, but since then forgotten) has been again brought to light by Mr. Bullen's taste and research: *swerving* (st. 2) is his conjecture for *changing* in the text of 1601.

- 19 31 *the star Whose worth's unknown although his height be taken*: apparently, Whose stellar influence is uncalculated, although his angular altitude from the plane of the astrolabe or artificial horizon used by astrologers has been determined.

- 20 32 This lovely song appears, as here given, in Puttenham's 'Arte of English Poesie,' 1589. A longer and inferior form was published in the 'Arcadia' of 1590; but Puttenham's prefatory words clearly assign his version to Sidney's own authorship.

- 22 37 *keel*: keep cooler by stirring round.

- 23 39 *expense*: loss.

- 40 *prease*: press.

- 24 41 *Nativity, once in the main of light*: when a star has risen and entered on the full stream of light;—another of the astrological phrases no longer familiar. *Crooked eclipses*: as coming athwart the Sun's apparent course.

Wordsworth, thinking probably of the 'Venus' and the 'Lucrece,' said finely of Shakespeare: 'Shakespeare *could* not have written an Epic; he would have died of plethora of thought.' This prodigality of nature is exemplified equally in his Sonnets. The copious selection here given (which from the wealth of the material, required greater consideration than any other portion of the Editor's task),—contains many that will not be fully felt and understood without some earnestness of thought on the reader's part. But he is not likely to regret the labour.

- 25 42 *upon misprision growing*: either, granted in error, or, on the growth of contempt.

- 43 With the tone of this Sonnet compare Hamlet's 'Give me that man That is not passion's slave,' &c. Shakespeare's writings show the deepest sensitiveness to passion:—hence the attraction he felt in the contrasting effects of apathy.

- 44 *grame*: sorrow. Renaissance influences long impeded the return of English poets to the charming realism of this and a few other poems by Wyat.

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- 27 45 Pandion in the ancient fable was father to Philomela.
- 28 47 In the old legend it is now Philomela, now Proene (the swallow) who suffers violence from Tereus. This song has a fascination in its calm intensity of passion; that 'sad earnestness and vivid exactness' which Cardinal Newman ascribes to the master-pieces of ancient poetry.
- 30 50 *proved*: approved.
- 51 *censures*: judges.
- 52 Exquisite in its equably-balanced metrical flow.
- 31 53 Judging by its style, this beautiful example of old simplicity and feeling may, perhaps, be referred to the earlier years of Elizabeth. *Late* forgot: lately.
- 33 57 Printed in a little Anthology by Nicholas Britton, 1597. It is, however, a stronger and finer piece of work than any known to be his.—St. 1 *silly*: simple; *dole*: grief; *chief*: chiefly. St. 3 *If there be . . .*: obscure: Perhaps, if there be any who speak harshly of thee, thy pain may plead for pity from Fate.
This poem, with 60 and 143, are each graceful variations of a long popular theme.
- 35 58 *That busy archer*: Cupid. *Descries*: used actively; *points out*.—'The last line of this poem is a little obscured by transposition. He means, *Do they call ungratefulness there a virtue?*' (C. Lamb).
- 59 *White Iope*: suggested, Mr. Bullen notes, by a passage in Propertius (iii, 20) describing Spirits in the lower world:
Vobiscum est Iope, vobiscum candida Tyro.
- 37 62 *cypres* or *cyprus*,—used by the old writers for *crape*: whether from the French *crespe* or from the Island whence it was imported. Its accidental similarity, in spelling to *cypress* has, here and in Milton's *Penseroso*, probably confused readers.
- 38 63 *ramage*: confused noise.
- 39 60 'I never saw anything like this funeral dirge,' says Charles Lamb, 'except the ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in the *Tempest*. As that is of the water, watery; so this is of the earth, earthy. Both have that intenseness of feeling, which seems to resolve itself into the element which it contemplates.'
- 41 70 Paraphrased from an Italian madrigal,
. Non so conoscer poi
Se voi le rose, o sian le rose in voi.
- 42 72 *crystal*: fairness.
- 43 73 *stare*: starling.
- 74 This 'Spousal Verse' was written in honour of the Ladies Elizabeth and Catherine Somerset. Nowhere has Spenser more emphatically displayed himself as the very poet of Beauty: The Renaissance impulse in England is here seen at its highest and purest.
The genius of Spenser, like Chaucer's, does itself justice only in poems of some length. Hence it is impossible to represent

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- it in this volume by other pieces of equal merit, but of impracticable dimensions. And the same applies to such poems as the *Lover's Lament* or the *Ancient Mariner*.
- 44 74 *entrained*: twisted. *Feateously*: elegantly.
- 46 — *shend*: shame.
- 47 — *a noble peer*: Robert Devereux, second Lord Essex, then at the height of his brief triumph after taking Cadiz: hence the allusion following to the Pillars of Hercules, placed near Gades by ancient legend.
- — *Elisa*: Elizabeth.
- 48 — *twins of Jove*: the stars Castor and Pollux: *baldric*, belt; the zodiac.
- 50 79 This lyric may with very high probability be assigned to Campion, in whose first Book of Airs it appeared (1601). The evidence sometimes quoted ascribing it to Lord Bacon appears to be valueless.

Summary of Book Second.

THIS division, embracing generally the latter eighty years of the Seventeenth Century, contains the close of our Early poetical style and the commencement of the Modern. In Dryden we see the first master of the new: in Milton, whose genius dominates here as Shakespeare's in the former book,—the crown and consummation of the early period. Their splendid Odes are far in advance of any prior attempts, Spenser's excepted: they exhibit that wider and grander range which years and experience and the struggles of the time conferred on Poetry. Our Muses now give expression to political feeling, to religious thought, to a high philosophic statesmanship in writers such as Marvell, Herbert, and Wotton: whilst in Marvell and Milton, again, we find noble attempts, hitherto rare in our literature, at pure description of nature, destined in our own age to be continued and equalled. Meanwhile the poetry of simple passion, although before 1660 often deformed by verbal fancies and conceits of thought, and afterwards by levity and an artificial tone,—produced in Herrick and Waller some charming pieces of more finished art than the Elizabethan: until in the courtly compliments of Sedley it seems to exhaust itself, and lie almost dormant for the hundred years between the days of Wither and Suckling and the days of Burns and Cowper.—That the change from our early style to the modern brought with it at first a loss of nature and simplicity is undeniable: yet the bolder and wider scope which Poetry took between 1620 and 1700, and the successful efforts then made to gain greater clearness in expression, in their results have been no slight compensation.

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- 55 85 l. 36 *whist*: hushed.
- 56 — l. 24 *than*: obsolete for *then*: *Pan*: used here for the Lord of all.
- 57 — l. 32 *consort*: Milton's spelling of this word, here and elsewhere, has been followed, as it is uncertain whether he used it in the sense of *accompanying*, or simply for *concert*.

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- 59 85 l. 19 *Lars and Lemures*: household gods and spirits of relations dead. *Flamens* (l. 22) Roman Priests. *That twice-batter'd god* (l. 27) Dagon.
- 60 — l. 5 *Osiris*, the Egyptian god of Agriculture (here, perhaps by confusion with Apis, figured as a Bull), was torn to pieces by Typho and embalmed after death in a sacred chest. This myth, reproduced in Syria and Greece in the legends of Thammuz, Adonis, and perhaps Absyrtus, may have originally signified the annual death of the Sun or the Year under the influences of the winter darkness. Horus, the son of Osiris, as the New Year, in his turn overcomes Typho. L. 7 *unshower'd grass*: as watered by the Nile only. L. 32 *youngest teemed*: last-born. *Bright-harness'd* (l. 36) armoured.
- 62 87 *The last Massacre*: the Vaudois persecution, carried on in 1655 by the Duke of Savoy. No more mighty Sonnet than this 'collect in verse,' as it has been justly named, probably can be found in any language. Readers should observe that it is constructed on the original Italian or Provençal model. This form, in a language such as ours, not affluent in rhyme, presents great difficulties; the rhymes are apt to be forced, or the substance commonplace. But, when successfully handled, it has a unity and a beauty of effect which place the strict Sonnet above the less compact and less lyrical systems adopted by Shakespeare, Sidney, Spenser and other Elizabethan poets.
- 63 88 Cromwell returned from Ireland in 1650, and Marvell probably wrote his lines soon after, whilst living at Nunappleton in the Fairfax household. It is hence not surprising that (st. 21—24) he should have been deceived by Cromwell's professed submissiveness to the Parliament which, when it declined to register his decrees, he expelled by armed violence:—one despotism, by natural law, replacing another. The poet's insight has, however, truly prophesied that result in his last two lines.
- This Ode, beyond doubt one of the finest in our language, and more in Milton's style than has been reached by any other poet, is occasionally obscure from imitation of the condensed Latin syntax. The meaning of st. 5 is 'rivalry or hostility are the same to a lofty spirit, and limitation more hateful than opposition.' The allusion in st. 11 is to the old physical doctrines of the non-existence of a vacuum and the impenetrability of matter:—in st. 17 to the omen traditionally connected with the foundation of the Capitol at Rome:—*forced, fated*. The ancient belief that certain years in life complete natural periods and are hence peculiarly exposed to death, is introduced in st. 26 by the word *climacteric*.
- 67 89 *Lycidas*: The person here lamented is Milton's college contemporary, Edward King, drowned in 1637 whilst crossing from Chester to Ireland.
- Strict Pastoral Poetry was first written or perfected by the Dorian Greeks settled in Sicily: but the conventional use of it, exhibited more magnificently in *Lycidas* than in any other

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pastoral, is apparently of Roman origin. Milton, employing the noble freedom of a great artist, has here united ancient mythology with what may be called the modern mythology of Camus and Saint Peter,—to direct Christian images. Yet the poem, if it gains in historical interest, suffers in poetry by the harsh intrusion of the writer's narrow and violent theological politics.—The metrical structure of this glorious elegy is partly derived from Italian models.

- 67 89 l. 15 *Sisters of the sacred well*: the Muses, said to frequent the Pierian Spring at the foot of Mount Olympus.
- 68 — l. 18 *Mona*: Anglesea, called by the Welsh poets the Dark Island, from its dense forests. *Deva* (l. 19) the Dee: a river which may have derived its magical character from Celtic traditions: it was long the boundary of Briton and English.—These places are introduced as being near the scene of the shipwreck. *Orpheus* (l. 22) was torn to pieces by Thracian women. *Amaryllis* and *Neaera* (l. 32, 33) names used here for the love-idols of poets: as *Damoetas* previously for a shepherd. L. 39 *the blind Fury*: Atropos, fabled to cut the thread of life.
- 69 — *Arethuse* (l. 10) and *Mincius*: Sicilian and Italian waters here alluded to as representing the pastoral poetry of Theocritus and Vergil. L. 13 *oat*: pipe, used here like Collins' *oaten stop* l. 1. No. 186, for *Song*. L. 21 *Hippotades*: Aeolus, god of the Winds. *Panope* (l. 24) a Nereid. Certain names of local deities in the Hellenic mythology render some feature in the natural landscape, which the Greeks studied and analysed with their usual unequalled insight and feeling. *Panope* seems to express the boundlessness of the ocean-horizon when seen from a height, as compared with the limited sky-line of the land in hilly countries such as Greece or Asia Minor. *Camus* (l. 28) the Cam; put for King's University. *The sanguine flower* (l. 31) the Hyacinth of the ancients: probably our Iris. *The Pilot* (l. 34) Saint Peter, figuratively introduced as the head of the Church on earth, to foretell 'the ruin of our corrupted clergy,' as Milton regarded them, 'then in their height' under Laud's primacy.
- 70 — l. 9 *scrannel*: screeching; apparently Milton's coinage (Masson). L. 13 *the wolf*: the Puritans of the time were excited to alarm and persecution by a few conversions to Roman Catholicism which had recently occurred. *Alpheus* (l. 17) a stream in Southern Greece, supposed to flow under-seas to join the Arethuse. *Swart star* (l. 24) the Dog-star, called swarthy because its heliacal rising in ancient times occurred soon after midsummer: l. 28 *rathe*: early.
- 71 — l. 3 *moist vows*: either tearful prayers, or prayers for one at sea. *Bellerus* (l. 4) a giant, apparently created here by Milton to personify Belerium, the ancient title of the Land's End. *The great Vision*:—the story was that the Archangel Michael had appeared on the rock by Marazion in Mount's Bay which bears his name. Milton calls on him to turn his

- eyes from the south homeward, and to pity Lycidas, if his body has drifted into the troubled waters off the Land's End. Finisterre being the land due south of Marazion, two places in that district (then through our trade with Corunna probably less unfamiliar to English ears, are named,—*Namancos* now *Mujio* in Galicia, *Bayona* north of the Minho, or perhaps a fortified rock (one of the *Cies* Islands) not unlike St. Michael's Mount, at the entrance of Vigo Bay.
- 71 80 l. 14 *ore*: rays of golden light. *Doric* lay (l. 33) Sicilian, pastoral.
- 74 93 *The assault* was an attack on London expected in 1642, when the troops of Charles I. reached Brentford. 'Written on his door,' was in the original title of this sonnet. Milton was then living in Aldersgate Street.
The Emathian Conqueror: When Thebes was destroyed (B.C. 335) and the citizens massacred by thousands, Alexander ordered the house of Pindar to be spared.
- — l. 12, *the repeated air Of sad Electra's poet*: Plutarch has a tale that when the Spartan confederacy in 404 B.C. took Athens, a proposal to demolish it was rejected through the effect produced on the commanders by hearing part of a chorus from the *Electra* of Euripides sung at a feast. There is however no apparent congruity between the lines quoted (167, 168 Ed. Dindorf) and the result ascribed to them.
- 75 95 A fine example of a peculiar class of Poetry;—that written by thoughtful men who practised this Art but little. Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Berkeley, Dr. Johnson, Lord Macaulay, have left similar specimens.
- 77 98 These beautiful verses should be compared with Wordsworth's great Ode on *Immortality*: and a copy of Vaughan's very rare little volume appears in the list of Wordsworth's library.—In imaginative intensity, Vaughan stands beside his contemporary Marvell.
- 78 99 *Favonius*: the spring wind.
- 100 *Themis*: the goddess of justice. Skinner was grandson by his mother to Sir E. Coke:—hence, as pointed out by Mr. Keightley, Milton's allusion to the *bench*. L. 8: Sweden was then at war with Poland, and France with the Spanish Netherlands.
- 81 103 l. 4 *Sidneian showers*: either in allusion to the conversations in the 'Arcadia,' or to Sidney himself as a model of 'gentleness' in spirit and demeanour.
- 83 105 Delicate humour, delightfully united to thought, at once simple and subtle. It is full of conceit and paradox, but these are imaginative, not as with most of our Seventeenth Century poets, intellectual only.
- 87 110 *Elizabeth of Bohemia*: Daughter to James I. and ancestor of Sophia of Hanover. These lines are a fine specimen of gallant and courtly compliment.
- 111 Lady M. Ley was daughter to Sir J. Ley, afterwards Earl of Marlborough, who died March, 1629, coincidently with the dissolution of the third Parliament of Charles's reign. Hence

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- Milton poetically compares his death to that of the Orator Isocrates of Athens, after Philip's victory in 328 B.C.
- 91 118 A masterpiece of humour, grace, and gentle feeling, all with Herrick's unfailing art, kept precisely within the peculiar key which he chose,—or Nature for him,—in his Pastorals. L. 2 *the god unshorn*: Imberbis Apollo. St. 2 *beads*: prayers.
- 94 123 With better taste, and less diffuseness, Quarles might (one would think) have retained more of that high place which he held in popular estimate among his contemporaries.
- 96 127 *From Prison*: to which his active support of Charles I twice brought the high-spirited writer. L. 7 *Gods*: thus in the original; Lovelace, in his fanciful way, making here a mythological allusion. *Birds*, commonly substituted, is without authority. St. 3, l. 1 *committed*: to prison.
- 98 128 St. 2 l. 4 *blue-god*: Neptune.
- 101 133 *Waly waly*: an exclamation of sorrow, the root and the pronunciation of which are preserved in the word *caterwaul*. *Brae*, hillside: *burn*, brook: *busk*, adorn. *Saint Anton's Well*: below Arthur's Seat by Edinburgh. *Cramasie*, crimson.
- 102 134 This beautiful example of early simplicity is found in a Song-book of 1620.
- 103 135 *burd*, maiden.
- 104 136 *corbies*, crows: *fail*, turf; *hause*, neck; *theek*, thatch.—If not in their origin, in their present form this, with the preceding poem and 133, appear due to the Seventeenth Century, and have therefore been placed in Book II.
- 105 137 The poetical and the prosaic, after Cowley's fashion, blend curiously in this deeply-felt elegy.
- 109 141 Perhaps no poem in this collection is more delicately fancied, more exquisitely finished. By placing his description of the Fawn in a young girl's mouth, Marvell has, as it were, legitimated that abundance of 'imaginative hyperbole' to which he is always partial: he makes us feel it natural that a maiden's favourite should be whiter than milk, sweeter than sugar—'lilies without, roses within.' The poet's imagination is justified in its seeming extravagance by the intensity and unity with which it invests his picture.
- 110 142 The remark quoted in the note to No. 65 applies equally to these truly wonderful verses. Marvell here throws himself into the very soul of the *Garden* with the imaginative intensity of Shelley in his *West Wind*.—This poem appears also as a translation in Marvell's works. The most striking verses in it, here quoted as the book is rare, answer more or less to stanzas 2 and 6:—
- Alma Quies, teneo te! et te, germana Quietis,
Simplicitas! vos ergo diu per templa, per urbes
Quaesivi, regum perque alta palatia, frustra:
Sed vos hortorum per opaca silentia, longe
Celarunt plantae virides, et concolor umbra
- 112 143 St. 3 *tutties*: nosegays. St. 4 *silly*: simple.

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- 113 144 *L'Allégre* and *Il Penseroso*. It is a striking proof of Milton's astonishing power, that these, the earliest great Lyrics of the Landscape in our language, should still remain supreme in their style for range, variety, and melodious beauty. The Bright and the Thoughtful aspects of Nature and of Life are their subjects: but each is preceded by a mythological introduction in a mixed Classical and Italian manner.—With that of *L'Allégre* may be compared a similar mythe in the first Section of the first Book of S. Marmion's graceful *Cupid and Psyche*, 1637.
- 114 144 *The mountain nymph*: compare Wordsworth's Sonnet, No. 254. L. 38 is in *opposition* to the preceding, by a syntactical license not uncommon with Milton.
- 115 — l. 16 *Cynosure*: the Pole Star. *Corydon*, *Thyrsis*, &c.: Shepherd names from the old Idylls. *Rebeck* (l. 30) an elementary form of violin.
- 116 — l. 26 *Jonson's learned sock*: His comedies are deeply coloured by classical study. L. 30 *Lydian airs*: used here to express a light and festive style of ancient music. The 'Lydian Mode,' one of the seven original Greek Scales, is nearly identical with our 'Major.'
- 117 145 l. 3 *bestead*: avail. L. 19 *starr'd Ethiop queen*: Cassiopeia, the legendary Queen of Ethiopia, and thence translated amongst the constellations.
- 118 — *Cynthia*: the Moon: Milton seems here to have transferred to her chariot the dragons anciently assigned to Demeter and to Medea.
- 119 — *Hermes*, called Trismegistus, a mystical writer of the Neo-Platonist school. L. 27 *Thebes*, &c.: subjects of Athenian Tragedy. *Buskin'd* (l. 30) tragic, in opposition to *sock* above. L. 32 *Musaeus*: a poet in Mythology. L. 37 *him that left half-told*: Chaucer in his incomplete 'Squire's Tale.'
- 120 — *great bards*: Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, are here presumably intended. L. 9 *frounced*: curled. *The Attic Boy* (l. 10) Cephalus.
- 121 146 Emigrants supposed to be driven towards America by the government of Charles I.
- 122 — l. 9, 10. *But apples*, &c. A fine example of Marvell's imaginative hyperbole.
- 147 l. 6 *concent*: harmony.
- 125 149 A lyric of a strange, fanciful, yet solemn beauty:—Cowley's style intensified by the mysticism of Henry More.—St. 2 *monument*: the World.
- 126 151 Entitled 'A Song in Honour of St. Cecilia's Day: 1697.'

Summary of Book Third.

It is more difficult to characterize the English Poetry of the Eighteenth Century than that of any other. For it was an age not only of spontaneous transition, but of bold experiment: it includes not only such

absolute contrasts as distinguish the 'Rape of the Lock' from the 'Parish Register,' but such vast contemporaneous differences as lie between Pope and Collins, Burns and Cowper. Yet we may clearly trace three leading moods or tendencies:—the aspects of courtly or educated life represented by Pope and carried to exhaustion by his followers: the poetry of Nature and of Man, viewed through a cultivated, and at the same time an impassioned frame of mind by Collins and Gray:—lastly, the study of vivid and simple narrative, including natural description, begun by Gay and Thomson, pursued by Burns and others in the north, and established in England by Goldsmith, Percy, Crabbe, and Cowper. Great varieties in style accompanied these diversities in aim: poets could not always distinguish the manner suitable for subjects so far apart: and the union of conventional and of common language, exhibited most conspicuously by Burns, has given a tone to the poetry of that century which is better explained by reference to its historical origin than by naming it artificial. There is, again, a nobleness of thought, a courageous aim at high and, in a strict sense manly, excellence in many of the writers:—nor can that period be justly termed tame and wanting in originality, which produced poems such as Pope's Satires, Gray's Odes and Elegy, the ballads of Gay and Carey, the songs of Burns and Cowper. In truth Poetry at this, as at all times, was a more or less unconscious mirror of the genius of the age: and the many complex cause which made the Eighteenth Century the turning-time in modern European civilization are also more or less reflected in its verse. An intelligent reader will find the influence of Newton as markedly in the poems of Pope, as of Elizabeth in the plays of Shakespeare. On this great subject, however, these indications must here be sufficient.

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- 131 153 We have no poet more marked by rapture, by the ecstasy which Plato held the note of genuine inspiration, than Collins. Yet but twice or thrice do his lyrics reach that simplicity, that *sinceram sermonis Attici gratiam* to which this ode testifies his enthusiastic devotion. His style, as his friend Dr. Johnson truly remarks, was obscure; his diction often harsh and unskilfully laboured; he struggles nobly against the narrow, artificial manner of his age, but his too scanty years did not allow him to reach perfect mastery.
- St. 3 *Hybla*: near Syracuse. *Her whose . . . woe*: the nightingale, 'for which Sophocles seems to have entertained a peculiar fondness'; Collins here refers to the famous chorus in the *Oedipus at Colonus*. St. 4 *Cephisus*: the stream encircling Athens on the north and west, passing Colonus. St. 6 *stay'd to sing*: stayed her song when Imperial tyranny was established at Rome. St. 7 refers to the Italian amourist poetry of the Renaissance: In Collins' day, Dante was almost unknown in England. St. 8 *meeting soul*: which moves sympathetically towards simplicity as she comes to inspire the poet. St. 9 *Of these*: Taste and Genius.
- The Bard*. In 1757, when this splendid ode was completed,

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so very little had been printed, whether in Wales or in England, in regard to Welsh poetry, that it is hard to discover whence Gray drew his Cymric allusions. The fabled massacre of the Bards (shown to be wholly groundless in Stephens' *Literature of the Kymry*) appears first in the family history of Sir John Wynn of Gwydir (cir. 1600), not published till 1773; but the story seems to have passed in MS. to Carte's History, whence it may have been taken by Gray. The references to *high-born Hoel* and *soft Llewellyn*; to *Cadwallo* and *Urien*; may, similarly, have been derived from the 'Specimens' of early Welsh poetry, by the Rev. E. Evans:—as, although not published till 1764, the MS., we learn from a letter to Dr. Wharton, was in Gray's hands by July 1760, and may have reached him by 1757. It is, however, doubtful whether Gray (of whose acquaintance with Welsh we have no evidence) must not have been also aided by some Welsh scholar. He is one of the poets least likely to scatter epithets at random: 'soft' or gentle is the epithet emphatically and specially given to Llewelyn in contemporary Welsh poetry, and is hence here used with particular propriety. Yet, without such assistance as we have suggested, Gray could hardly have selected the epithet, although applied to the King (p. 141-3) among a crowd of others, in Llygad Gwr's Ode, printed by Evans. —After lamenting his comrades (st. 2, 3) the Bard prophesies the fate of Edward II, and the conquests of Edward III (4): his death and that of the Black Prince (5): of Richard II, with the wars of York and Lancaster, the murder of Henry VI, (*the meek usurper*), and of Edward V and his brother (6). He turns to the glory and prosperity following the accession of the Tudors, (7), through Elizabeth's reign (8): and concludes with a vision of the poetry of Shakespeare and Milton.

- 138 159 l. 1 *Gloster*: Gilbert de Clare, son-in-law to Edward. *Mortimer*, one of the Lords Marchers of Wales.
 138 — *High-born Hoel*, *soft Llewellyn* (l. 16): the *Dissertatio de Bardis* of Evans names the first as son to the King Owain Gwynedd: Llewelyn, last King of North Wales, was murdered 1282. L. 17 *Cadwallo*: Cadwallon (died 631) and Urien Rheged (early kings of Gwynedd and Cumbria respectively) are mentioned by Evans (p. 78) as bards none of whose poetry is extant. L. 21 *Morad*: Evans supplies no data for this name which Gray (it has been supposed) uses for Merlin (Myrddin Wyllt), held prophet as well as poet. —The Italicized lines mark where the Bard's song is joined by that of his predecessors departed. L. 23 *Arvon*: the shores of Carnarvonshire opposite Anglesea. Whether intentionally or through ignorance of the real dates, Gray here seems to represent the *Bard* as speaking of these poets, all of earlier days, Llewelyn excepted, as his own contemporaries at the close of the thirteenth century.

Gray, whose penetrating and powerful genius rendered him in many ways an initiator in advance of his age, is probably the

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- first of our poets who made some acquaintance with the rich and admirable poetry in which Wales from the Sixth Century has been fertile,—before and since his time so barbarously neglected, not in England only. Hence it has been thought worth while here to enter into a little detail upon his Cymric allusions.
- 139 159 l. 5 *She-wolf*: Isabel of France, adulterous Queen of Edward II.—L. 35 *Towers of Julius*: the Tower of London, built in part, according to tradition, by Julius Cæsar.
- 140 — l. 1 *bristled boar*: the badge of Richard III. L. 7 *Half of thy heart*: Queen Eleanor died soon after the conquest of Wales. L. 17 *Arthur*: Henry VII named his eldest son thus, in deference to native feeling and story.
- 141 161 The Highlanders called the battle of Culloden, Drumossie.
- 142 162 *lilting*, singing blithely: *loaning*, broad lane: *bughts*, pens: *scorning*, rallying: *dowie*, dreary: *daffin'* and *gabbin'*, joking and chatting: *leglin*, milkpail: *shearing*, reaping: *bandsters*, sheaf-binders: *lyart*, grizzled: *runkled*, wrinkled: *fleeching*, coaxing: *gloaming*, twilight: *bogle*, ghost: *dool*, sorrow.
- 144 164 The Editor has found no authoritative text of this poem, to his mind superior to any other of its class in melody and pathos. Part is probably not later than the Seventeenth Century: in other stanzas a more modern hand, much resembling Scott's, is traceable. Logan's poem (163) exhibits a knowledge rather of the old legend than of the old verses.—*Hetch*, promised; the obsolete *hight*: *mavis*, thrush: *ilka*, every: *lav'rock*, lark: *haughs*, valley-meadows: *twined*, parted from: *marrow*, mate: *syne*, then.
- 145 165 The Royal George, of 108 guns, whilst undergoing a partial careening at Spithead, was overset about 10 A.M. Aug. 29, 1782. The total loss was believed to be nearly 1000 souls.—This little poem might be called one of our trial-pieces, in regard to taste. The reader who feels the vigour of description and the force of pathos underlying Cowper's bare and truly Greek simplicity of phrase, may assure himself *se valde profecisse* in poetry.
- 148 167 A little masterpiece in a very difficult style: Catullus himself could hardly have bettered it. In grace, tenderness, simplicity, and humour, it is worthy of the Ancients: and even more so, from the completeness and unity of the picture presented.
- 152 172 Perhaps no writer who has given such strong proofs of the poetic nature has left less satisfactory poetry than Thomson. Yet this song, with 'Rule Britannia' and a few others, must make us regret that he did not more seriously apply himself to lyrical writing.
- 153 174 With what insight and tenderness, yet in how few words, has this painter-poet here himself told *Love's Secret*!
- 154 177 l. 1 *Aeolian lyre*: the Greeks ascribed the origin of their Lyrical Poetry to the Colonies of Aeolis in Asia Minor.
- 155 — *Thracia's hills* (l. 11) supposed a favourite resort of Mars. *Feather'd king* (l. 15) the Eagle of Jupiter, admirably

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- described by Pindar in a passage here imitated by Gray. *Idalia* (l. 21) in Cyprus, were *Cytherea* (Venus) was especially worshipped.
- 156 177 l. 8 *Hyperion*: the Sun. St. 6—8 allude to the Poets of the Islands and Mainland of Greece, to those of Rome and of England.
- 157 — l. 31 *Theban Eagle*: Pindar.
- 160 178 l. 3 *chaste-eyed Queen*: Diana.
- 161 179 From that wild rhapsody of mingled grandeur, tenderness, and obscurity, that 'medley between inspiration and possession,' which poor Smart is believed to have written whilst in confinement for madness.
- 162 181 *the dreadful light*: of life and experience.
- 182 *Attic warbler*: the nightingale.
- 165 184 *sleekit*, sleek: *bickering brattle*, flittering flight: *laith*, loth: *pattle*, ploughstaff: *whyles*, at times: *a daimenicker*, a corn-eat now and then: *thrave*, shock: *lave*, rest: *foggage*, after-grass: *snell*, biting: *but hald*, without dwelling-place: *thole*, bear: *cranreuch*, hoar-frost: *thy lane*, alone: *a-gley*, off the right line, awry.
- 172 188 *stoure*, dust-storm; *braw*, smart.
- 173 189 *scaith*, hurt: *tent*, guard: *steer*, molest.
- 174 191 *drumlie*, muddy: *birk*, birch.
- 175 192 *greet*, cry: *daurna*, dare not.—There can hardly exist a poem more truly tragic in the highest sense than this: nor, perhaps, Sappho excepted, has any Poetess equalled it.
- 176 193 *jou*, merry with drink: *coost*, carried: *unco skeigh*, very proud: *gart*, forced: *abeigh*, aside: *Ailsa craig*, a rock in the Firth of Clyde: *grat his een bleert*, cried till his eyes were bleared: *lowpin*, leaping: *linn*, waterfall: *sair*, sore: *smoor'd*, smothered: *crouse* and *canty*, blithe and gay.
- 177 194 Burns justly named this 'one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots or any other language.' One stanza, interpolated by Beattie, is here omitted:—it contains two good lines, but is out of harmony with the original poem. *Bigonet*, little cap: probably altered from *béguinette*: *thraw*, twist: *caller*, fresh.
- 179 195 Burns himself, despite two attempts, failed to improve this little absolute masterpiece of music, tenderness, and simplicity: this 'Romance of a life' in eight lines.—*Eerie*: strictly, scared: uneasy.
- 179 196 *airts*, quarters: *row*, roll: *shaw*, small wood in a hollow, spinney: *knowes*, knolls. The last two stanzas are not by Burns.
- 180 197 *jo*, sweetheart: *brent*, smooth: *pow*, head.
- 181 198 *leal*, faithful. St. 3 *fain*, happy.
- 199 Henry VI founded Eton.
- 184 200 Written in 1773, towards the beginning of Cowper's second attack of melancholy madness—a time when he altogether gave up prayer, saying, 'For him to implore mercy would only anger God the more.' Yet had he given it up when sané, it would have been 'maior insania.'

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- 188 203 The Editor would venture to class in the very first rank this Sonnet, which, with 204, records Cowper's gratitude to the Lady whose affectionate care for many years gave what sweetness he could enjoy to a life radically wretched. Petrarch's sonnets have a more ethereal grace and a more perfect finish; Shakespeare's more passion; Milton's stand supreme in stateliness; Wordsworth's in depth and delicacy. But Cowper unites with an exquisiteness in the turn of thought which the ancients would have called Irony, an intensity of pathetic tenderness peculiar to his loving and ingenuous nature.—There is much mannerism, much that is unimportant or of now exhausted interest in his poems: but where he is great, it is with that elementary greatness which rests on the most universal human feelings. Cowper is our highest master in simple pathos.
- 190 205 Cowper's last original poem, founded upon a story told in Anson's 'Voyages.' It was written March 1799; he died in next year's April.
- 192 206 Very little except his name appears recoverable with regard to the author of this truly noble poem, which appeared in the 'Scripscrapologia, or Collins' Doggerel Dish of All Sorts,' with three or four other pieces of merit, Birmingham, 1804.—*Everlasting*: used with side-allusion to a cloth so named, at the time when Collins wrote.

Summary of Book Fourth

It proves sufficiently the lavish wealth of our own age in Poetry, that the pieces which, without conscious departure from the Standard of Excellence, render this Book by far the longest, were with very few exceptions composed during the first thirty years of the Nineteenth Century. Exhaustive reasons can hardly be given for the strangely sudden appearance of individual genius: that, however, which assigns the splendid national achievements of our recent poetry to an impulse from the France of the first Republic and Empire is inadequate. The first French Revolution was rather one result,—the most conspicuous, indeed, yet itself in great measure essentially retrogressive,—of that wider and more potent spirit which through enquiry and attempt, through strength and weakness, sweeps mankind round the circles (not, as some too confidently argue, of Advance, but) of gradual Transformation: and it is to this that we must trace the literature of Modern Europe. But without attempting discussion on the motive causes of Scott, Wordsworth, Shelley, and others, we may observe that these Poets carried to further perfection the latter tendencies of the Century preceding, in simplicity of narrative, reverence for human Passion and Character in every sphere, and love of Nature for herself:—that, whilst maintaining on the whole the advances in art made since the Restoration, they renewed the half-forgotten melody and depth of tone which marked the best Elizabethan writers:—that, lastly, to what was thus inherited they added a richness in language and a variety in metre, a force and fire in narrative, a tenderness and bloom in feeling, an

insight into the finer passages of the Soul and the inner meanings of the landscape, a larger sense of Humanity, hitherto scarcely attained, and perhaps unattainable even by predecessors of not inferior individual genius. In a word, the Nation which, after the Greeks in their glory, may fairly claim that during six centuries it has proved itself the most richly gifted of all nations for Poetry, expressed in these men the highest strength and prodigality of its nature. They interpreted the age to itself—hence the many phases of thought and style they present:—to sympathise with each, fervently and impartially, without fear and without fancifulness, is no doubtful step in the higher education of the soul. For purity in taste is absolutely proportionate to strength—and when once the mind has raised itself to grasp and to delight in excellence, those who love most will be found to love most wisely.

But the gallery which this Book offers to the reader will aid him more than any preface. It is a royal Palace of Poetry which he is invited to enter :

Adparet domus intus, et atria longa patescunt—

though it is, indeed, to the sympathetic eye only that its treasures will be visible.

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- 194 208 This beautiful lyric, printed in 1783, seems to anticipate in its imaginative music that return to our great early age of song, which in Blake's own lifetime was to prove,—how gloriously ! that the English Muses had resumed their 'ancient melody':—Keats, Shelley, Byron,—he overlived them all.
- 196 210 *stout Cortez*: History would here suggest *Balboa*: (A.T.) It may be noticed, that to find in Chapman's Homer the 'pure serene' of the original, the reader must bring with him the imagination of the youthful poet;—he must be 'a Greek himself,' as Shelley finely said of Keats.
- 199 212 The most tender and true of Byron's smaller poems.
- 200 213 This poem exemplifies the peculiar skill with which Scott employs proper names:—a rarely misleading sign of true poetical genius.
- 210 226 Simple as *Lucy Gray* seems, a mere narrative of what 'has been, and may be again,' yet every touch in the child's picture is marked by the deepest and purest ideal character. Hence, pathetic as the situation is, this is not strictly a pathetic poem, such as Wordsworth gives us in 221, Lamb in 264, and Scott in his *Maid of Neidpath*,—'almost more pathetic,' as Tennyson once remarked, 'than a man has the right to be.' And Lyte's lovely stanzas (224) suggest, perhaps, the same remark.
- 218 235 In this and in other instances the addition (or the change) of a Title has been risked, in hope that the aim of the piece following may be grasped more clearly and immediately.
- 225 242 This beautiful Sonnet was the last word of a youth, in whom, if the fulfilment may ever safely be prophesied from the

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- promise, England lost one of the most rarely gifted in the long roll of her poets. Shakespeare and Milton, had their lives been closed at twenty-five, would (so far as we know) have left poems of less excellence and hope than the youth who, from the petty school and the London surgery, passed at once to a place with them of 'high collateral glory.'
- 220 245 It is impossible not to regret that Moore has written so little in this sweet and genuinely national style.
- 227 246 A masterly example of Byron's command of strong thought and close reasoning in verse :—as the next is equally characteristic of Shelley's wayward intensity.
- 235 253 Bonnivard, a Genevese was imprisoned by the Duke of Savoy in Chillon on the lake of Geneva for his courageous defence of his country against the tyranny with which Piedmont threatened it during the first half of the Seventeenth Century.—This noble Sonnet is worthy to stand near Milton's on the Vaudois massacre.
- 237 254 Switzerland was usurped by the French under Napoleon in 1800 : Venice in 1797 (255).
- 239 259 This battle was fought Dec. 2, 1800, between the Austrians under Archduke John and the French under Moreau, in a forest near Munich. *Hohen Linden* means *High Limetrees*.
- 243 262 After the capture of Madrid by Napoleon, Sir J. Moore retreated before Soult and Ney to Corunna, and was killed whilst covering the embarkation of his troops.
- 253 272 The Mermaid was the club-house of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and other choice spirits of that age.
- 254 273 *Maisie* : Mary.—Scott has given us nothing more complete and lovely than this little song, which unites simplicity and dramatic power to a wild-wood music of the rarest quality. No moral is drawn, far less any conscious analysis of feeling attempted :—the pathetic meaning is left to be suggested by the mere presentment of the situation. A narrow criticism has often named this, which may be called the Homeric manner, superficial, from its apparent simple facility ; but first-rate excellence in it is in truth one of the least common triumphs of Poetry.—This style should be compared with what is not less perfect in its way, the searching out of inner feeling, the expression of hidden meanings, the revelation of the heart of Nature and of the Soul within the Soul,—the analytical method, in short,—most completely represented by Wordsworth and by Shelley.
- 259 277 Wolfe resembled Keats, not only in his early death by consumption and the fluent freshness of his poetical style, but in beauty of character :—brave, tender, energetic, unselfish, modest. Is it fanciful to find some reflex of these qualities in the *Burial* and *Mary*? Out of the abundance of the heart . . .
- 261 278 *correi* : covers on a hillside. *Cumber* : trouble.
- 262 280 This book has not a few poems of greater power and more perfect execution than *Agnes* and the extract which we have ventured to make from the deep-hearted author's *Sad Thoughts*

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- (No 224). But none are more emphatically marked by the note of exquisiteness.
- 263 281 st. 3 *inch* : island.
- 200 283 From *Poetry for Children* (1809), by Charles and Mary Lamb. This tender and original little piece seems clearly to reveal the work of that noble-minded and afflicted sister, who was at once the happiness, the misery, and the life-long blessing of her equally noble-minded brother.
- 274 280 This poem has an exultation and a glory, joined with an exquisiteness of expression, which place it in the highest rank among the many masterpieces of its illustrious Author.
- 285 300 *interlunar swoon* : interval of the moon's invisibility.
- 290 304 *Calte* : Gibraltar. *Lofoden* : The Maelstrom whirlpool off the N. W. coast of Norway.
- 291 305 This lovely poem refers here and there to a ballad by Hamilton on the subject better treated in 163 and 164.
- 303 315 *Arctura* : seemingly used for *northern stars*. *And wild roses, &c.* Our language has perhaps no line modulated with more subtle sweetness.
- 304 316 Coleridge describes this poem as the fragment of a dream-vision,—perhaps, an opium-dream?—which composed itself in his mind when fallen asleep after reading a few lines about ‘the Khan Kubla’ in Purchas’ *Pilgrimage*.
- 308 318 *Ceres’ daughter* : Proserpine. *God of Torment* : Pluto.
- 316 321 The leading idea of this beautiful description of a day’s landscape in Italy appears to be—On the voyage of life are many moments of pleasure, given by the sight of Nature, who has power to heal even the worldliness and the uncharity of man.
- 318 — l. 8 Amphitrite was daughter to Ocean.
- 322 322 l. 7 *Maenad* : a frenzied Nymph, attendant on Dionysos in the Greek mythology. May we not call this the most vivid, sustained, and impassioned amongst all Shelley’s magical personifications of Nature?
- l. 25 Plants under water sympathise with the seasons of the land, and hence with the winds which affect them.
- 323 323 Written soon after the death, by shipwreck, of Wordsworth’s brother John. This poem may be profitably compared with Shelley’s following it. Each is the most complete expression of the innermost spirit of his art given by these great Poets :—of that Idea which, as in the case of the true Painter, (to quote the words of Reynolds,) ‘subsists only in the mind : The sight never beheld it, nor has the hand expressed it : it is an idea residing in the breast of the artist, which he is always labouring to impart, and which he dies at last without imparting.’
- 325 — *the Kind* : the human race.
- 327 327 *the Royal Saint* : Henry VI.
- 329 328 st. 4 *this folk* : *its* has been here plausibly but, perhaps, unnecessarily, conjectured.—Every one knows the general story of the Italian Renaissance, of the Revival of Letters.—From Petrarch’s day to our own, that ancient world has

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renewed its youth : Poets and artists, students and thinkers, have yielded themselves wholly to its fascination, and deeply penetrated its spirit. Yet perhaps no one more truly has vivified, whilst idealising, the picture of Greek country life in the fancied Golden Age, than Keats in these lovely (if somewhat unequally executed) stanzas :—his quick imagination, by a kind of ‘natural magic,’ more than supplying the scholarship which his youth had no opportunity of gaining.

- 102 134 These stanzas are by Richard Verstegan (—c. 1635) a poet and antiquarian, published in his rare *Odes* (1601), under the title *Our Blessed Ladies Lullaby*, and reprinted by Mr. Orby Shipley in his beautiful *Carmina Mariana* (1893). The four stanzas here given form the opening of a hymn of twenty-four.

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- 353 1 In this and a certain number of other poems portions, large or small, have been omitted (as in the earlier volume) where the piece could be thus brought, it is hoped, to a closer lyrical unity : or where the immensely increased length of the Victorian lyrics (as stated in the Preface) outran the limited space.
- 360 7 *clote*, water-lily : *tuns*, chimneys.
- 361 — *Paladore*, old traditional name for Shaftesbury : *en*, him : *twail*, toil.
- 364 10 This, with other poems in the same style and metre, is taken from Patmore's *Unknown Eros*. They are of a very singular and attractive originality : full of powerful thought, and a peculiar passionate intensity. But it is not always easy to follow their strongly-marked symbolical character, which occasionally may approach paradox.
- 368 12 *scroll of prayer* : ‘The extract from the *Book of the Dead*, which was put into the hands of the deceased’ : C. T. T.
- 370 16 *Emmie*. ‘It should be remembered that this is a little drama, in which the Hospital Nurse, not the Poet, is supposed to be speaking throughout. The two children, whose story was published in a Parish magazine, are the only characters here described from actual life’ : (written on the authority of A. T., 1884).
- 371 — St. 1 *oorali*, also *cuvari* and *woorali* : a drug extracted from *Strychnos toxifera* : It acts by paralyzing the nerves of motion, whilst the sensitiveness remains unimpaired.
- 374 17 In its sweet simplicity worthy of Blake's *Songs of Innocence*.

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375 19 The poems by Robert Browning are here reprinted by permission of his son R. Barrett Browning, and of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

376 20 Clare, born and bred in a day-labourer's cottage, struggling with bitterest poverty, by these experiences became a poet of the poor in an almost unique sense. His mind failed, and the best of his verse (to which all our examples belong) was in truth written during lucid intervals, while he was confined in an asylum. It has hence an almost unapproachable sadness; he reverts always with pathetic yearning to the village scenes of a youth, which now shone before him like a vision of lost happiness.

383 26 It is in his command of pathos (witness Nos. 12 and 15), in his exquisite precision of language, his perfect art, that Charles seems to resemble his next younger brother Alfred. This sonnet exemplifies his curious skill in painting, and almost animating into life, the mechanical appliances of the farm. In the last six lines he refers to Vergil, thinking of the

arbuteae crates et mystica vannus Iacchi,

and the picture of the plough which follows: (*Georg.* i, 166).
385 27 *Was it*: For this skilfully written passage Arnold refers us to ll. 465—485 in the *Birds* of Aristophanes. But he was most indebted to the splendid dithyrambic ode, ll. 685—723. Arnold's affectionate interest and insight into the animal world is well shown in this (and other) poems, written near the close of his too brief lifetime.

— 28 The Clarence is a small river in the northern part of New South Wales.—This fine poem might be called an Australian *Yarrow Unvisited*. The writer presently says,

The slightest glimpse of yonder place
Untrodden and alone,
Might wholly kill that nameless grace,
The charm of the Unknown.

He was himself Australian; his life short and unhappy.—This poem, with a few others, is taken from that useful and interesting collection, *The Poets and the Poetry of the Century*, edited by Mr. A. H. Miles.

387 29 St. 5 *And the flower in soft explosion*: when the seed is ripe for fertilizing and the anthers burst. One who knew the poet well writes, 'His love for and observation of Nature was extraordinary from earliest childhood,' and was expanded by his employment in the Natural History province of the British Museum.

Arthur O'Shaughnessy's metrical gift seems to me the finest, after Tennyson's, of any of our later poets: he has a haunting music all his own. Within a narrow range of interests and experience, he is also high in pure passionate imagination: he has to the full the *Écstasy* which Plato requires in

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- the true poet : although wasted too often in fanciful extravagance and a gloom due to personal misfortune.—Among our Victorian poets, he and William Barnes, I will venture the opinion, have met with the least due recognition of their eminent powers.
- 388 30 l. 5 *Trophonian pallor* : Refers to a cave-oracle at Lebadaea in Boeotia so gloomy and haunted by supernatural terror that those who entered it were said never to have smiled again.
- 391 33 Alfred Tennyson rated the *Scholar Gipsy* as Arnold's finest poem. His explanatory note follows : 'There was very lately a lad in the University of Oxford, who was by his poverty forced to leave his studies there ; and at last to join himself to a company of vagabond gipsies. Among these extravagant people, by the insinuating subtilty of his carriage, he quickly got so much of their love and esteem as that they discovered to him their mystery. After he had been a pretty while exercised in the trade, there chanced to ride by a couple of scholars, who had formerly been of his acquaintance. They quickly spied out their old friend among the gipsies ; and he gave them an account of the necessity which drove him to that kind of life, and told them that the people he went with were not such impostors as they were taken for, but that they had a traditional kind of learning among them, and could do wonders by the power of imagination, their fancy binding that of others : that himself had learned much of their art, and when he had compassed the whole secret, he intended, he said, to leave their company, and give the world an account of what he had learned.'—Glanvil's *Vanity of Dogmatizing*, 1661.
- 398 36 *Amaturus*, with Nos. 124, 126, is reprinted from *Ionica*, by permission of the publisher, Mr. G. Allen.
- 400 37 This lovely song is a kind of counterpart to Hood's *Fair Inez*, but in a more impassioned key.
- 404 43 In its simple brightness and airy music Barnes here touches the Elizabethan lyrical chord ; but goes beyond it in depth of feeling. L. 4 *athirt*, athwart.
- 407 48 l. 5 *vi'st*, first.
- 408 50 Theocritus has no correspondent passage. The allusion may be to the fragmentary Idyll iii, ascribed to Bion of Smyrna.
- 415 60 This simple love-song, which even Tennyson never surpassed in beauty, is at the same time curiously dramatic. The lover's little wood borders on the high trees and Hall of Maud's father, who is expecting there the 'new-made' lord, his intended son-in-law. Maud meanwhile has ventured to cross the boundary, and the birds form a kind of chorus to the meeting : those in 'our wood' rejoicing that she is 'here,' the rooks on the other hand inviting her to the Hall and the rival suitor.—It is a wonder of art how Tennyson has set forth the whole situation, and the romance of first-love, in so few words. But not one of them is wasted.
- 415 — St. 2 Many poets have thought it a beautiful touch to speak

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- of a girl's footsteps as too light to bend the flowers. Tennyson has here given a finer image through plain truth to the structure of the daisy, the crimson florets which encircle the underside of the blossom. Poetry of beauty so pure and unalloyed as this must surely have poured itself forth from 'The Mind's internal Heaven.'
- 418 65 Ashe's tender little ditty, without a trace of imitation, recalls Wordsworth's best early simple sentiment. It is reproduced by permission of Messrs. G. Bell & Sons.
- 421 69 With this noble sonnet compare Shakespeare's
- Tired with all these, for restful death I cry . . .
- 429 73 l. 15 *the poet sings* :
- Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.—Dante, *Inferno*, C. v.
- 434 — l. 20 *a cycle* : any number of years of what is popularly described as Chinese immobility.
- 439 77 The poet's last lines, dictated on his deathbed. If a friendship of near half a century may allow me to say it, those solemn words *As sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing*, give the true key to Alfred Tennyson's inmost nature, his life and his poetry.
- 445 80 In this and the next poem Tennyson's own notes have been retained. The additional glossary following was written at his suggestion or dictation.
- St. 1 *asta bean*, hast thou been : *thoort*, thou art : *moänt' a*, may not have. St. 2 *a says*, he says : *point*, pint. St. 3 *'issen*, Himself : *towd*, told : *boy*, by. St. 4 *a ma' bea*, he may be : *cast oop*, cast up against me.
- St. 5 *owt*, ought. St. 6 *'sizer*, howsoever : *boy 'um*, by him.
- 446 — St. 7 *stubb'd*, broke up for cultivation. St. 8 *moind*, remember : *boggle*, bogle, haunting spirit : *the lot*, the piece of waste land : *raäved an' rembled*, tore up and threw away. St. 9 *keäper's it wur*, it was the keeper's ghost : *at 'soize*, at the assizes. St. 10 *dubbut*, do but, *yows*, ewes. St. 11 *ta-year*, this year : *haäte hoonderd*, eight hundred. St. 12 *thutty*, thirty.
- 447 — St. 13 *a moost*, He must : *cauwe*, calve : *hoalms*, small mounds. St. 14 *quoloty* ; gentry : *thessen*, themselves : *sewerloy*, surely. St. 15 *howd*, hold. St. 16 *kittle*, boiler : *huzzin' an' maäcin'*, worrying with hiss and amazing. St. 17 *'toättler*, teetotaller : *a's hallus i' the owd taale*, is always telling the same old story : *floy*, fly.
- 448 81 St. 2 *craw to pluck*, affair to dispute : *woä*, go slower, lad. St. 6 *as 'ant nowt*, as has nothing. St. 7 *weänt*, wont : *ligs*, lies.
- 449 — St. 8 *skut on*, clear of : *i' the grip*, in the little draining ditch. St. 10 *burn*, born. St. 11 *esh*, ash. St. 13 *ammoot*,

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almost : 'id, hidden away : *tued an' moi'd*, put himself in a stew and toiled.

450 81 St. 14 *run oop*, his land ran up : *brig*, bridge.

452 85 ll. 1—4. The allusion is to stellar photography ; the light rays from stars invisible to us through their immense distance chemically affect the sensitive plate. This is a beautiful instance of scientific fact transformed into poetry. A. Tennyson affords many analogous examples.

461 92 Alfred Domett left England for New Zealand (of which colony he became Prime Minister) in 1842 : 'His departure was apparently somewhat sudden. Robert Browning, his intimate companion and friend,' celebrated it in the lively verses.

What's become of Waring,
Since he gave us all the slip ?

The fine specimen of his poetry here given was published in 1837.

462 93 This text exhibits the author's final revision. The *Birkenhead*, steam troop-ship, struck near Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, Feb. 25, 1852. Four hundred and thirty-eight officers, soldiers, and seamen were lost : including the military commander, Colonel Seton of the 74th.

464 94 'Some Seiks, and a private of the Buffs [the East Kent regiment], having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning, they were brought before the authorities, and commanded to perform the *Kotou*. The Seiks obeyed ; but Moyse, the English soldier, declaring that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body thrown on a dunghill.—*China Correspondent of the 'Times.'* This incident took place during the English campaign of 1860. Lord Elgin was then our ambassador to China.

466 95 *lane*, alone : *bienly*, cheerfully : *selid*, slippery : *the nicht*, to-night : *gin*, if.—The event dates not long before 1874 ; the woman was a poor Highlander. Schihallion is a stern and lofty mountain in central Perthshire.

473 100 Tennyson in this poem has had in view the animated description of the sea-fight (1591) left us by Grenville's kinsman, Sir Walter Raleigh.

477 101 The Charge at Balaclava (25 Oct. 1854) lasted twenty-five minutes, and left more than two-thirds of our men dead or wounded.

483 103 The worst spirit of the Renaissance, in Italy and in France (and not without contemporary followers among us), breathes through this terribly powerful poem.

485 104 This incident was 'told to the author by the late Sir Charles Napier.' The British attack, like that at Balaclava, was made under an order misunderstood : see *These were . . . As without . . .* p. 486. The fortress, Truckee, was considered impregnable. The temper of Mehrab Khan is

admirably rendered by the lines placed in his mouth by Sir F. H. Doyle in a brief ode to his honour: they recall Lovelace's *Althea*:

The noble heart, as from a tower,
Looks down on life that wears a stain;
He lives too long, who lives an hour
Beneath the clanking of a chain.

- 488 105 This nobly, if roughly, energetic ballad raises a regret that the writer should have so largely given away his genius to the attempt to vivify the ancient Irish legends, scattered over as they are with beauty, to English readers. It must be feared they are too remote, too lost from tradition, for that process.
sledges, sledge-hammers: *bower*, one of the large naval anchors, hung at the vessel's bows; whence spoken of as a *hammock*: *the chains*, lower fastenings of the shrouds into her sides: *cat* or cathead, projecting timber on which the anchor is hung: *lubber*, clumsy, lazy.
- 491 107 When the Grecian generals, after the Persian fleet had been ruined at Salamis, met to settle who deserved the first and the second prizes for valour, the story runs that each man gave for himself his first vote his second for Themistocles. If the civilized nations of the world met to decide in like wise for the best and the next best country, would not their second votes, with our impassioned poetess, Salute Italy,—so giving her the virtual primacy?
- 497 111 *cloty*, covered with water-lilies: *zot*, set: *leäden*, leading: *mid*, might. Let me express a hope that the (really very) slight difficulties offered by the Dorset speech will not hinder true lovers of poetry from making friends with this genuine, original, exquisite Singer?—If they once do so, it will be a friendship for life.
- 504 117 *greygles*, wild hyacinth: *lew*, shelter, lee: 'Va-heav'd, have heaved.
- 505 118 'Composed at the Old Burying Place, Glencripisdale.'
- 509 124 *Anterós*, in this admirably musical dirge, seems used to signify Love unrequited.
- 510 125 *the old man*, Homer: 'The name Europe, (Εὐρώπη, *the wide prospect*) probably describes the appearance of the European coast to the Greeks on the coast of Asia Minor opposite. The name Asia, again, comes, it has been thought, from the fens of the marshy rivers of Asia Minor, such as the Cayster or Maeander, which struck the imagination of the Greeks living near them. (M.A.) *That halting slave*: the semi-Stoic Epictetus, banished from Rome by Domitian: the most practical teacher of the ancient world, and beyond Aurelius in his religious instincts, in his more cheerful philosophy. *Singer of sweet Colonus*: Sophocles.
- 511 126 *Comatas*: a shepherd poet whom the bees came to feed when imprisoned, because the Muses had touched his lips with nectar. Cf. Theocritus, Id. vii.

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- 514 129 Tennyson visited this peninsula with his son Hallam in 1883. He has here united allusions to the little poem addressed by Catullus to his country home, and to his lament over a beloved brother,—two of the most exquisite lyrics in all literature,—in a lyric itself worthy to stand beside them.
- 515 130 *Thyrsis*. A.H. Clough died 13 Nov. 1861. 'Throughout this poem there is a reference to the preceding piece, *The Scholar Gipsy*.' Clough left Oxford in spring, 1848, breaking away with delight 'from what he felt to be the thralldom of his position' there, and recommencing work at University Hall, London, in Oct. 1849. Here, however, 'he could not rest'; the old sense of thralldom returned. These movements are, in some degree, beautifully yet fancifully represented in *Thyrsis*. But reference to the *Life* of Clough (prefixed to his Poems, 1869) shows that Arnold, yielding perhaps to the idealizing character of Elegiac poetry, when cast in Idyllic form, has given a far too gloomy general picture of Clough's career. From his youth, indeed, his verse had little of the 'happy, country tone' ascribed to it, the moral and religious problems of life weighing already on his meditative, tremulously sensitive nature: and it was really in the later happy years which followed his marriage that the 'troubled sound' ceased to be the leading note of his poetry, and so far from becoming 'mute,' to that time his most pleasing, his brightest verse, largely belonged.
- 524 133 *Strange unloved uproar*: This poem was 'written during the siege of Rome by the French, 1849.'
- 532 135 The picture, here assigned to Guercino (to judge by the photograph issued by the Browning Society), is most probably the graceful work of a pupil: it has more tenderness, less strength, than that Master's work.
- 534 138 *Asolando* is the title given by R. Browning to his last volume.
- 535 139 St. 2, l. 3 Tennyson here refers to his *De Profundis*,—'Out of the depths, my child' . . .
- 542 145 Of *If she but knew* . . ., as of Nos. 146, 148, and others by poor O'Shaughnessy, might be said, in Sir H. Wotton's words upon Milton's early lyrics, *Ipsa mollities*,—'sweet tenderness itself.' This hardly known poet often treats the main subject of his song with an originality, a pathos, so singular, that it might be thought Love had never before been sung of. He constantly reminds us of his favourite musician, sharing with Chopin that exquisite tenderness of touch, the melody, the delicacy (which Ruskin gives as the note of all the highest art), ascribed to that fascinating composer.
- 546 150 Miss Rossetti, in that circle of sentiment and of thought within which she generally moves, has an invention so fertile, such a nimble wit, as the old phrase has it, a power of impressing unity upon the idea of each little song so perfect, that no poet dealt with in this book, with exception of Alfred Tennyson, has rendered choice more perplexing, or, probably, to many among her many admirers, more unsatisfactory.

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- Her singularly original genius, like O'Shaughnessy's, tempts to discussion. But these notes have perhaps indulged too much in what might be better left to the reader's discernment.
- 579 176 'A Death in the Thebaid.'
- 580 177 'Salisbury, Nov. 1843': on the death of Mrs. Edward Denison, wife to the Bishop.
- 581 179 'Oxford, April, 1828': written after the sudden death of Miss Newman. The exquisite tenderness of her honoured brother sighs through this pathetic dirge.
- 582 180 This tale is placed in the eighteenth century, when the barbarous custom of hanging certain criminals in chains was common. One such gibbet stood till later days (according to J. M. W. Turner's plate in his *Liber Studiorum*) upon Hindhead Hill opposite Haslemere.
- 587 181 *Thou shalt not lose*: Compare Petrarch, speaking of souls in heaven,
 Tanti volti che 'l Tempo e Morte han guasti
 Torneranno al lor più fiorito stato.
- 590 187 *en*, it: *mid*, might, may: *litsome*, lightsome.
- 592 189 *one I loved*: Arthur Hallam: Written after Tennyson's visit to the Pyrenees, summer of 1861.

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